

MARCH 1990

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The Atlantic

THE INVENTION OF LOS ANGELES / THE MISLEADING METAPHOR OF DECLINE

THE POLITICS OF DOGS



HOW GREED AND AKC POLICIES
ARE ENDANGERING THE HEALTH AND
QUALITY OF AMERICAN DOGS

by **MARK DERR**

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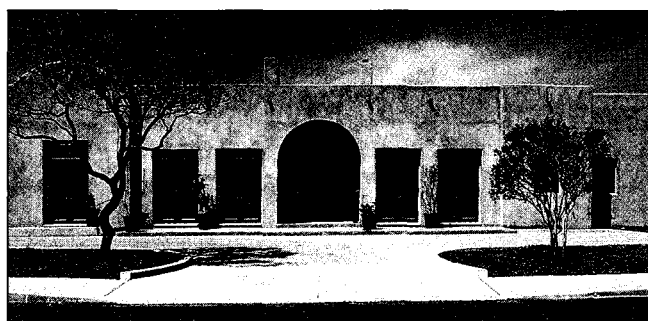


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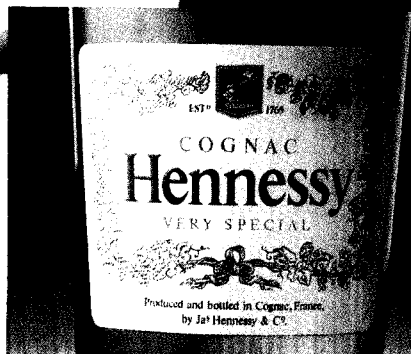
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near my foot.



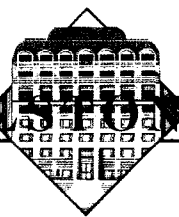
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IN AN ARTICLE for *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1923, shortly before his death, Woodrow Wilson took stock of a "doubtful and anxious" world that had yet to recover from the horrors of the First World War. Wilson was especially alarmed by the implications of the October Revolution, in Russia, and the threat posed by communism to the capitalist democracies of Europe and North America. "It is to be noted as a leading fact of our time," he wrote, "that it was against 'capitalism' that the Russian leaders directed their attack. It was capitalism that made them see red; and it is against capitalism under one name or another that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment."

Recent events in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe leave little doubt that another period of epochal uncertainty is at hand, although this time it is not against capitalism that "the discontented classes" draw their indictment. Four articles in this issue consider aspects of this lately altered world. Joseph S. Nye, Jr., looks at the United States as a great power and takes issue with those who see the nation as entering a period of decline. Robert Cullen looks at the Soviet Union as a great

power and wonders if it has the will to remain one. John Lewis Gaddis surveys the long, sorry history of partition—for example, the division of Germany, and of Berlin—as a solution to international disputes. And Robert D. Kaplan describes the impact of the recent immigration to West Germany by hundreds of thousands of ethnic Germans from Romania, Hungary, Poland, and the Soviet Union.

Robert Kaplan's report is the second he has done about Central and Eastern Europe for *The Atlantic* in the past few months. Kaplan, thirty-seven, has worked as a journalist in Europe and the Middle East for fifteen years. His first article in *The Atlantic* (April, 1986) was an account of famine and revolution in the Sudan. For other *Atlantic* stories he ventured with Kurdish rebels from Iraq into Iran, with Eritrean rebels from the Sudan into Ethiopia, and with Afghan *mujahidin* from Pakistan into Afghanistan. Kaplan has traveled extensively in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. "We're living," he says, "through the most interesting period in Balkan history in seventy or eighty years." Kaplan will be making it the subject of his next book.

—THE EDITORS



Robert D. Kaplan

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The March Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere, of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Ted Moncreiff; and Phyllis Johansen, of G. Fox.

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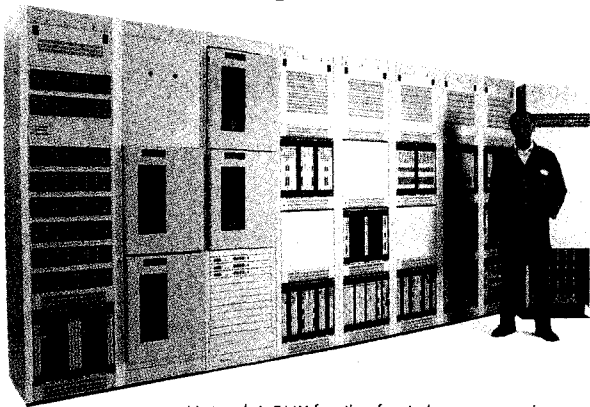
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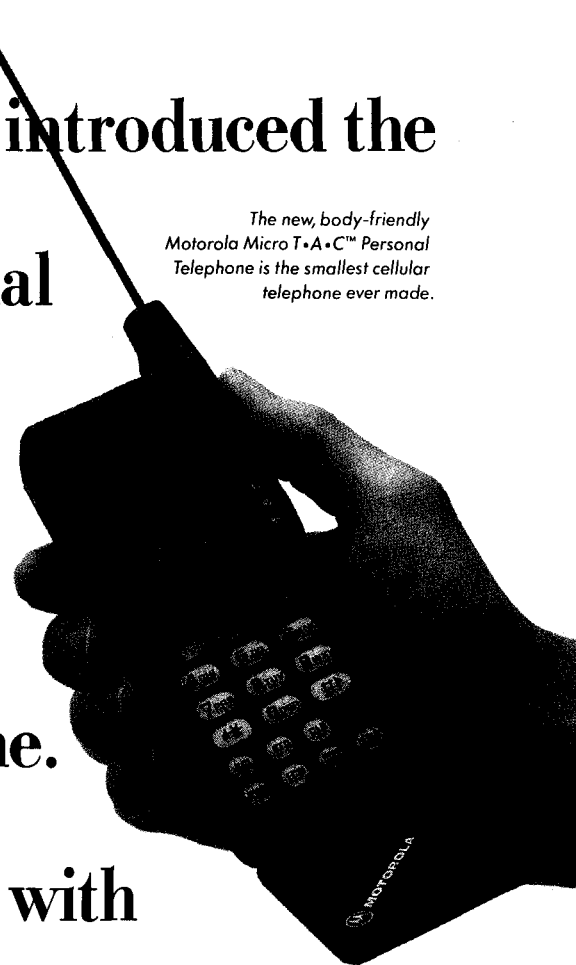
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



GOD AND GOODNESS

Glenn Tinder's "Can We Be Good Without God?" (December *Atlantic*) is a much needed, thorough exploration of the political consequences of repudiating Christian faith and replacing the God-man (Christ as embodiment of the Creator) with the man-god (man become divine on his own initiative). Tinder makes clear the tenuous nature of goodness and decency in a society that lives for the most part on the "moral savings" of Christian belief, depending on custom and habits to ensure right action. He is right to warn that when man-god replaces God-man, the man-god may "become the author of needs wholly unintended and the victim of terrors starkly in contrast with the benign intentions lying at their source." And Tinder is wise to call attention to the unrealistic, often blind hopes that social reformers (of the communist, liberal, conservative, communitarian, and social-scientific varieties) have about personal and social change.

However, Tinder does not give adequate attention to the dangers that accompany the reign of Christianity and its central concept of the God-man. He does note in one paragraph that in the name of Christianity, political actors and ordinary men have also "become the authors of needs wholly unintended" and unjustified (in this case by the precepts of the Old and New Testaments) and have perpetrated heinous crimes rivaling or exceeding those of Stalin and Hitler. But Tinder fails to confront the basic fact, which explains in part how this can come about, that in the political sphere, where men of faith act, they must first *interpret* the call of God and God-man. God is silent as to interpretation, and it is abundantly clear that there are numerous ways to interpret and apply biblical principles.

It is not clear whether Tinder intends a return to the unification of the spiritual and political achieved in the

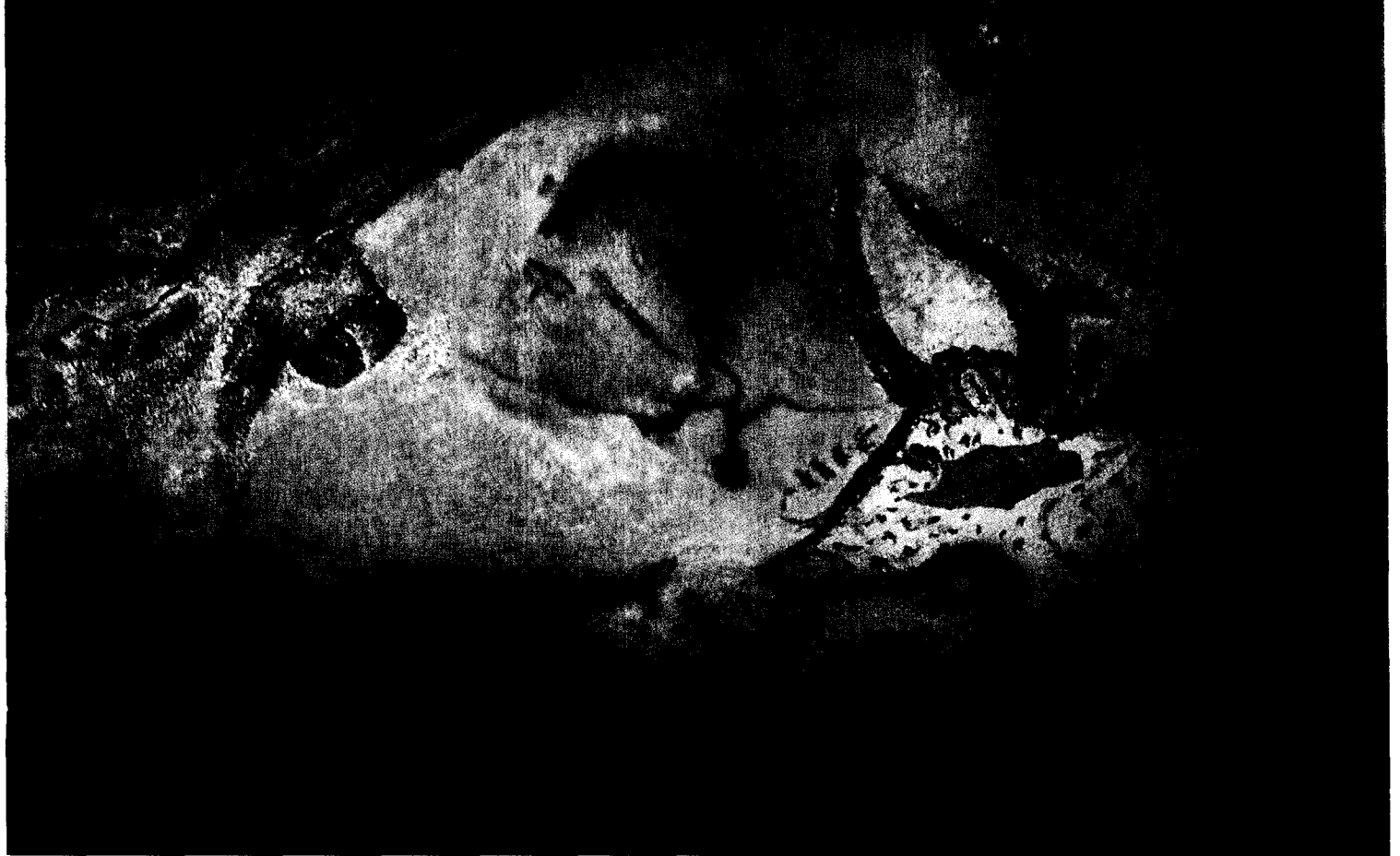
vision of Christianity. But he does imply that Christianity, compared with modern idealism in its various forms as communism, conservatism, liberalism, and communitarianism, is somehow more benign, because it "implies skepticism concerning political ideals and plans"—unlike idealism, which he argues tends toward dogmatism. But political actors wearing the mantle of Christianity—or Judaism, for that matter—have historically been not skeptics at all but dogmatists and cruel zealots. If the resurgence of Christianity in the political sphere is the answer to secularization and what Tinder calls the "demoralization of politics," we need to examine more closely what this has meant and is likely to mean in practice. For this is the great problem of faith—it runs the risk of being twisted and perverted when it is translated into action in the world by human beings who, as Tinder admits, are imperfect and "deeply inclined to evil." The question then becomes, Can we, taken not only as individuals of faith but also as societies governed by political leaders, be any better with God than we are without him?

BETH A. ROSENSON
Newton Center, Mass.

"Can We Be Good Without God?" makes an assumption available only to the intellectually lazy or dishonest—that God exists. It ignores historically documented fact that morality evolved as human beings realized that certain behavior improved and stabilized relationships with neighbors and kings. After millennia dabbling with various talismans designed to ward off evil and achieve immortality, religions adopted morality, assuming that socially acceptable behavior would also appease the gods, who had been invented to control destructive forces then not understood.

The author's conclusion that "good customs and habits need spiritual grounds" is ridiculous. We have man-

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aged to achieve an increasingly realistic perception of morality in spite of religion, which in relatively recent times measured goodness by how many witches could be burned at the stake in one day, by slaughtering millions in pogroms and crusades, by the horrors of the Inquisition, and by stubbornly and cruelly resisting the progress of scientific truth. Your writer speaks of one German minister who resisted Hitler. Millions of German Christians followed Hitler blindly. Even today, religion, including Christianity, thrives on intolerance and ignorance, and sponsors hatred and violence in Northern Ireland, Lebanon, Iran, and Israel.

Morality is founded on truth, and religion is the antithesis of truth, a collection of magic, superstition, and myth. Religion teaches morality with a carrot and stick, vain hopes of heaven and false threats of hell. Perhaps its inherent dishonesty and hypocrisy explains why religion, as the self-appointed custodian and teacher of morality, has failed so miserably.

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CHARLES J. CHEVES
Venice, Fla.

I was disappointed to see yet again, this time in Glenn Tinder's article, the claim that Christianity is unique in its concept of selfless love, or *agape*.

I am somewhat familiar with three major world religions: Judaism, Theravada (or southern) Buddhism, and Mahayana (or northern) Buddhism, and in all of them the concept of selfless love is central. The Theravada Buddhists call it *metta*, the Mahayana Buddhists call it the *bodhisattva* ideal, and the Hebrew word used in Judaism is *racham* (compassion, motherly love). In fact, Jesus' ethics are so closely descended from the Jewish texts that many sections of the Hebrew Bible are marked in Christian versions as if their sole purpose were to lead up to Jesus, rather than to teach their contemporary Jewish communities. Interestingly enough, when the northern Mahayana school broke off from the southern Theravada, they, too, revised history, by claiming the concept of compassionate, selfless love as their own, denying it to their predecessors as many Christian commentators have tried to deny it to Judaism.

I am not so foolish as to claim that these are the only religions in which

this concept is central. It is difficult to imagine a faith claiming an ethics without it. The uniqueness of the separate religious traditions is not threatened by recognizing what they have in common. A little humility (another fairly universal virtue) is in order.

JUDITH ROITMAN
Lawrence, Kans.

Implicit in Glenn Tinder's essay is a symbolic, nonliteral interpretation of the Bible. His essay is therefore an affront to fundamentalists. He is equally opposed to the view that Christ was simply a good man and that the transcendent aspects of the story can be discarded as the trappings of a pre-scientific age. He obviously believes that behind the myths is a transcendent reality. His essay is therefore also an affront to many liberal Christians. More important, his essay, the central theme of which is that Western values will wither without their religious roots, is an affront to the majority of intellectuals of our age, the atheists and agnostics. It may well be that his essay is an affront to nearly everyone in our fallen society, for one good reason: he happens to be right.

Tinder convincingly argues what is obvious to every gardener: you can't change the roots and have the same tree. If our roots are now in atheism, we must be prepared for what logically follows, as Nietzsche bravely was. There are two basic issues that prevent most of us, however, from renewing our religious roots: fundamentalism has given religion a bad name, and the idolatrous belief in rationality has made religion seem irrelevant. Using the language of classical Christianity without resorting to fundamentalism, Tinder has given us a convincing argument against self-exaltation in one of its most dangerous forms: the belief that humankind can be the ultimate source of traditional Western values. If we relegate religion to the fundamentalists, we do so at our own peril. Separation of Church and State is one thing, separation of religion and politics is another. Can we be good without God? Since the advent of modernity we've been trying. Modern history is a good indication of how well we have done. Isn't it about time to admit that we've failed?

THOMAS DORSETT, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

Man is not capable of being good, with or without God. Only God is good.

ROBERT L. JACKSON
Ogallala, Nebr.

Not only can man be good without God but some of the very best are avowed atheists. When Sir Julian Huxley ("Creed of a Scientific Humanist") stated that we are asking the wrong question when we ask "Who or what rules the universe?" he went on to say, "So far as we can see, it rules itself, and indeed the whole analogy with a country and its ruler is false. I believe there are a number of questions that it is no use our asking, because they can never be answered." Then he continued, "I recall the story of the philosopher and the theologian. The two were engaged in disputation, and the theologian used the old quip about a philosopher's resembling a blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat—which wasn't there. 'That may be,' said the philosopher, 'but a theologian would have found it.'"

Glenn Tinder is that theologian.

G. AMIRIAN
Boston, Mass.

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*The Unitarian Church
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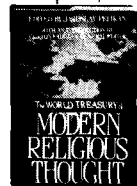
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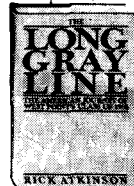
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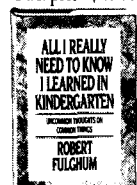
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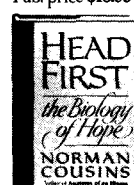
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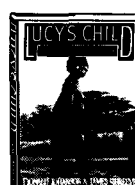
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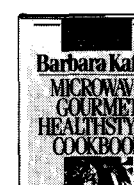
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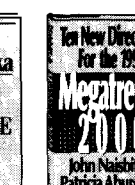
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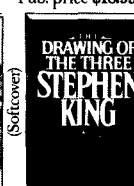
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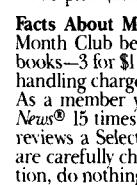
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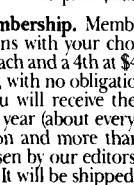
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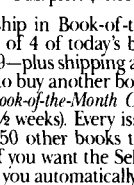
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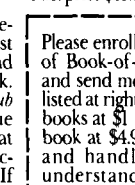
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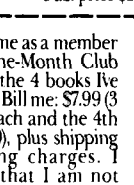
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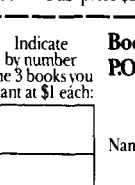
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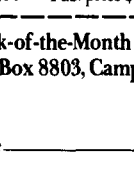
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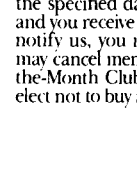
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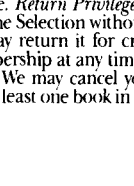
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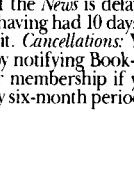
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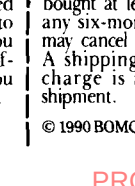
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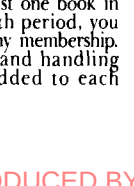
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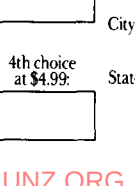
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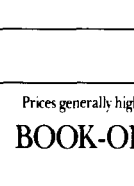
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Glenn Tinder replies:

Perhaps discussions of religion would be more fruitful if we could rid ourselves of the assumption, common among Christians and practically universal among non-Christians, that God (if God exists) is simple-minded. We readily grant that a great writer such as Joyce or Proust is infinitely subtle and resourceful in fashioning a novel; but we assume that in fashioning human history God will be heavy-handed and obvious. Accordingly, some believers conclude that they know exactly what God has in mind and, vested with high office, could provide him with some much needed help; along with the writers above, I feel we would have to guard assiduously against the rise of such believers in the case of a major Christian resurgence. In a parallel way unbelievers conclude that they know what God would do if he existed, and that since those things are not being done, he does not exist. The notion that God is not simple-minded prompts questions concerning some of the criticisms above. First, if deciphering the works of God is not an easier task than deciphering a work like *Ulysses*, why is it intellectually lazy to assume that God exists? Further, how can readers seeking to refute my argument believe that they can do so merely by pointing to atrocities committed by people claiming—contrary to their deeds—to be Christians?

However one responds to these questions, it should be remembered that the main concern of my article was politics, not theology. I did not call on unbelievers to believe; rather, I asked them to consider the political consequences of unbelief.

FALLOWS ON THE FAR EAST

I agree with James Fallows ("Getting Along With Japan," December *Atlantic*) that we should stop nagging the Japanese about their ways. How can they take us seriously if, as reported by the press, our trade representative asks them to use less concrete and steel in their multi-family buildings (in earthquake country) and use more wood, because we want to sell it to them? Would we change our building codes to favor foreign exporters?

I cannot accept the macroeconomic fallacy that if a government's policies

support consumption rather than production, the goods to be consumed have to come from overseas. Our biggest problem with Japan is automobile imports, which account for about 60 percent of our trade with the country. We have excess productive capability in almost all fields and certainly in the automobile field. American consumers are buying Japanese cars not because the country has a budget deficit or excess liquidity but because they believe that they are getting better value for their money.

EMILIO MAYER
Marco Island, Fla.

I wish James Fallows the best of luck with his ideas for protecting American industry, but in the meantime I will settle for a genuine "buy American" movement.

If just one congressman with maximum publicity and genuine commitment would "buy American-made goods or go without," I think the movement would snowball. So far there has been a lot of hand-wringing but no commitment on the part of government officials.

ROGER W. LUTHER
Seattle, Wash.

James Fallows is way off base when he advocates easing antitrust regulations as a means to combat the U.S. trade imbalance with Japan. Americans buy Japanese products because they are well made. Allowing U.S. companies to form cartels or monopolies will not make U.S. products more competitive with those of the Japanese. On the contrary. Two examples: automobiles and airplanes.

Americans buy Japanese cars for one reason: the Japanese make better cars. (Low price has little to do with it—witness the demise of the hapless Yugo.) The Japanese make better cars in part because Japan, a nation the size of California, has at least seven car manufacturers: Honda, Isuzu, Mazda, Mitsubishi, Nissan, Subaru, Toyota. The United States, of course, has only four. If we combined those four into one mega car-maker, would that improve the product? Not likely. The uncompetitive nature of a market that was dominated by Ford and GM in the 1950s opened the door to foreign imports in the first place.

Look what monopolies have done

for American airlines more recently. After deregulation under Reagan, half a dozen U.S. airlines were allowed to form regional monopolies through control of boarding gates at most major metropolitan airports (TWA controls St. Louis, American controls Philadelphia, and so forth). The result has been high prices, abysmal service, and the elimination of small innovators like People Express.

Bigger is not better. To be more competitive, we need more competitors.

HARRY ROACH
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

James Fallows has pointed out the seriousness of our trade problem with Japan and the inadequacy of our government's response to it. If most countries actually pursued an internationalist trade policy, there might not be much of a problem, but in fact the typical attitude, barely hidden, is "why should we import it if we can make it ourselves?" Only we among the larger nations have routinely permitted the large-scale import of every sort of component, subassembly, and finished product. The result has been a correspondingly large accumulation of dollars in foreign hands.

The Reagan and Bush administrations have addressed the problem with indifference, talk, and occasional half-hearted threats. Japanese and other foreign holders of dollars can, however, be induced to spend them on American products without endless, fruitless negotiation and without bruising international agreements. We should simply not let them do anything else with the money. We should be saying to them, "You have accumulated an enormous holding of dollars by sending us a profusion of useful products. We do not intend to cancel or devalue your holding in any way. On the contrary, you are welcome to come here and buy whatever you like, except for a few restricted military items (we don't intend to start selling atom bombs over the counter). And despite the de-industrialization presided over by the previous administration, we still have a wide range of products to offer. There are only two things we won't let you do with the money: buy our assets or collect interest (well, maybe some interest—to cover inflation while you wait in line to buy our products). If you still can't be induced to buy our products,



you can always use those dollars to stuff mattresses and light cigars.”

JOSEPH M. DIAMOND
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Many Americans who remain in Asia will miss James Fallows's contributions from the Far East. His series of perceptive and articulate essays has done much to shape our views on Asian issues, and given us much to argue about. If the effort was received equally well by Americans at home, *The Atlantic's* money was well spent in supporting the cost of expatriate home-based staff. There is no substitute for being there.

Two comments on Fallows's hardware pointers in the November issue:

American homeowners should not rush out to buy those gas flash heaters unless they also strip out the tight home insulation that Fallows recommends to the Japanese. The ignition sequence fails more often than is safe, and people in warm, tight boxes, like American bathrooms, can be asphyxiated rapidly when ignition fails.

Fallows recommends that Asia go to

a lower voltage grid (110 volts) to reduce the danger of shock. Higher-voltage systems (220–240 volts) deliver electricity that can be used more efficiently than that from lower-voltage systems, and their higher wallop can be mitigated by controlling circuit amperage and ensuring that each outlet has a fail-safe breaker and each appliance has a mandatory ground. Countries like Malaysia, whose modern electrical codes were written well after the mid-twentieth-century revolution in domestic electrical consumption, have chosen efficiency *and* safety. Retrofitting 220–240-volt systems in the United States would be prohibitively expensive, as would be retrofitting 110-volt ones in Asia. The Fallowses may hoot as they recall the wiring they had in Kuala Lumpur, but they chose to live in a fairly old house.

And one comment on a social question—the role of women as developers of future generations:

Asian women are entering the professional work force more and more, and also are maintaining their belief that their primary role is motherhood.

Most can do both only with great personal sacrifice and sixteen-hour workdays. In general they believe the sacrifice is worth it, because their children's future success gives them great meaning in life. If American women (and men) come to perceive child-raising as one of the great goals of life, and those who are successful receive esteem and gratitude, there will be more good teachers and parents . . . and better-educated children. In this area American men are far ahead of their Asian counterparts—and Asian men will have to catch up as their wives catch on.

Finally, one point that was consistently and implicitly threaded through Fallows's articles: Asians have a great interest in and regard for the United States. That is a great national asset we should nurture as we clarify our role as a Pacific Rim nation. Let's hope Fallows keeps up with the subject from his home in the United States . . . which will look different to him now.

PATRICK HAYES
*U.S. Embassy
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia*



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SEASON PREVIEW

America's flower festivals

MOBILE AZALEA TRAIL AND FESTIVAL

Mobile, Ala.
March 1 • May 31

It may still be winter in much of the country, but it's spring in the "Azalea City," as millions of blossoms attest. A 37-mile Azalea Trail runs beneath Spanish moss-draped oaks and past antebellum and Victorian homes in the city's historical district. To follow the trail, visitors either hop aboard trolley cars or drive the route indicated by a vivid pink stripe painted on the street. Southern hospitality abounds in the form of Mobile's official hostesses, the Azalea Trail Maids. The Azalea Festival proper, a day of art, music, and garden and sporting events in Spanish Plaza, will be held on March 31; it attracts a crowd of 5,000. All events are free. For more information: The Mobile Azalea Trail and Festival, P.O. Box 6746, Mobile, AL 36660; (205) 476-8828.

SACRAMENTO CAMELLIA FESTIVAL

Sacramento, Calif.
March 2 • 11

The "Camellia Capital of the World" brings even new mothers and hospitalized senior citizens into its celebration, presenting each with a beautiful camellia. Virtually every street of the city bursts with scent and color. Thousands of flowers will be on display at the Sacramento Community Center March 3 and 4. Also on March 3, a parade, which draws more than 10,000 spectators, will be held downtown and tours of the camellia groves on the state capitol grounds will be given. Most events are free. For more information: Sacramento Camellia Festival, 917 Seventh Street, Sacramento, CA 95814; (916) 442-7673.



DAFFODIL FESTIVAL

Puyallup Valley, Wash.
March 31 • April 8

Since 1934, the Puget Sound communities of Tacoma, Puyallup, Sumner, and Orting have paid annual homage to the daffodil. In one—really two—of the largest floral parades in the country, floats are decorated with nearly two million field-cut daffodils; many of the flowers are later transferred to antique and classic yachts and cruisers for a boat parade in Commencement Bay. The parades, to be held on April 7 and 8, attract 125,000 viewers. All events are free. For more information: Daffodil Festival, 741 St. Helens, Tacoma, WA 98402; (206) 627-6176.

NATIONAL CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL

Washington, D.C.
April 1 • 8

Washington, of course, will hold its famous fête. The parade, on April 7, is the capital's largest annual spectator event, attracting 300,000; (202) 728-1137. Grandstand tickets cost \$13. For more information on all events: Cherry Blossom Festival Committee, P.O. Box

33324, Washington, D.C. 20033; (202) 737-2599.

HIGHLAND LAKES BLUEBONNET TRAIL

Austin, Texas
April 7 • 8, 14 • 15

According to Comanche legend, the bluebonnet sprang out of the ground after a young girl sacrificed her most treasured possession, her doll, to the Great Spirit, in hopes of ending a disastrous drought. Now the bluebonnet, a dark-blue flower with a hint of white, grows wild all over the prairies of central and south Texas, and a Bluebonnet Trail winds through the region just northwest of Austin, past fields of flowers and historic sites. Eight communities here celebrate the bluebonnet's blooming. For more information: Highland Lakes Tourist Association, P.O. Box 13371, Austin, TX 78711; (512) 478-9085.

SHENANDOAH APPLE BLOSSOM FESTIVAL

Winchester, Virg.
May 3 • 8

For men, pink linen sport jackets and green silk ties are *de rigueur*—and still this manages to be

Virginia's largest civic celebration, with as many as 300,000 people attending. The festival boasts the nation's largest band competition—among 120 marching, concert, and jazz bands—and the largest muster of fire fighters. What's more, the Tour de Trump cycling race is scheduled to pass through town. The events take place amid thousands of acres of apple trees; maps to help visitors explore the orchards are available. Admission to the festival is free. For more information: Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival, 5 North Cameron Street, Winchester, VA 22601; (703) 662-3863.

TULIP TIME FESTIVAL

Holland, Mich.
May 14 • 19

On May 16 the town crier will announce that by Dutch standards, the streets are too dirty for a public event to be held in them. Costumed scrubbers will work dutifully until the streets shine; then the Volksparade begins. Holland, on the Lake Michigan shore, annually celebrates its Dutch heritage, and the brilliant blooming of millions of tulips, with the fifth largest festival in North America. Among the sights are more than 1,400 *klompen* (wooden-shoe) dancers; a Dutch village; eight miles of tulip lanes; and, in the environs of the town, a working windmill and commercial tulip farms open to visitors. By May 9 the tulips, and most aspects of the festival other than the near-million-strong crowd, will be in full bloom. Admission to many events is free; reserved bleacher seats for the parade cost \$3 and \$4. For more information: Holland Convention & Visitors Bureau, 150 West 8th Street, Holland, MI 49423; (616) 396-4221 or (800) 822-2770.



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The 24-valve, 220 horsepower Ford Taurus SHO.

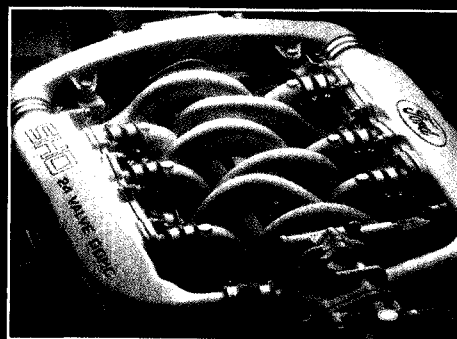
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In his November report from the Far East ("A Few Pointers"), James Fallows seems to accept the naive thesis that Americans, much more than Japanese, freely choose their basic values and the general character of their lives.

For a very long time prior to the past twenty or twenty-five years, the great majority of Americans, male and female, believed that "a woman's place was in the home": that most women should properly devote their lives to being wives and mothers and would find more happiness in doing so than in working outside the home. In recent decades this general attitude has been greatly modified—although not universally abandoned—and a majority of us now believe that a woman without a nondomestic "career" is scarcely a respect-worthy human being. This change has resulted from an enormous and insistent propaganda effort *and* from changes in economic circumstances which have made one-income families generally unviable entities.

In most modern industrial nations large corporations have the power, through their control of television net-

works and stations, film production companies, publishers, and (indirectly) nominally public institutions such as colleges and universities and legislative and executive governmental bodies, to determine the fundamental attitudes and specific beliefs of most persons. I believe they exercise this power to their perceived—though possibly not their real—advantage, using academics, journalists, and other docile intellectual proletarians as their front-line agents. Whenever the intellectual proletariat itself is broadly sympathetic to a development that the corporations see as beneficial to their own interests, that development is all but certain to be realized. Thus recent feminism, originally a "left-wing" product, has been not only tolerated but encouraged by the American corporate propaganda machine, because it has been so useful in helping businesses to lower wages, reduce union power, encourage Congress to make our tax system regressive rather than progressive, and do many other apparently good things. The social costs of the victory of feminism, notably the

near-destruction of our child-rearing institutions, were largely unforeseen.

Fallows's suggestion that Americans are a bunch of "individualists" capable of "free choice" is amusing. The overwhelming mass of young Americans now are overwhelmingly ignorant of almost everything, from history and science to philosophy and religion to good sense and good manners, and thus incapable of making genuine free choices concerning anything of importance. They have been effectively conditioned to feel that the proper goal of human life is individual success and pleasure and are piously trying to direct their lives accordingly, at great cost to their own welfare and that of our society.

SHIRRELL L. LARSEN
Salt Lake City, Utah

James Fallows feels that the average student in Japan, Korea, or Singapore does better in school than the average American largely because he or she is more likely to come from a home where a mother "concentrates most of her time and effort on helping her children through school."

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A Japanese student spends much more time studying, in school and out, than his American counterpart. The Japanese are more likely to attract better teachers to the profession, because teachers have a higher status in Japan than in the United States. Japan outdoes the United States in educating its children not primarily because its mothers are at home but because its people place a greater importance on the school education of the nation's children than Americans do.

ROSS B. HEATH
Washington, D.C.

James Fallows claims that last year only two U.S. companies made supercomputers while this year only one does. This is definitely not true. If he is referring to full-scale supercomputers, machines with a peak performance of 500 MFLOPS (million floating point operations per second), then there are two U.S. companies currently manufacturing them: Cray and IBM. Cray builds the X-MP/416 with a 940 MFLOPS peak, and IBM produces the 3090-600S with an 800 MFLOPS peak.

This, however, begs the question. The 500-MFLOPS distinction, while often used, is artificial and misleading. It does not adhere to the spirit of the article. If the MFLOPS level is lowered slightly to include what are referred to as near-supers and mini-supercomputers, then a host of other U.S.-made commercial machines can be added to the list. These include the BBN Butterfly, Connection Machine, Alliant FX/80, Encore Multimax, Sequent Symmetry, Convex C-1, and SCS-40.

In addition to these commercial machines, many supercomputers, full-scale and mini, have been or are being developed specifically for research. For instance, the Cedar multiprocessor at the University of Illinois, and the GF-11 and RP3, both at IBM.

ROBERT DIMPSEY
*University of Illinois
at Urbana-Champaign
Urbana, Ill.*

I relished the James Fallows article on "useful tips from abroad." Only life experience in a more restrictive, more disciplined society (try Germany or Ja-

pan) than our own can bring an understanding that while a degree of personal liberty seems essential for economic success, an emphasis on personal liberty to the exclusion of societal efficiency creates costs (whether measured in broken families or in 600,000 lawyers at \$100 an hour) that only the great natural wealth of the North American subcontinent can support. Fallows implies that there exists an economically optimum mixture of individual freedom and societal discipline, below or above which collective prosperity decreases.

DAVID S. STARR
Georgetown, Texas

James Fallows replies:

The problem with explanations of America's trade imbalance is that all of them are true . . . sort of. Do Japanese manufacturers make better cars? That is certainly what consumer-satisfaction surveys seem to show. Are American-made cars therefore beneath contempt? As the owner of two new Chrysler vehicles, bought in our first week back from Japan when every-

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NAZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

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thing in America seemed so cheap that my family went into a buying frenzy, I've been very happy so far. Is the superiority of Japanese manufacturers due to a greater number of competitors, as Harry Roach suggests? Yes and no: the companies compete bitterly among themselves, but other non-competitive aspects of the Japanese economy have made them collectively strong. (The most important of these is the highly regulated Japanese financial structure, which has given stockholders and bank depositors a lower return on their money than Americans earn, but has provided cheaper capital for industry to use.) Would American manufacturers respond to restricted competition in the same way? Probably not. But can they survive, in the long run, against Japanese competition if the United States doesn't restrain certain "destructive" forms of competition? Again, probably not. The most harmful form of excess competition is that of the modern capital markets, which put enormous pressure on American manufacturers to show short-term profits. Japanese companies are under much less pressure (because their financial markets are more controlled), and so it is easier for them to invest for the long run. Does the federal budget deficit, along with government incentives for consumption, force people to buy Japanese cars? Of course not. But if a nation is consuming more than it produces, as the United States has through most of the 1980s, there's no place for the goods to come from but overseas.

Enough of that. Patrick Hayes, who has the good fortune still to be living in Kuala Lumpur, is right about the risk of asphyxiation. My proposal for rewiring all of Asia to handle 110-volt current was not really meant as an immediate action plan. I agree that finding a way to emphasize children's welfare is a challenge for all modern societies. I fear, however, that most Asian societies are well ahead of America on this point.

Ross Heath says, correctly, that Japan's students spend more hours at their desks than America's do. But it's not hard to see the connection between this fact and the structure of Japanese families, in which divorce is very rare and most mothers devote themselves to supervising the children's schoolwork. To avoid becoming a pariah, let me stress that I am not ad-

vocating this approach for America, any more than I am recommending that the United States become monoracial so that it can be like Japan. But I have been saying that the Japanese system, in family structure as in race, has certain advantages *for Japan*. We're foolish if we deny the power of this system just because it may not fit our values.

Robert Dimpsey is right: I should have included IBM on the list of companies still making full-scale supercomputers. And yes, there are other American companies that produce slightly less powerful machines. Still, the point I was making in the article, about the contrast between Japanese and American governmental attitudes, stands. The U.S. government acted as if it had no interest whatsoever in Control Data's decision to get out of the supercomputer business. It is inconceivable that the Japanese government would have stood by passively if one of the country's two (or three) manufacturers of a sophisticated product decided to quit.

On the cultural front, I am grateful to David Starr for understanding my argument exactly and restating it in crisper form. Although Shirrell Larsen's letter sounds like a rebuttal, we don't really disagree. Trends, traditions, and sometimes propaganda efforts do affect the decisions people "freely" make about their lives. Twenty-five years ago Americans fresh out of college were better thought of by their friends if they went on Freedom Rides or joined the Peace Corps. Five years ago 40 percent of Yale's graduating class applied for investment-banking jobs at just one firm, First Boston (as Michael Lewis says in his book *Liar's Poker*). The human soul didn't change so profoundly in that time: the movies, books, political messages, and social signals that influence behavior did. The purpose of my article was to suggest, as Shirrell Larsen does, that we're in trouble if our culture celebrates private satisfaction above any public goal.

I am an avid fan of James Fallows, and I read with a great deal of interest his Far East pointers in the November issue, but I would like some clarification. Does Mrs. Fallows agree that Asian children do better in school because the mother stays at home and does not hold down another job?

This is an unresolved problem for a lot of us parents; I do think you need to follow the American approach and let us have her opinion also.

I stayed at home with our four children until the youngest was ten, but I am not sure that my grandchild is not being motivated as much intellectually by a working mother as my children were.

PAT KOSACK
Florence, Ala.

Deborah Fallows replies:

Since you asked, Ms. Kosack, I'm delighted to refer you to about 100,000 words I've written, in my book *A Mother's Work*, on the conflicts that American women face over children and work.

Japan is a different story. I have no doubt that the youngest Japanese children thrive on the attention of their devoted mothers. School-age children surely benefit from their mothers' constant educational guidance and tutoring. However, the tremendous pressures on children to perform well academically tempt many mothers routinely to spoil, coax, threaten, bribe, or shame their children into studying constantly. Academic achievement is gained at the expense of other important lessons, such as responsibility for self, independence, and maturity.

As for the women, they enjoy a respect from their nation for the work of mothering which I envied. But you and I can look forward to a variety of post-child-rearing activities, in work or school, so rich that it leaves my Japanese women friends speechless.

BACK TO EDEN

Although Wes Jackson ("Back to Eden," by Evan Eisenberg, November *Atlantic*) is unquestionably on one of the right tracks for developing a sustainable system of agriculture, a more appropriate answer for most parts of the United States and the world is agroforestry. Jackson shares the blindness to tree crops that has been bred into all the agronomists trained in the United States.

Originally more of the country was forest than prairie, and the tree crops of these forests comfortably supported large numbers of people. As I have studied traditional resource manage-



ment in Mexico and China, the value of these agroforestry systems has become clear. They are productive and permanent, and they protect the environment. If they were intensively planted and managed, they could compete well with modern annual-based monoculture agriculture.

There was no comparison between wild or early domestic grains and tree crops. Tree crops were more productive and much less destructive. The harvest and use of wild or semi-domesticated grains, with their brittle rachises and tight hulls, would have been much more arduous and time-consuming than collecting tree crops. Axel Steensburg's harvest studies with flint sickles suggest that acorns could be collected ten times as fast as wheat crops are currently collected in underdeveloped countries.

Why did the more time-consuming and tedious agriculture replace tree crops? I suspect that the answer is a complex one, dominated by two interrelated factors: the domestication of goats, which browse on trees, damaging and eventually eliminating existing trees and eliminating regeneration, and overcutting trees for fuel.

To establish a sustainable agriculture we must learn our lessons from prehistory and rediscover agroforestry systems. We must begin, as Carl Sauer has noted, to distinguish between yield and loot. Tree crops provide many benefits over conventional annual crops—including proved performance, consumer acceptance, greater resource utilization above and below ground, drought tolerance from deeper root systems (living roots have been found at 200 feet in the Southwest), and ease of integration in urban and suburban settings. Tree crops also provide a better carbon sink in efforts to control global warming.

I would suggest that the agroforestry approach is more adaptable than, as productive as, and much further advanced than Wes Jackson's perennial grains. We will benefit from the perennial grains that he and his many supporters are taming—but we have a more immediate need to recognize and develop agroforestry systems for the United States.

DAVID BAINBRIDGE
*Working Group for Agroforestry
in California
Claremont, Calif.*

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Evan Eisenberg's article "Back to Eden." Wes Jackson's ideas on soil conservation are provocative and merit more serious consideration (and funding) than they are likely getting.

I take issue, however, with Jackson's indictments of biotechnology, as well as the author's apparent lack of objectivity on this subject. Jackson asserts that genetic engineers assume "that everything outside the specific problem for which they intend to splice in a solution can be held still, that nothing else will wobble; or if it does, that they can splice in a correction for that, too." Nearly every scientist worth his salt working in the field of biotechnology now realizes that making a sound "ecologically viable" hybrid plant by recombinant-DNA technology is not simply a matter of inserting new genes into a few random intersection points. Although some may have had this naive notion at first, certainly no one believes it anymore. Not only do the newly inserted genes have to be expressed in a tissue-specific manner and the amount of expression controlled but also the effects of the gene or the gene product on the expression of other genes has to be ascertained. Certainly we have much to learn about the molecular mechanisms of gene expression before this new technology can be used to its fullest.

In regard to Wes Jackson's assertion that the use of biotechnology is a "threat to democracy": The real danger to democracy comes from the poor scientific literacy of the general public. This obviously applies not only to biotechnology but also to other forms of technology with which we are increasingly surrounded. Using "Andromeda strain" scare tactics on a poorly informed public is no more responsible (or "democratic") than implying that biotechnology is the "cure" for all the world's problems. Biotechnology is here to stay. The challenge for the scientific community is to make people aware in a rational way of its benefits and potential dangers, and to make sure that it is used as an answer to the right questions.

JAMES E. SEELY
Terre Haute, Ind.

Comparisons are nearly always odious, but particularly so is that between Wes Jackson and Wendell Berry

in Evan Eisenberg's otherwise laudable article. Those who have spent any time with Berry's work recognize that he is an undiscovered treasure in his own right. The clarity of his mind, the eloquence of his voice, and the depth of his thought are all rarities amid the tumult of contemporary discourse.

In no sense is he "reactionary." Quite the contrary. Like Henry Thoreau, who in his own time was dismissed as a "mere naturalist," Wendell Berry grounds himself in a particular place only in order to discover the universal truths that reveal themselves in no other way.

MARK SOMMER
Miranda, Calif.

Evan Eisenberg replies:

I agree with David Bainbridge that tree crops deserve more attention than they have been getting and that many regions are better suited to them than to grains of any kind. Wes Jackson would agree too, but would caution that grains have a central role in our diet and culture which tree crops cannot easily take over.

As for James Seely's comments, while ecologically subtle genetic engineering may indeed be possible, the structure of the industry ensures that quicker and dirtier methods will get milked first for all they are worth. Meanwhile, the scientific and social issues involved are so knotted that responsible public debate, such as Jackson is encouraging, just cannot keep up with the pace of change. That is the threat to democracy that Jackson means, and I think it is real.

Finally, I fully share Mark Sommer's esteem for Wendell Berry. But I think comparisons can be useful. I do find a reactionary vein in Berry's thought; I do not think that is necessarily a bad thing. He is reacting with revulsion to the industrialization of rural life, and wants to recover some things that we have lost. What Wes Jackson adds to his friend's vision may, in the long run, make that recovery more likely.

Editors' Note

Lawyers for Nintendo of America have informed us that people who use the term *Nintendo neck* (Word Watch, December *Atlantic*) are doing so without authorization. The lawyers want us to use the term *video-game neck* instead. *Caveat orator.*

THE MARCH ALMANAC

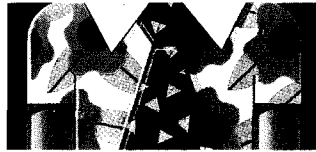
FOOD

March 23-24, the Center for Science in the Public Interest, in conjunction with the Departments of Agriculture of Texas and Minnesota, holds its annual conference on organic agriculture. One major item of business this year is to press for the passage of the Organic Foods Act, which is now pending in Congress. The act would for the first time define what the federal government considers the term "organic" to mean, and it would establish federal criteria for, and sanction the use of, a label on foods indicating that by Washington's standards they were "organically produced." The backers of the Organic Foods Act include not only environmentalists but also major supermarket chains, which see in the labeling program a way of responding to, even capitalizing on, mounting concern among much of the public over chemicals in food.



GOVERNMENT

March 1, by this date the last guests lodged under Washington State's rent-a-cell program will have checked out. The program, which for two years leased empty state-prison cells to other states and to the federal government, earned Washington \$37 million; however, the state is now producing too many convicts of its own to be able to continue the program. 13, Texas primary. 20, Illinois primary. Republicans this year will be mounting a major effort in Illinois to unseat Senator Paul Simon. Other states where Republicans have targeted Democratic senators who are up for re-election: Iowa (which has never re-elected a Democratic senator in this century), Michigan, Nebraska, and Rhode Island.



DEMOGRAPHICS

During March, with summer a full quarter of a year away, summer clothes will begin to appear in retail outlets across the country. The priciest stores will be the first to offer the new seasonal wear and the first to stop stocking it. "The better customer shops early; the lower-income customer shops later," says Joseph Siegel, a spokesman for the National Retail Merchants Association. Among the summer items expected to be popular this year: for women, sequined bathing suits and form-fitting neck-to-ankle nylon "unitards" to be worn under a long sheer skirt and a crocheted or lace top; for men, novelty ties (floral and Art Deco) and Hawaiian shirts and cotton shorts that are more vividly colored than last year's were.

HEALTH & SAFETY

March sees more admissions to hospitals than any other month. The biggest causes of hospital congestion are AIDS, shootings and stabbings, and growing numbers of old people awaiting transfers to nursing homes (average wait in Philadelphia: 21 days; in Boston: 79 days). Admissions are given a boost in March by influenza and other winter ailments. The consequences of crowding are felt first in emergency rooms: as beds fill up in the hospital proper, there is no place for emergency-room patients who need to be admitted; incoming emergency-room cases must be diverted to other hospitals.



Q & A

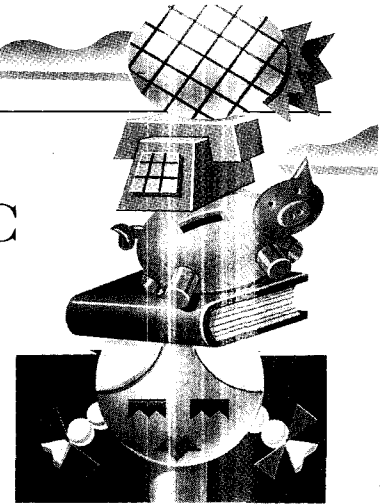
What is the most stressful thing?

According to an analysis by Drs. Thomas Holmes and Richard Rahe, psychiatrists who have investigated correlations between stress and illness, the death of a spouse is the most stressful event in a person's life. The death of any close family member is high on their list. Other rankings are more surprising, if not incredible. According to Holmes and Rahe, getting promoted is more stressful than having trouble with your boss. Getting married, they say, is not much less stressful than going to jail. And taking out a mortgage, they say, is more stressful than having the bank foreclose on your home.



ARTS & LETTERS

March 5, *Channel One*, the controversial television news show aimed at students, has its premiere in 1,000 junior high and high schools. The 12-minute daily newscast, which will contain two minutes of commercials (none of them for tobacco, alcohol, contraceptives, or politicians), is being produced by Whittle Communications, and Whittle is providing schools with television sets. Critics argue that Madison Avenue has no place in the classroom. A spokesman for Whittle, David Jarrard, says that the company is providing an educational service to students and valuable audiovisual equipment to schools. He adds, "We're not talking about children. Teenagers can differentiate between program and commercial." Whittle plans this summer to begin testing a TV network to be delivered to doctors' waiting rooms by satellite. 26, the 62nd annual Academy Awards.



EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,722,764. Head-load balancer. "A head load balancer to be worn on the top of the head and including a load support having head engaging means automatically conforming fairly rigidly to the shape of the top of the wearer's head without any mechanical internal mechanism adjustment."

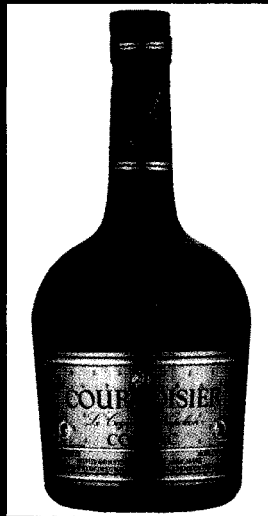
THE SKIES

March 11, Full Moon, also known this month as the Crow, Sap, or Worm Moon. 20, the Vernal Equinox occurs today at 4:19 P.M., EST; spring begins. 21-23, in the predawn hours the crescent Moon scrapes by Saturn, Mars, and Venus. 25, Lady Day, a traditional English "quarter day" (which falls at or near a solstice or an equinox). 26, New Moon.

25 YEARS AGO

Wallace Stegner, writing in the March, 1965, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* about the use of profanity in literature: "Under the right circumstances, any word is proper. But when any sort of word, especially a word hitherto taboo and therefore noticeable, is scattered across a page like chocolate chips through a tollhouse cookie, a real impropriety occurs. The sin is not the use of an 'obscene' word. . . . It is the sin of false emphasis, which is not a moral but a literary lapse, related to sentimentality. It is the sin of advertisers who so plaster a highway with neon signs that you can't find the bar or liquor store you're looking for."





Don't throw another log on the fire.
Pour another glass.



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MANITOBA: A FEAST OF FESTIVALS - 1990

Manitobans are festival-mad. Every summer, literally hundreds of celebrations of ethnic heritage and pioneer ancestry, races of turtles, mules, frogs — and even chickens — are held around the province.

And they draw crowds: Folklorama, the biggest multicultural festival of its kind in North America, sells 60,000 passports accounting for more than 600,000 visits to the various pavilions every year; the population of Morris, usually about 1,800, swells to 40,000 during its annual stampede; and an average of 60,000 people attend the four-day Threshermen's Reunion in Austin, a village that's normally inhabited by about 400 citizens.

WINNIPEG INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

June 5 - 10

■ Stage shows feature acclaimed children's entertainers; craft workshops, field games, clowns, face painters - Kildonan Park.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF MANITOBA

June 13 - 17

■ Competition for the title of King Farmer, horse shows and weight pulls, Labatt's pro rodeo, large livestock show and sale at Keystone Centre.

RED RIVER EXHIBITION

Winnipeg

June 21 - 30

■ Ten days of fun, including grandstand Winnipeg shows, lumberjack contests, body-building, parade, international band festival, midway, casino, fairy tales in a horticultural garden and displays. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m., Winnipeg Stadium/Arena.

WINNIPEG FOLK FESTIVAL

July 5 - 8

■ This annual event is the biggest of its kind in North America; takes place in Birds Hill Park, 15 miles (24 km) north-east of Winnipeg. Ten stages are scattered throughout the park, and performers sing country, folk, bluegrass, acoustic blues, Acadian music and jazz; there are

sites for tent, trailers and campers, and free parking.

MANITOBA STAMPEDE AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

Morris

July 18 - 22

■ Professional Morris rodeo second in size only to the Calgary Stampede in Canada. Bull riding, calf roping and steer wrestling contests, bare-back riding and barrel races, thoroughbred chariot races, chuckwagon races, livestock and horse shows, midway.

CANADIAN TURTLE DERBY

Boissevain

July 13 - 15

■ Turtles race from the centre to the outside of a 24-foot carpeted circle. Canadian, American and World Championship races are among the highlights of this lighthearted event, which also includes a midway, beef barbecues, softball tournaments and dances.



MANITOBA THRESHERMEN'S REUNION AND STAMPEDE

Austin July 25 - 28

Old time plows, harrows, reapers, steam threshers and binders are on display; includes threshing demonstrations, bag-and-sheaf-tying and stooking contests, the Central Canada Fiddler's Festival, tours of the pioneer village, a midway, dances, threshing displays and rodeo. Manitoba Agricultural Museum.

CANADA'S NATIONAL UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL

Dauphin August 2-5

This popular event draws attendance from across Canada and the U.S. Features stage shows with vigorous Ukrainian dancing, gorgeous costumes, choir and soloists; display of artifacts and handicrafts including the famous painted Easter eggs; amateur talent shows, a traditional wedding ceremony, Ukrainian food and demonstrations of ceremonial bread-making. Held at the Selo-Ukraina (Ukrainian Village) site on the wooded northern slope of Riding Mountain National Park six miles (10 km) south of Dauphin.

FROG FOLLIES

Saint. Pierre-Jolys

August 3 - 5

Frog race on a "lily pad" - the winner is the one that covers the greatest distance in three hops, encouraged by its trainer pounding the platform behind it. There's also a beer garden, pancake breakfast, tug-of-war, light horse shows, horticultural displays and children's activities.

STEINBACH PIONEER DAYS

Steinbach

August 3 - 6

Visitors get a taste of early Mennonite pioneer life; features steamer threshing, outdoor bread baking, traditional Mennonite food, an antique and community auction and horse show, ox-cart rides and displays at the Mennonite Village Museum.

ISLENDINGADAGURINN (meaning "Icelanders Day")

Gimli

August 4 - 6

Held annually at Gimli, on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. This year is the 100th anniversary of the festival, and the president of Iceland, Vigdis Finnbogadottir, will be present to help celebrate the event. Parade with a replica of a Viking longboat, choosing of the "Maid of the Mountain", speeches and songs in Icelandic, food and handicraft booths, midway.

FOLKLORAMA

Winnipeg

August 5 - 18

One of North America's largest multicultural Winnipeg festivals; housed in 40 pavilions scattered throughout the city of Winnipeg, it gives visitors a glimpse of the diversity of customs, food, costumes, handicrafts and language of the province's cultural mosaic.

CORN AND APPLE FESTIVAL

Morden

August 24 - 25

Features complimentary roasted corn and apple cider, a pancake breakfast, a farmer's market, a parade, stage shows and a midway.

OKTOBERFEST

Winnipeg

September 6 - 15

German beer and wine, entertainment, yodelling contest, German-style food, a parade, singers and dancers. Winnipeg Convention Centre.

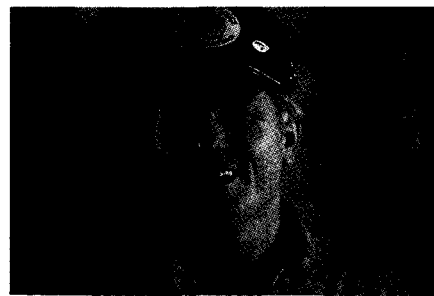
MANITOBA AG EX AND RODEO

October 26 - 29

Manitoba's largest livestock show, 4-H Brandon events, Manitoba Amateur Rodeo Championship, indoor truck and tractor pull - Keystone Centre.

For more information on any of the festivals, contact: TRAVEL MANITOBA, 7-155 Carlton St. Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 3H8, Tel. 1-800-665-0040.

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"The lady that never fished before"

"We had an older couple from Milwaukee arrive here. He said, 'I've wanted her to fish for 25 years. She's never fished'. Then he added, 'Tell the guys to be gentle'. I said, 'Just don't worry about it'. And wouldn't you know, she caught 25 fish the first day - and he caught three. She outfished him! And he said, 'Perfect!' Then they booked in for next year, right away. She said, 'I never thought I would enjoy this'.

Maybe now you can see why we say folks come as guests, and leave as lifelong friends."

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

The Perfect Job

And the benefits are great

THE PERFECT JOB—the one you would have if you could have any job in the world—what would it be?

The most nearly perfect part of any less-than-perfect job is usually the occasional hour in which you are able to pretend that you are doing the job when in fact you are reading a magazine and eating candy. The rest of the office is throbbing frantically, but you are sitting quietly at your desk and learning interesting facts about Fergie and that guy who put his wife in the wood chipper. The perfect job would feel like that, but all the time.

The trouble with less-than-perfect jobs is that they usually don't swoop you up and fling you through your day. That is, you don't very often look up at the clock to find out how many minutes past eleven it is and discover that it's five and time to go home. That's what the perfect job would be like. The time would zoom by, the way it does when you are going through some old boxes and suddenly discover that they are filled with artifacts from the Pilgrim days.

Well, I've thought about this a lot (while I was supposed to be doing something else), and I've narrowed down my choice of perfect job to five possibilities:

- Doing an unbelievably great cleanup of my basement, and organizing my workshop so that I know exactly where everything is, and drawing up a lot of plans to show how I might expand my workshop so that it would fill the entire basement instead of only the third that it fills now, and buying every conceivable kind of woodworking tool and finding exactly the perfect place to keep each one, but never actually getting around to doing any woodworking projects.
- Doing the *Times* crossword puzzle and watching MTV while listening to people I knew in college discuss their

marital problems on the other side of a one-way mirror.

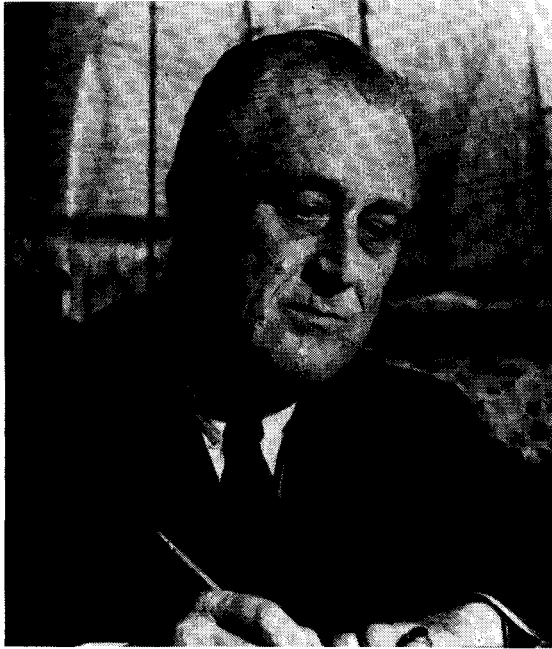
- Sorting my children's vast Lego collection—by type, size, and color—into muffin tins and other containers while my children nearby happily build small vehicles and structures without hitting each other or asking me for something to eat.

- Setting the prison sentences of criminals convicted in highly publicized court cases; making all parole decisions for these people; receiving daily updates on how they spend their time in jail.

- Touring the houses of strangers and looking through their stuff while they're not there. If I were driving along and happened to see a house that looked interesting, I could pull over and let myself in with a set of master keys. If the people happened to be there, I could spray them with a harmless paralyzing gas that would prevent them from remembering that I had read their diaries and checked to see whether they were making efficient use of their limited amount of storage space, which they probably wouldn't have been.

All these jobs, as I see them, would require a full complement of office supplies: every conceivable kind of clip and clasp, name-brand ball-point pens, ungunked-up bottles of correction fluid, ammo-like refills for various desktop mechanisms, and cool, smooth, hard pads of narrow-lined paper. I guess I would also need a fax machine and a staff of cheerful recent col-





*"Those who have
long enjoyed
such privileges
as we enjoy
forget in time
that men have died
to win them."*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Nearly 50 years ago President Roosevelt proclaimed these words when he designated Dec. 15, 1941, as Bill of Rights Day.

This day was to be "...set apart as a day of mobilization for freedom and for human rights, a day of remembrance of the democratic and peaceful action by which these rights were gained, a day of reassessment of their present meaning and their living worth."

Today, as we approach the bicentennial of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, let us all, as President Roosevelt asked of us then, "...rededicate its principles and its practice."



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lege graduates eager to do my bidding. Plus a really great benefits program that would pay not only for doctors and prescription drugs but also for things like deodorant.

Recently I've begun to think that my *real* perfect job would probably consist of all five of my *possible* perfect jobs, one for each weekday. That way I would never have to lie awake at night wondering whether sorting my chil-

dren's Legos would have made me happier than snooping through people's tax returns. Then, on weekends, I could hang around my house, drinking beer and watching golf tournaments on TV. I would seem to be having a really great time, but in reality I would be counting the hours until Monday and just itching to get back to work.

—David Owen



Ethnic German immigrants from the USSR at the airport in Frankfurt

GERMANY

The Lost Sheep

Most of the German immigrants in West Germany aren't from East Germany

WHEN THE CHILDREN of medieval Hamelin, in Lower Saxony, were led underground by the legendary Pied Piper, they re-emerged a thousand miles to the southeast, deep in the Carpathian Mountains, not far from the Black Sea. The fable, immortalized by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the brothers Grimm, and Robert Browning, has historical roots in the twelfth-century German colonization of Transylvania, which was then in Hungary and is now in Romania. Summoned by the Mag-

yar King, Géza II, to protect Hungary's eastern flank against the Byzantine Empire, the German immigrants in Transylvania founded what came to be known as the *Siebenbürgen*, or seven cities. To this day these fortified towns—despite the Romanian appellations on international maps—are known to all Germans by the grave Teutonic peal of the names the settlers gave them: for example, Kronstadt (Braşov), Klausenburg (Cluj-Napoca), Hermannstadt (Sibiu), Schässburg (Sighişoara). Such was the impression left on visitors by these dour, hardworking German immigrants that when Jonathan Harker, in Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*, travels east through Transylvania to Count Dracula's castle, he naturally is said to alight at a town whose name is rendered not as Romanians or Hungarians would have it but rather as Germans do: "Klausenburg."

Ethnic German youths in Romania served in large numbers in the Waffen-SS as German forces swept across Eastern Europe during the Second World

War. One ethnic German from Romania I spoke with last year remembers the early years of the war, when she was a young girl, as a time of "no poverty, of a protected social structure." She says, "We had a nice house and garden in Kronstadt, a very *bürgerlich* [bourgeois] life-style. My father sang in the church choir. We put on our own Wagner operas." The "breaking point" in her life, from good to bad, she told me, came in 1945, after the Nazis withdrew from Transylvania.

Russian soldiers, bayonets drawn, entered her home, taking her father and fifteen-year-old brother away to forced-labor camps. Her brother escaped. Her father died soon thereafter, while working in the mines of the Donets Basin, in the southern Soviet Union. Only in 1973 was the family officially notified of his death. The years between, under the Communist Romanian government, saw an unsparing procession of suffering. The woman and her relatives were evicted from their house and made to share a single room for fourteen years, with no private kitchen or bathroom. There were chronic food shortages. The Germans' culture and dialect were suppressed. In 1979, after much official harassment, the woman, her husband, and their two sons were allowed to emigrate, without any possessions, to West Germany; the government of West Germany for years paid Romania more than \$4,000 for each exit visa that it granted to an ethnic German. "Believe me, I know what it is to be German," the woman, nearly in tears, said to me.

MULTIPLY HER story by 3.5 million and you will begin to grasp the significance of a variable that could powerfully influence the evolution of West Germany—and of Germany as a whole. For obvious reasons the world's attention has recently been drawn to the exodus of hundreds of thousands of East Germans to West Germany, to the tearing-down of parts of the Berlin Wall, and to the suddenly brighter prospects for some sort of future German unification. The existence of large numbers of ethnic Germans beyond the borders of either of the Germanys is a quieter issue, but among Germans everywhere it possesses great emotional force, and it figures large in West Germany's domestic politics and foreign policy.



The largest number of ethnic Germans outside Germany—some two million of them—live in the Soviet Union; many are descendants of settlers lured to Russia in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Catherine the Great and Czar Alexander I to populate regions conquered from Turks and Crimean Tartars. Hundreds of thousands of these Russian Germans now live in Siberia and Central Asia, to which they were brutally evacuated from European Russia and the Volga region by Stalin's secret police after the Nazi invasion. Today they and their offspring live side by side with ethnic Uzbeks and Tadzhiks in grim, crowded apartment blocks. I interviewed several ethnic German refugees from the city of Dushanbe, in Tadzhikistan, not far from the Afghan border. They spoke good German, albeit with a distinct Russian accent. By speaking only German at home with their children, and regularly attending Catholic Church services with other ethnic Germans, they had been able to preserve their cultural identity.

Outside the Soviet Union there are a million Germans living in western Poland, in what were the Reich provinces of Pomerania and Silesia until Poland was displaced westward after the Second World War. And Germans are scattered throughout Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and what used to be East Prussia (now northeast Poland and Soviet Kaliningrad).

These ethnic Germans have a proud, unambiguous sense of national identity, one that has been tempered by the experience of exile and persecution. And many of them are coming home. "The lost sheep are being brought back to the Promised Land," observes Ingeborg Fleischhauer, an expert on German minorities who lives in Bonn. "The ethnic-German exodus from the Soviet Union is running larger than that of the Jews in the 1970s. It is the biggest legal emigration in Soviet history." Last year 377,000 ethnic Germans emigrated to West Germany from the Soviet Union and Eastern European countries other than East Germany—30,000 more than the number who emigrated from East Germany during last year's celebrated influx.

"We should thank God for these people," Fleischhauer says. "It is as if they come from heaven. They are a solution to all our problems." Until re-

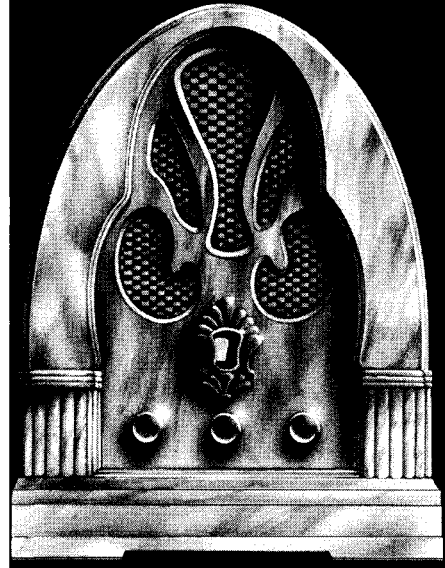
cently the Federal Republic's population, now 61 million, was declining; France, with 56 million people, was poised to overtake West Germany by the turn of the century. But the immigrants have stabilized West Germany's population. The newcomers will help solve the manpower problem that the Federal Republic's armed forces, the Bundeswehr, was expecting to face in coming years. They will fill blue-collar jobs that West Germans don't seem to want. And their desire to work and to consume, after years of communist torpor, will, according to some experts, sustain West Germany's already long postwar economic boom.

"The new settlers will change Germany just as the millions of other immigrants from the East changed Germany after World War Two," predicts Hartmut Koschyk, the general secretary of Der Bund der Vertriebenen (The League of Expellees), the most important of several pro-immigration lobbying organizations in West Germany. In the war's aftermath some fourteen million ethnic Germans fled from their homes before advancing Soviet armies, or were driven from them by angry, vengeful local populations. They were condemned to plod west, through winter snows, across hundreds of miles of devastated Eastern European landscape. Two million Germans perished, mainly women and children. Given that many ethnic Germans collaborated with the Nazis, compassion for the refugee "Volksdeutsche" was lacking in the late 1940s. Their displacement, however, represented the largest movement of population in European history. It was the arrival of at least 12 million of these people in West Germany, many economists believe, that gave the West German economy a crucial jump start.

THE ECONOMIC implications of the newest wave of immigration, however, remain a matter of debate; the influx of East German refugees late last year and the uncertain character of West Germany's relations with its fraternal neighbor, among other things, cloud the picture. In any event, few in West Germany doubt that the social and psychological consequences of the immigration will be as important as the economic ones.

Simon Wiesenthal, a Jewish concentration-camp survivor and the Vienna-

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VISUM / MICHAEL WOLF



A gymnasium in Göttingen shelters some of the new arrivals

based hunter of Nazi war criminals, believes that the new wave of immigration can only fortify West German democracy. He looks back at the way a war-smashed Germany gave succor to 12 million refugees from the East. A refusal or inability to do so, he observes, would have caused enormous and protracted problems (consider, he says, the consequences of the Arab refusal to embrace refugee Palestinians); but Germany extended its hand, and came to a moral turning point. It was an act of generosity, all the more important because the generosity was largely automatic, and was offered by a population that lacked the means to feed and clothe even itself, let alone hordes of newcomers.

More problematic, the new immigrants—including the recent East German arrivals—are living proof to West Germans that “Germany” is a concept that extends far beyond the borders of the Federal Republic, or even of West and East Germany together. The ethnic Germans are bringing West Germans face to face with a troublesome past. They use words that went unspoken in the homeland for decades, because of their association with the Nazis: words like *Volk* (people, nation, or tribe) and *Reich* (empire). Old maps seem to have emerged from nowhere. One sees them not only at the immigrant associations but also in West German government offices and border-police headquarters, and even foreign embassies. Germany on

these maps is a fearsome bulge of territory stretching from France to Lithuania. It includes all of West and East Germany, and most of western and northeastern Poland; gray islands throughout Eastern Europe denote ethnic-German settlement areas. Handing me several such maps, Hartmut Koschyk, of the League of Expellees, made sure to emphasize the existence of “German lands inside the present Polish state.” Another league official refers to East Germany as “Middle Germany,” explaining that the “real Eastern” Germany is in Poland and the Baltic states. Detlef Kühn, the president of the All-German Institute, in Bonn, says, “For decades the Cold War cut us off from the East, but now Germans are resuming their interest.” Kühn notes that “there was never a formal peace treaty after the war, and the German Reich as it existed in 1937 still constitutes the just and legal boundaries of Germany.” He adds that the Federal Republic’s Basic Law of 1949, which established the boundaries of West Germany around the American, British, and French occupation zones, was meant to be only “temporary.”

Technically, Koschyk and Kühn are right. But as other Germans have pointed out, arguments like theirs promote a state of affairs that, given the legacy of Nazi rule, is simply unacceptable to the outside world. In an interview shortly before his death, Hoimar von Ditfurth, who was a professor at

the University of Heidelberg and an active supporter of West Germany’s left-wing Green Party, told me that he saw people like Koschyk and Kühn as representing “a core of reaction that is unable to learn anything from history.”

Nevertheless, the immigrant associations are emblematic of a certain drift in West German politics. They occupy the right flank of Chancellor Helmut Kohl’s right-of-center Christian Democratic Union. And as nearly everyone in Bonn will tell you, it is rightward that Kohl is headed, in order to steal the thunder of the Republicans, a new extremist party vaguely reminiscent of a neo-Nazi movement. The Republicans won 7.1 percent of the German vote in last year’s European parliamentary elections. It is thus no accident that Kohl’s CDU pampers groups like The League of Expellees, giving them money to publish more books, brochures, and maps. Wolfgang G. Gibowski, a Mannheim-based political pollster, says that “national feeling in West Germany is stronger than you may want to believe.”

THE GERMANS from the Soviet Union, Romania, Poland, and elsewhere will be more important than the East German refugees in determining the future character of the new nationalism in Germany. The East Germans are escaping communism; the ethnic Germans are escaping not only communism but also discrimination against them as Germans. They have a much better developed sense of German nationalism than the East Germans do, and their lobbying mechanism in Bonn has been in operation for four decades.

The eventual reunification of East and West Germany is already taken for granted by many. The big question remaining is whether that enlarged future Germany will be neutral or part of an expanded North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But Germany’s relationship—both political and psychological—with its lost territories to the east will take longer to work out. Even after the current migration of ethnic Germans slows, between one and two million of them are expected to remain in Eastern Europe. And their immigrant relatives in West Germany will make sure that Bonn—or Berlin—doesn’t ever forget them.

—Robert D. Kaplan



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In Estonia, some of the hundreds of thousands who linked hands across 400 miles to protest Soviet subjugation of the Baltic states

THE SOVIET UNION

Laying That Burden Down

Whether the Soviet republics secede depends on Russia's ability, and desire, to use imperial brutality

LATE LAST AUTUMN, as East Germans scrambled through the Berlin Wall, as Czech students began to fill Wenceslas Square, as Solidarity took over the Polish government—in short, as the postwar order in which the Soviet Union had invested so much blood and treasure began to disappear—I had dinner in Moscow with a foreign-affairs columnist for *Izvestiya*, Alexander Bovin. Moscow at the time was curiously, almost eerily, calm, with none of the symptoms of previous crises in the socialist camp—no tendentious and ominous newspaper articles, no grim emissaries going from the Politburo to the hinterlands to

restore orthodoxy. While there were plenty of people in Moscow who were anxious over the possibility of German reunification, Bovin was not one of them. He said simply that he hoped that the Germans would act cautiously, and peacefully. And when I asked him what principles were guiding Soviet policy through this time of upheaval, he replied by quoting not Marx or Lenin but an aphorism that once hung above the sink in my mother's kitchen: "God grant me the courage to change the things I can, the wisdom to accept the things I can't, and the common sense to know the difference."

Bovin's fatalism sprang from a sense of gloom, foreboding, and impotence that enveloped Moscow at the time like a thick fog. Although Moscow's stores were not to my eye all that much worse stocked than they had been five years before, every Soviet woman with whom I spoke was convinced that the country was nearing famine—that there was nothing to buy. Even Mikhail Gorbachev, from atop the Lenin Mausoleum at the parade celebrating the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, refrained from the usual self-congratulation and spoke of how tough

times were. And hanging over everything was the knowledge that the wave of unrest in Eastern Europe would not stop at the Soviet border, that the turmoil in the Soviet Union's peripheral republics was likely to grow, and that this would present the center of the empire with problems that would make the situation in Eastern Europe seem clear and tractable by comparison. No one claimed to know whether the Soviet leadership would have sufficient courage, wisdom, and common sense to decide what to do about them.

Some of the considerations that led the Soviets to park their tanks during the recent Eastern European revolution will still apply as Moscow weighs how far to let the ferment in the republics go. But the calculations are murkier. At present, thanks to Afghanistan, most Soviets have little confidence in military intervention, particularly now that they are anxious for Western trade to help rescue their economy. "There are people who would like to send tanks to Eastern Europe," a novelist and Supreme Soviet member named Chingiz Aitmatov told me. "It's the usual reflex. But times have changed. The world wouldn't accept it calmly.

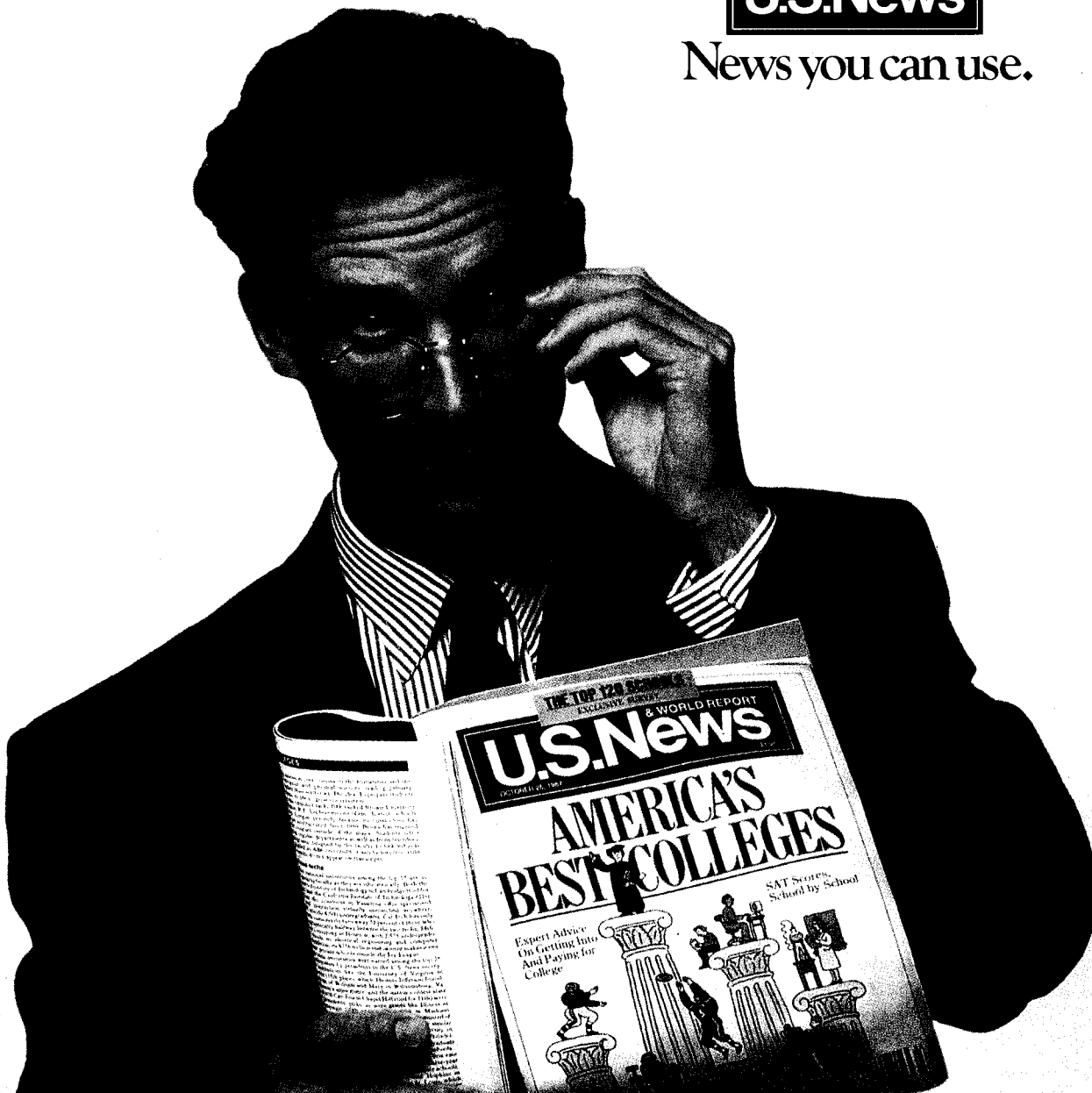
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And the world's moral and political condemnation is now of great importance. Besides, history has shown that if you establish one or another regime by force, it doesn't work. Tanks, therefore, won't help us." In at least some of the republics, though, the Soviet military's task would be simpler than it was in Afghanistan. And Moscow could, and probably would, make sure that no foreign correspondents were around to witness a crackdown in a republic, thereby muffling the reaction abroad.

The Russians will also have a hard time gauging their economic interests in the peripheral Soviet republics. One reason the Soviets stayed out of Eastern Europe last year was that *glasnost* had enabled them to see just how costly their empire had become. It was, in fact, the opposite of a classic empire; the metropolitan power sold raw materials cheap to the provinces and bought their surplus manufactured goods, instead of the other way around. Under Leonid Brezhnev the system stifled economists who tried to point that out. Gorbachev finally allowed them to be heard. Many Russians think that the same backward model applies to the relationship between Russia and the republics. I spoke with the academician Pavel Bunich, a leading reform economist and a member of the Supreme Soviet. He told me that he has seen, and tends to believe, estimates that Russian supplies of cheap oil, gas, fertilizers, and industrial equipment to the peripheral republics amount to a subsidy of 80 billion to 150 billion rubles a year; even 80 billion rubles is 10 percent of the Soviet gross national product. But because pricing is so arbitrary in the Soviet system, no one knows for sure.

Even if that subsidy figure is correct, it does not mean that the Russians would feel better off if the republics seceded. "Economics isn't the only thing here," Bunich said. "It's also a question of prestige and pride." The Soviets measure themselves in many respects against the United States, and though comparisons between the American federal system and the Soviet Union are not apt, those are the ones they make. "In America you have fifty states; none are trying to leave, because your economy is strong," Bunich told me. "We have republics thinking about running away only because our economy is in trouble. If America had

just one state instead of fifty, it would not be the same great power." The question of secession, then, is in Russian minds intimately tied to the question of whether Russia can remain a great power.

THUS FAR Gorbachev has only floundered in the search for an effective policy toward the minority republics. As he told the Central Committee last fall, he came to power severely underestimating the extent of dissatisfaction on the Soviet periphery. He may well have been a victim of the Soviets' own propaganda, which throughout the Brezhnev years proclaimed the problem solved. Once *glasnost* had allowed the national minorities to vent some of their anger, Gorbachev responded by acknowledging that the republics had legitimate grievances and slowly doling out small compromises. He now talks about a new, decentralized federal relationship, but wavers in the face of the major concessions that would bring it about. Last fall the Supreme Soviet enacted a bill purporting to give the Baltic republics "economic self-sufficiency." At about the same time, Gorbachev introduced a new property-law proposal that insisted that land and natural resources belong jointly to the central government and the republics, instead of to the republics alone. In effect his policies tell the republics that their grievances are legitimate but he is not yet prepared to redress them. The republics, in turn, draw the lesson that if they keep the pressure on, they may get what they want.

Gorbachev's real strategy, several people suggested to me, is to stall as long as possible, avoiding a military confrontation with any of the republics. When the legislatures (soviets) in various republics declare, as some have already done, that laws enacted in Moscow do not apply in their territory until they approve them, Moscow says that their actions are illegal and invalid, but it does nothing to enforce its opinion. Russian leaders, schooled as Marxists, tend to see economic motives behind most political movements. The republics now talking about independence, they believe, are rejecting the Soviet standard of living rather than membership in the Soviet Union per se. The Russians hope that after ten years or so of *perestroika* the

Soviet economy will be attractive enough that separatist sentiment will wither away. This notion doubtless underestimates the role of nationalism in the separatist movements. And the idea that Russia can somehow stall the separatists for ten years seems optimistic, when even the Lithuanian Communist Party supports independence.

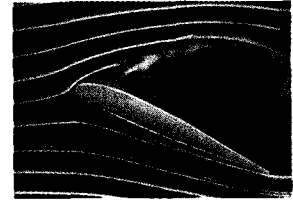
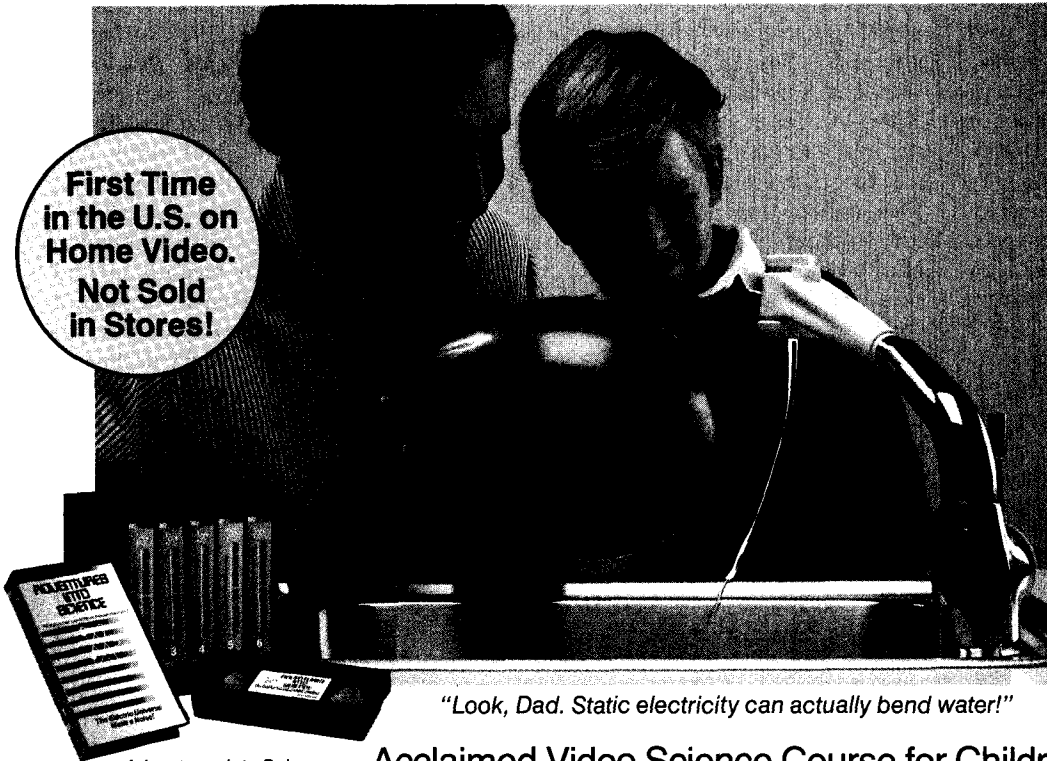
THE FIRST REQUEST to secede from the Soviet Union will probably come from one or more of the Baltic republics—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. The worst ethnic violence so far has occurred in the Caucasian republics of Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan. But in the Caucasus intracommunal conflicts, like the blood feud between Armenians and Azerbaijanis, evoke more passion than does hatred of the Russians. And were Armenia or Georgia to detach itself, it would instantly become a small and fragile Christian nation adrift in a hostile Islamic sea. There have been stirrings of sentiment for independence in the western Ukraine, but the Ukrainians are Slavs, like the Russians, and their ties to Russia are centuries old. The Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, and other Central Asian nations have no hope of being economically viable on their own and no modern history of independent statehood. There is at least a chance that all the Slavic, Caucasian, and Central Asian republics would settle, in the end, for a decentralized federation like Canada's. But the Baltic peoples have recent experience with independence (from 1918 to 1940), the best-organized separatist movements, and the most attractive model of what independence might be like: Finland. By the spring of this year each will have a newly elected Supreme Soviet that will almost certainly be dominated by separatists, who once in office will almost inevitably take steps leading to referenda on independence.

Conventional wisdom has it that "conservative Russian nationalists" would never allow such referenda, and certainly not secession. The most notorious, at least in the West, of the Russian nationalist groups is Pamyat, an anti-Semitic, quasi-fascist group that has never shown itself capable of being any more than a fringe element. Closer to the middle of the Soviet spectrum is a group of conservative Russian nationalist writers and intel-



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lectuals who have begun, rather stridently, to call attention to themselves. They control a handful of weekly and monthly journals, including *Nash Sovremennik*, the organ of the Russian branch of the Writers' Union. While the circulation of the establishment organ *Pravda* has dropped precipitously, *Nash Sovremennik's* has grown from 250,000 to 400,000 in the past year.

In their publications the conservative Russian nationalists carp about a wide variety of Gorbachev's reforms, seeking the issue or combination of issues that will attract some mass support. They complain about damage to the Russian environment. They complain about steep cuts in military spending. Most often they rail against Gorbachev's economic program—particularly against the appearance of Western-oriented joint ventures and private cooperative businesses, a few of which have begun to accumulate enormous profits by dealing in scarce commodities. They advocate instead a return to the supposedly pure collective-ownership models of the pre-revolutionary Russian village, unsullied by Soviet bureaucratism. "Capitalism in the USSR would lower our living standard to one like that of Bangladesh," the nationalists' favorite economist, Alexei Sergeyev, warned in a recent *Nash Sovremennik* interview with the conservative writer Anatoly Salutsky.

The Russian nationalists have no particular affection for nationalists in the Baltics, which they tend to see as impossibly small nations fated to live under the sway of either Germany or Russia. But so far they have not made much of an issue of Gorbachev's policy toward the republics. In fact, they share some of the grievances. Like the separatists in Estonia, for instance, the Russian nationalists would like to be able to say no the next time a union ministry wants to locate a petrochemical plant along one of their rivers. Like the separatists, they can flourish only in an atmosphere of pluralism and respect for political rights. When I asked Stanislav Kunyaev, the editor of *Nash Sovremennik*, how he would react to a referendum vote for independence in a Baltic republic, he said he would hope that the republic would want to stay in the Soviet Union. But if the population voted to secede? "Of course the government would have to respect that."

Kunyaev added a warning that I had heard before in discussions with nationalists. Much will depend, he said, on how the republics propose to treat their Russian minorities. Since Stalin's time Soviet plans have encouraged the movement of Russians and other Slavs to the non-Slavic republics. They now make up a majority in Kazakhstan and are coming close to outnumbering Latvians and Estonians in those republics. That, of course, is one of the reasons the minority groups are so restive: unless they acquire the power to control immigration, they may soon be minorities in their own homelands. As some of the separatist groups gain confidence, they are not particularly inclined to treat the Russians generously. In Latvia, for instance, the independence movement is compiling a list of people and the descendants of people who lived in Latvia before the Soviets annexed it, in 1940. The idea, clearly, is to prepare a voter-registration list for some future referendum in which recent Russian immigrants will be unable to participate. That would be a *casus belli* for the Russian nationalists. "If the Russians living there are deprived of their democratic rights," Kunyaev said, "there will be a full confrontation." Without that kind of provocation, though, the Russian nationalists may tend to be isolationists on the question of secession. What concerns them is Russia. They have no more idea of how to solve the Soviet Union's ethnic problems than Gorbachev does.

THERE IS NO ambivalence, however, in the position of many of the Party apparatchiks, who may not care much for Russian tradition but know a challenge to authority when they see it. They are becoming increasingly shrill in their demands on Gorbachev. One of them, V. I. Potapov, the first secretary of the Party organization in Irkutsk, stood up at last fall's Central Committee plenum and virtually dressed Gorbachev down. He said it was "incomprehensible" that the Politburo had let separatists go as far as they had in the Baltics, and called loudly for the restoration of "discipline and order everywhere." Economic progress may require decentralization, one gloomy Moscow scholar told me. But to the Party careerists "socialism is about power," he said. "If the Party has to choose between the

economy going to hell and power, it will let the economy go."

The most potent combination for suppression of the secessionists would be an amalgam of the Russian nationalists and the apparat. But there is nothing inevitable about such an amalgamation. Russian nationalist values contradict orthodox Party values in many significant respects. Nationalists, for instance, respect the importance of the Russian Orthodox Church in Russian culture. They think that "left-radicals" in the Party, beginning with Stalin, brutally and stupidly destroyed much of the Russian heritage. That is why Kunyaev recently invited Alexander Solzhenitsyn to become a member of *Nash Sovremennik's* editorial board. (Solzhenitsyn politely declined.) If the secessionists play their hands prudently, the apparat and the Russian nationalists may never get together.

And, of course, not all Party members would favor repression. Many reform-minded intellectuals in the Party think that if the Baltic republics lawfully choose to secede, they must be allowed to go. Otherwise there is no point in talking about a government of laws. "I am a Communist," Alexander Bovin, of *Izvestiya*, told me. "I take seriously the words in our constitution that permit secession." The alternative to satisfying national aspirations in the Baltic republics, another intellectual told me, would be a chronic sore of the type Israel has in the West Bank, which would be debilitating for the reformers and the country in general.

Nobody I spoke with in Moscow claimed to know which side in this Party debate would win, if and when the time for a decision arrives. Much will depend on factors that are not yet clear. How would the secessionists guarantee the rights of the Russians and other minorities within their republics? What would they propose in the way of a property settlement to divide the factories and railroads built in the years of Soviet power? Will the international situation make the Russians feel secure or threatened? Will the Soviet economy be improving, giving Gorbachev the strength to resist the political backlash that a secession would surely cause? And will the present mood of fatalism and malaise continue to prevail in Russia, or will it be replaced by a more typically Russian mood of assertiveness and, perhaps, chauvinism?



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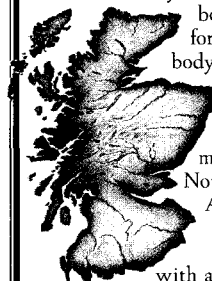


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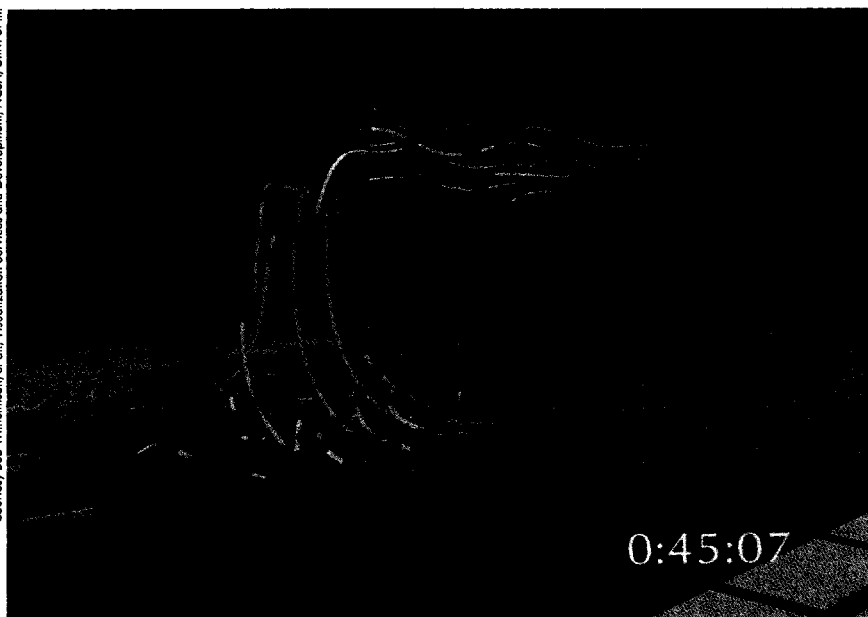
Most important is whether the Russians will still possess the capacity for cruelty required of any imperial power. The historian Correlli Barnett traces the disintegration of the British Empire to a religious revival that swept England, and particularly the public schools that educated England's leaders, in the first third of the nineteenth century. It made Britain a kinder, gentler nation, but also a nation that a generation or two later found it increasingly difficult to countenance

the bloodshed required to keep order in the colonies.

Religion has yet to revive itself completely in Russia, though after Gorbachev's visit to the Pope no one can say that it will not. But it is at least possible to think that the impoverishment, fatigue, and enlightenment of the past five years have had a similar gentling effect, and that the Russians are no longer quite brutal enough to hold their empire together.

—Robert Cullen

Courtesy Bob Wilhelmson, et al., Visualization Services and Development, NCSA, Univ. of Ill.



A simulation of a tornadic thunderstorm generated by a Cray 2 supercomputer

COMPUTERS

At the Speed Limit

Supercomputers, two decades after their creation, are transforming the way much modern science gets done; more-powerful ones may be on the way

IT CUTS A STRIKING figure in the world of computers. It stands about six and a half feet high, possesses no moving parts, operates in silence, uses as coolant a compound whose other major use is as artificial blood. It is called a Y-MP, and when it was introduced, in 1988, by Cray Research, it was the fastest general-purpose computer in the world. It proved able to

solve certain problems at a sustained rate of better than one "gigaflop"—a billion calculations per second. For the past decade the "gigaflop barrier" has possessed a mystical significance like that which the sound barrier held for aircraft designers in the 1940s: it was the symbol of the next level of performance. The Y-MP will soon be joined by several other gigaflop computers now being designed or under development, but for the moment it stands alone in a new echelon of high-performance machines that are transforming the way much of modern science gets done.

These very fast computers, called supercomputers, are playing a role similar to that of the telescope in the golden age of astronomy. The computer, though, serves as a lens through which to examine not the real world itself but electronic simulations of the world which can be examined more closely than nature would permit.

Each increase in speed enables researchers to make their models of reality within the computer more closely approximate what goes on outside. Just as progressively improved telescopes reveal more and more detail in the night sky, the Cray Y-MP has been exposing the invisible to view.

The first test of what such new computing power might offer took place when a group of European meteorologists looked back at an old mistake, to try and find out what had gone wrong. Typically, major weather services like to employ the most powerful supercomputer available, because the atmosphere presents almost endlessly complex levels of detail. Of course, mistakes occur. One of the most conspicuous in recent years happened on Thursday, October 16, 1987. That evening a British forecaster named Michael Fish said on national television, "A woman rang to say that she'd heard there is a hurricane on the way. Don't worry. There isn't." Within hours a storm with maximum wind velocities in excess of a hundred miles an hour swept across southern England and Wales.

At the time, researchers in the European Centre for Medium-Range Weather Forecasts, in Reading, England, were almost—but not quite—able to predict the storm, using a model of the weather running on what was then one of the most powerful computers in the world. At its root the failure was caused by the limitations of their computer: the machine was not powerful enough to perceive the details of the weather system as it evolved into the intense storm.

The theory of weather prediction is actually quite simple. Weather models begin with data gathered at measuring stations and use them to calculate the physics of the atmosphere, according to equations like Newton's Laws of Motion and the laws governing heat transport. The results of the calculations, plotted on a map, are the prediction.

Errors in predictions, which occur all the time, result from mistakes in data collection or the absence of an important measurement. This can produce distortions in the calculation that rapidly make the prediction worthless. Part of the problem is that the computer cannot solve the equations for every point on the globe; instead, weather models typically lay out a grid over the



area of interest, like the lines of latitude and longitude, and calculate results only at the intersections of lines on the map. The computer predicts approximately what will happen at grid points, the spaces between them being in a sense invisible to the computer. The machine used by the European Centre in 1987 could calculate only fast enough to run its weather model for grid points 125 kilometers apart—a scale so coarse that the machine was unable to re-create the detailed behavior of the storm system. Within the computer the great wind of 1987 disappeared, as if it were sand falling through a sieve.

Then, late in 1988, researchers from Reading improved the resolution of their model and tested a Y-MP. The new machine could crunch numbers four times as fast as the old one, fast enough to run the improved model in time to make a prediction. Their more-realistic model of the weather, processing the same data used in October, 1987, was able to “retrocast” the storm.

THE Y-MP WAS SWIFTLY harnessed to work on other problems, with comparable success. The first Y-MP delivered to a customer was installed at NASA's Ames Research Station in October of 1988. Ames is concerned largely with aeronautical design, and the laboratory uses supercomputers to simulate such processes as the flow of air over aircraft, the mixing of air and fuel within jet engines, and the motion of rockets passing through the atmosphere. Rod Fatoohi, a computer scientist at Ames, ran a very simplified simulation of fluid flow and set one of the early speed records on the Y-MP, achieving a sustained rate of 1.084 gigaflops. (The term *gigaflop* comes from *giga*, meaning “a billion,” and *FLOP*, for “floating-point operation,” a common form of computerized arithmetic.) Fatoohi's simulation, which took 185 seconds of Y-MP time, would keep a mainframe business computer working for sixty-nine hours, or almost three days. An IBM PC XT desktop computer lacks sufficient memory to tackle such problems, but simply making the same number of calculations that took the Y-MP three minutes would occupy the desktop machine for three months.

That disparity—the difference between three minutes and three

months—underscores the fundamental role of supercomputers in science. Supercomputers, like all other computers, are conceptually very simple devices: their fundamental operation is a form of addition. Computers in general are now omnipresent, and indispensable, because they can perform their arithmetic on *anything*, as long as the symbols the computer is asked to work with obey the strict rules of logic. Thus a computer can manipulate an alphabet for word processing, and shapes for graphics, and so on. It does so by following a list of instructions, a program, that can be whatever the user chooses—as long, again, as the rules of logic are obeyed. This means that any problem that can be stated rigorously can be studied with a computer, from the weather to financial markets, from baseball statistics (which don't require a very sophisticated computer) to quantum physics (which does).

Although the computer itself is almost fifty years old, computer-based science is a much newer phenomenon. Until recently computers in science served mostly as bookkeepers, storing and processing experimental data. What is new is the use of the computer to create, in essence, imitations of nature in which electronic experiments can be run. Research into the behavior of these simulacra of nature is in fact a new kind of science, one that is not quite experimental but is not pure theory either. As such, it depends for its success on the degree to which the models can be made to behave like what is observed out in the real world. But realistic simulations of nature require so much detail, so many calculations for each step of the simulation, that machines powerful enough to run reasonably accurate models—one of the definitions of the term “supercomputer”—have existed for only about twenty years. By this measure, one claimant to the title of first true supercomputer is the CDC 7600, built by the Control Data Corporation and released in 1969.

The 7600 was eclipsed in 1976, when Cray Research, founded by the former CDC designer Seymour Cray, released the Cray 1, a machine capable of the then-unheard-of sustained speed of about 80 million operations per second—about one-twentieth the capability of the Y-MP. Since then, in the steps that have led to the Y-MP,

Cray Research has built a series of record-breaking computers. At the time the Cray 1 was announced, the global market for supercomputers was believed to be less than a hundred machines. By the beginning of this year, however, approximately 400 of them had been installed worldwide, more than 250 of them Crays.

The success of the Cray line in general has led a number of users in industry, government, and basic science to realize the tremendous value of speed for their work. The demand for ever newer, faster machines has spawned major challenges to Cray's dominance of the high-performance computer world. Japanese manufacturers are taking advantage of their skills in silicon-chip design and manufacture to develop very high-speed supercomputers. One company, NEC, announced last April that it would soon offer a computer capable of a 22-gigaflop peak speed, as compared with the Y-MP's peak of 2.67 gigaflops, though NEC has not yet scheduled a delivery date for the machine.

Other Japanese manufacturers are trying to beat Cray at its own game, by making computers that are essentially similar to the Cray design, only faster. To counter, Seymour Cray early last year stated plans to ship sometime this year a computer that is potentially six times as fast as the Y-MP, and to create a follow-up computer by the late 1990s that will, if it meets its design objectives, leapfrog over Cray's Japanese competitors.

The Y-MP's impact on research illustrates the dynamic that is driving the technological competition among supercomputer designers. The Y-MP, with its current best sustained speed in excess of 1.7 gigaflops, is two to four times as fast as the previously available Crays and other supercomputers. Researchers are beginning to use the speed advantage of the Y-MP to develop practical applications that they had begun on older, slower machines—as the European meteorologists did with the weather. At NASA Ames, for example, the Applied Computational Fluids Branch is studying what happens when extremely hot air flows within jet engines. On a Cray 2, previously the fastest machine, sample calculations for the dynamics of just one part of the engine took a hundred hours. “That's a research problem,” says Terry Holst, the chief of



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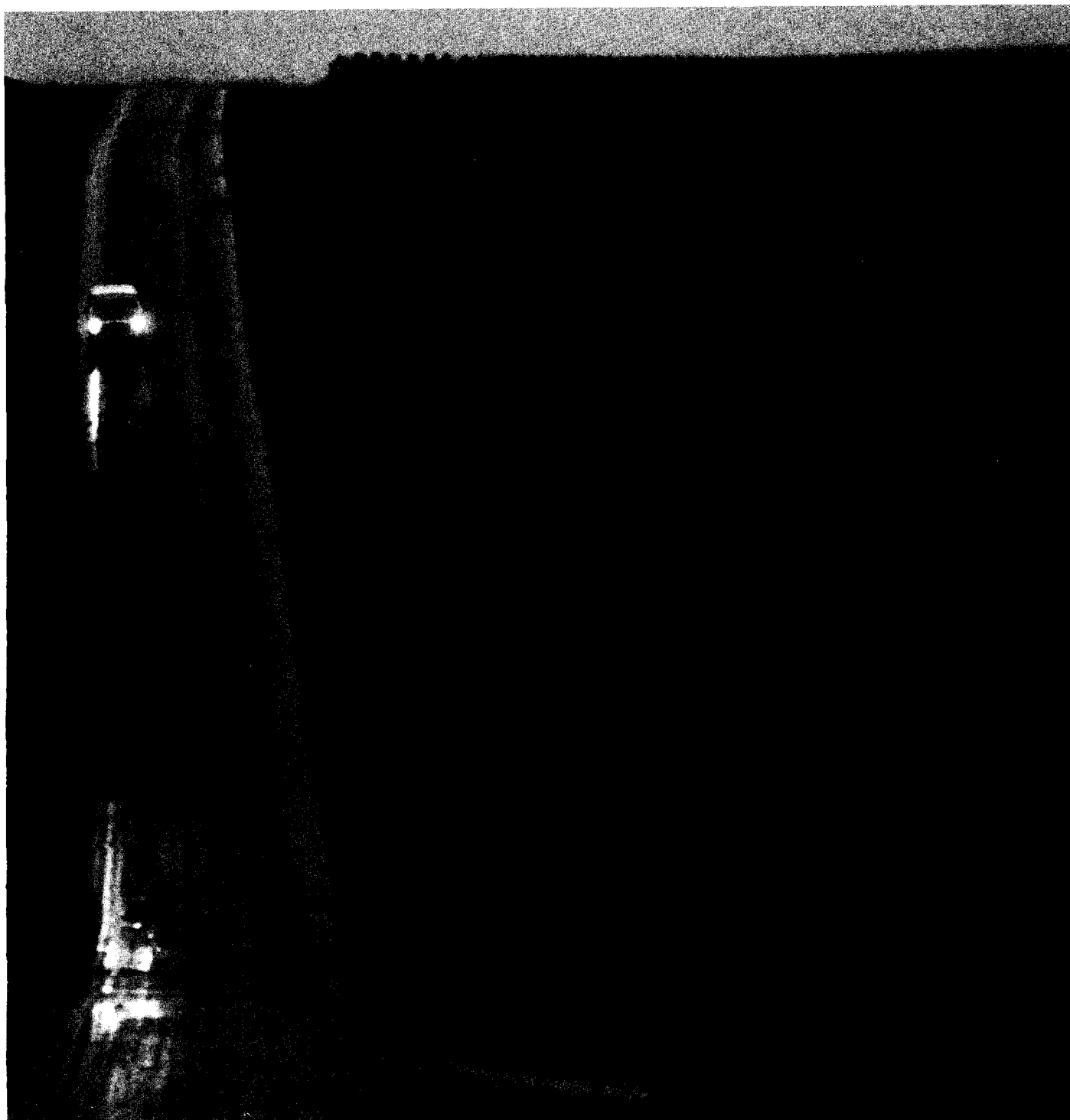
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the branch. "With the Y-MP the run time drops to twenty or twenty-five hours, and the computer starts to become a design tool." That is, before, the simulations simply helped researchers to get a feel for the general behavior of gases within that type of engine, whereas now they can run simulations for enough different configurations of the engine components to begin helping to make practical engineering decisions. To be a practical tool within an engineering shop, a computer has to generate answers fast enough to fit the constraints of human attention spans. George Byrne, of the Exxon Research and Engineering Company, says, "You need to get results quickly enough so

SUPERCOMPUTERS HAVE extended their influence into perhaps the most abstract of the sciences: quantum physics. This is almost sacrilege to some, for of all the sciences, theoretical physics is the one that has most revered the power of pure thought. Reaction to the use of the computer tends to divide the field on generational lines, with older scientists intensely skeptical of what they see as the heresy of youth.

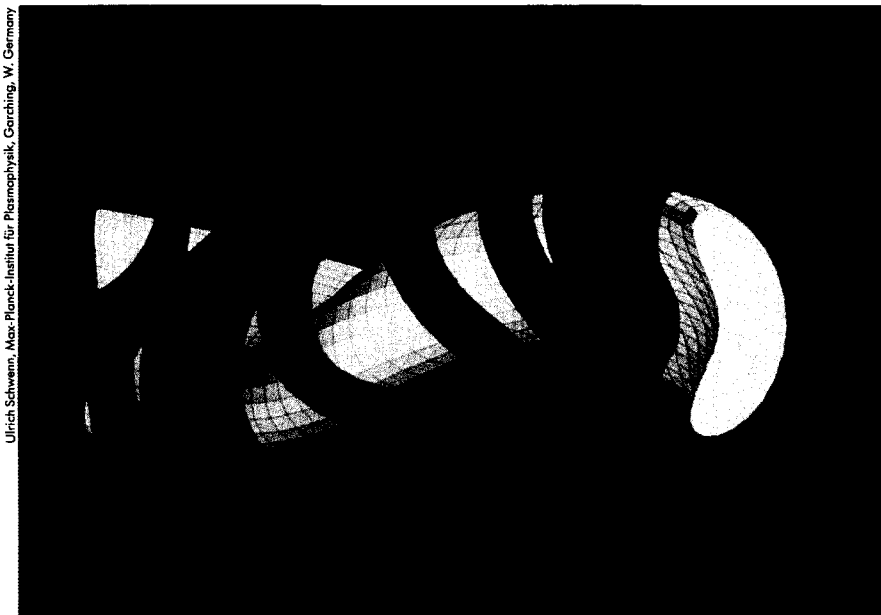
One of the Young Turks is Laurence Jacobs, a physicist at MIT specializing in a branch of quantum theory called quantum chromodynamics. QCD describes the behavior of the strong force that holds the nuclei of atoms together.

ematics of the theory. Instead, use a computer to run numerical simulations of specific quantum events, calculating the different probabilities of this quantum state and that, to try to produce a description of how the strong force actually behaves in a given situation.

Jacobs and a group of colleagues attempted the first computational solution to a drastically simplified quantum-field problem on a CDC 7600 at Brookhaven National Laboratory in 1979. Now, with a Cray, what Jacobs terms "moderately realistic theory" has become possible. Throughout this work, though, the physics is being represented not by mathematical formulae but by calculation—in other words, by number-crunching.

This is what the older researchers loathe. When Jacobs was giving an early talk about his work, Victor Weisskopf, one of the most distinguished members of the wartime generation of physicists, and Jacobs's teacher, told him, "I am impressed by how much physics the computer knows. What concerns me is, do you know the physics too?" To which Jacobs now responds that the field of QCD did not exist in a meaningful way until a computer was available to extract the physics that Weisskopf so admired. "I don't apologize," Jacobs says, "if this is what is involved in isolating properties of a theory that have counterparts in nature. We are understanding very general properties of the physics."

Nonetheless, Jacobs, like scientists in a host of disciplines, is up against a speed limit. Even with their Y-MP, Ames's scientists cannot accurately simulate the flow of air over a complete airplane; all the power they have at their disposal is needed merely to do an adequate job on a wing or a fuselage. Intense thunderstorms and tornadoes cannot be accurately predicted in current weather models. And in Jacobs's field of QCD, quite basic problems could keep a supercomputer occupied for more than a year—time that simply is not available for a single question. As people achieve one result, the next question becomes obvious—and the computers must keep up if the work is to keep on going. "In general," Jacobs says, "the mathematics of our problems is beginning to shape the design of supercomputers."



A magnetic-fusion analysis by a Cray Y-MP: 34 billion operations in twenty seconds

that you still have in mind what it was you thought you were doing when you submitted a job."

The supercomputer, with all its virtues, is being put to work on ever more surprising applications. Supercomputers are now routinely used by automobile companies, both to design and to "crash-test" cars; energy companies use them to analyze seismic data and prospect for oil; and even the financial markets now utilize them to get real-time analyses of market behavior. In fact, for the most complicated markets, which involve mortgage-backed securities, market dynamics are so convoluted that until the advent of the supercomputer an analysis of events fast enough to be used the same day was simply impossible to produce.

Theoretical physicists like to write down equations that seem to lay out the laws of nature—in this case, of the nucleus of the atom. To a physicist, an understanding of those equations, of the mathematics, is the theory. Once the math seems clear, one can begin analyzing specific situations—doing the number-crunching—and so make predictions that can be tested against observations in the real world.

Unfortunately, until the mid-1970s QCD was a mathematical mess. No formulation of it existed that could be used to produce predictions. To escape from the quagmire, physicists, beginning with Kenneth Wilson, who was then at Cornell University, argued, in essence, Don't worry about why something happens—the traditional math-

IN THE PROGRESSION of attempts to build ever more capable machines, the Y-MP exemplifies the traditional approach to supercomputer design. Barring the use of optical devices or other experimental technologies, more speed can be squeezed out of a computer in only two ways: speeding up the central processor, or increasing the total number of processors, an approach called "parallel processing." The Y-MP reflects both strategies, but emphasizes getting the maximum performance out of each processor rather than dramatically increasing the number of processors. A Y-MP contains up to eight processors, each capable of working on its own or in a parallel link-up with its colleagues. The fundamental regulator of speed for a processor is its clock period—the unit of time in which it executes a single instruction. For the Y-MP this is six nanoseconds (billionths of a second), as compared with a typical desktop computer's clock speed of around a hundred nanoseconds.

In thirteen years Cray has increased the number of processors in its computers from one to eight, achieving a fifteenfold increase of speed in that period. The immediate dividends in speed from the parallel approach led some computer scientists to conclude that the most cost-effective strategy to speed up supercomputers dramatically was to integrate lots of simple processors, rather than a few complex ones.

The first such "massively parallel" computer to be sold as a supercomputer is the Connection Machine, manufactured by Thinking Machines. It contains 65,536 extremely simple processors, hooked up in a complex geometrical arrangement called a hypercube. It is capable of extraordinarily fast computation on certain problems: Creon Levit, at NASA Ames, has reported running one program on a Connection Machine at speeds greater than three gigaflops.

The difficulty so far is that the Connection Machine remains a somewhat specialized piece of hardware. It has limited memory for each of its processors, and it can accommodate a maximum of four users at a time. Conventional supercomputers, in contrast, are designed with sophisticated input-output hardware and software that may allow them to juggle more than a thou-

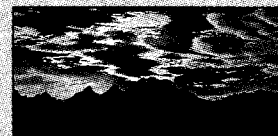
sand users at a time. In addition, while the Connection Machine will run programs written for conventional computers, to achieve maximum performance from its unconventional design a user must modify—"tweak," as computer experts put it—the programs. Harry Nelson, a senior program analyst for the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory's supercomputing facilities, argues that for this reason alone, massively parallel computers are still essentially experimental tools. "Crays require no conceptual shift for a user. With a massively parallel machine you cannot normally get improved performance without doing a lot of rethinking of your problem."

Nelson says that the rethinking will occur someday: "Massive parallelization will become more and more effectively used, but we now are looking at the cheapest way to do the jobs we already have." For Livermore that means a Y-MP, and the lab acquired one last March. But the underlying challenge remains: What will it take to build the next generation of the fastest possible machines?

MANY LOOK TO Seymour Cray for the answer. When he founded his company, Cray's announced goal was to design the most powerful computer available. The Cray 1 (1976) immediately eclipsed the machines then available from Cray's old employer, the Control Data Corporation. CDC never fully recovered from the challenge, and though the company developed some sophisticated techniques for the manufacture of supercomputers, its latest machine, the ETA 10, has been no competition for the most recent Crays. Finally, last April, CDC surrendered, announcing that it was abandoning the supercomputer field it had created, leaving Cray Research as the only American manufacturer at the high end of the market.

Within weeks CDC's announcement was followed by another: Seymour Cray and Cray Research had agreed to an amicable divorce. Cray Research, in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, would continue to build and sell all existing Cray supercomputers, and would proceed with the development of the computer destined to succeed the Y-MP, an evolutionary design dubbed the C-90. Seymour Cray, in the meantime, would found a new company, the

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Cray Computer Corporation, based in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and with the aid of \$150 million from Cray Research over two years would proceed with his attempt to produce the Cray 3, in direct competition with his old firm.

The precise motivation for the split remains unclear, but Cray's departure from the company he founded serves a number of purposes. The underlying rationale for the move was evidently financial: with the flattening out of the company's extraordinary growth curve of the middle 1980s, Cray Research's management concluded that it could no longer sustain the development costs of two major new systems—the 3 and the C-90. The split allowed both Seymour Cray and his former colleagues to continue their respective pursuit of the new computers.

At the same time, a number of observers noted, while U.S. policy holds that government-funded projects must attempt to buy American, procurement rules for many contracts require at least two bidders; with CDC out of the game, Cray Research remained the only U.S. supercomputer manufacturer. Several American companies are attempting to design supercomputers, but so far none has come up with one. Cray Research, in this scenario, is trying to provide its own domestic competition, and thereby undercut competition from Japanese companies.

Finally, and perhaps most important, Cray and Cray Research may have struggled with irreconcilable differences. The Cray Research C-90 is to be the next in the line of computers that the company has been developing for nearly a decade. The C-90 will achieve a performance level similar to that of Seymour Cray's new machine, and it presents no overwhelming technical hurdles, either to its designers or to potential users. In contrast, Seymour Cray is embarked on a tremendous technological gamble. Today all computers are based on the silicon chip; the Cray 3 will employ processors made of a semiconducting material called gallium arsenide. The payoff, if the gamble succeeds, will be a decisive edge in designing the next generation of supercomputers.

The rationale for the switch derives from the basic physics of semiconductors. What limits the clock speed of a computer is the speed with which the

circuits within the computer can switch from on to off. That switching rate is in turn governed by the physical properties of the material out of which the circuits are made. Cray's best silicon-based processor has a speed of 4.2 nanoseconds, and Japanese supercomputer-makers are developing silicon circuits that dip below the three-nanosecond level, giving a foundation to their plans to build ten- to twenty-gigaflop machines. But the inherent characteristics of silicon-based semiconductors point to a limit in switching speed near the range that engineers have already achieved, and as Terry Holst, of NASA Ames, notes, "The problems we are interested in may require thousand-gigaflop machines by the year 2000."

Hence Cray's shift to gallium arsenide. The Cray 3 will have sixteen processors, all based on the new gallium-arsenide circuitry, though its memory will still be built out of silicon. Gallium arsenide has a switching speed three times as fast as that of silicon. Each processor has a two-nanosecond clock time, and to further boost performance, the computer will be exceptionally small, which reduces the distance that information must travel, and hence the time spent in transit. All sixteen of the Cray 3's processors could be crammed into much less than a cubic foot. Cray has announced that with its combination of speed and size, the machine will achieve peak speeds of sixteen gigaflops, six times the peak speed of a Y-MP.

This dramatic gain in speed from switching material is what made Cray take the leap, for leap it was. When design of the Cray 3 began, no semiconductor company in the United States or Japan was building digital gallium-arsenide-based circuits; the material was used only in certain communications applications. In the early 1980s Cray Research helped a group of engineers frustrated with their jobs at Rockwell International start up a company called Gigabit Logic, which became the first source for digital gallium-arsenide devices. Not until last year did a major semiconductor firm, Fujitsu, begin to supply Cray with circuits built out of the new material.

The most significant technical hurdle that has so far delayed the Cray 3 has been the testing of the new chips. Some proportion of new gallium-arse-

nide chips are failures (as is true of any circuitry), but it has proved difficult to determine which ones don't function, short of building a fairly large fraction of a processor. Both the move to Colorado and this development problem have taken up time, but Cray Computer now plans to complete an in-house prototype by the end of this year, and to begin shipping the machines to customers in the second half of 1991.

Yet to Seymour Cray, the 3 will still be in one sense a crude machine: the gallium-arsenide process is so primitive, Cray explained at a Cray Research meeting in 1988, that the new machine must rely on extremely simple circuit design. "The fascinating thing is that the circuits we're using in the Cray 3 are the same circuits that we were using in 1958." This dictates the strategy for moving beyond the speed limit faced by the Y-MP and other silicon-based computers: increase the sophistication of design, achieving with the new material the same speed-up achieved in silicon between 1958 and 1988. Neil Davenport, the president of the new company, Cray Computer, looks ultimately toward clock speeds in gallium-arsenide devices of one nanosecond or less, a rate that no silicon-based processor approaches. Cray Computer has already announced target specifications for the next machine, the Cray 4, to be achieved by evolutionary improvements on the 3. That computer, which Cray plans to introduce sometime in the middle to late 1990s, will have up to sixty-four processors, with a projected top speed of 128 gigaflops.

Faced with a choice between a change in design, to massive parallelism, and a change in technology, to a new, unproved semiconductor, Cray has gambled on the new technology. If that bet pays off—or as other designs take off—within a decade calculations at a sustained speed of perhaps seventy gigaflops will be possible.

In October of 1987 a computer caught a glimpse of a vicious windstorm out in the North Atlantic, and then lost that storm at the far edge of its ability to see. The storm is visible now, whenever anyone cares to look back for it. What may be seen in ten years is unknowable, but it is there: an image of the natural world, forming at 70 thousand million beats a second.

—Thomas Levenson

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An organization created to protect the purity of dog bloodlines has become, a journalist argues, misguided in its view of "quality" and guilty of encouraging destructive forms of inbreeding that have robbed dogs of traditional skills and left them vulnerable to crippling disease

THE POLITICS OF DOGS

BY MARK DERR



FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE AMERICAN Kennel Club has presided over American dogdom with a confidence verging on arrogance, proclaiming itself the "principal registry agency for purebred dogs in the United States." From its headquarters in New York City the AKC sets the rules and regulations, certifies the judges, and publishes the results of the competitions sponsored annually by its more than 3,200 membership units and affiliates. For a fee (\$6 for a dog; \$15 for a litter) it records the offspring of all AKC-registered parents in its stud book and provides them with official certificates of pedigree. Its *Complete*

Dog Book, published periodically, with frequent updates, since 1929 and the best-selling canine reference book in America, contains photographs of and detailed information about the 130 breeds that the AKC currently recognizes, while ignoring the remaining 300 or so that exist in the world today.

"AKC information and shows create a market and demand for purebred dogs," says Alan Stern, the AKC's vice-president for communications. Dogs represent a \$7-billion-a-year industry in the United States, and much of that money is spent on the purchase, care, and feeding of purebred animals, especially those boasting AKC-recog-

nized bloodlines. Of the roughly 57 million dogs now residing in 35 million American households, some 12 million possess AKC papers—half of those eligible. Another four to six million are registered with other organizations, the largest of which is the United Kennel Club, of Kalamazoo, Michigan. So dominant is the AKC that even those breeders choosing to remain outside its aegis must define themselves and their dogs in relation to it. Consumers wanting non-AKC purebreds are hard pressed even to find them.

Despite its wealth and power, the AKC has come under fire from an increasing number of critics who charge that it has done purebred dogs sometimes irreparable harm. The arguments of these veterinarians, breeders, trainers, and animal-rights advocates focus on three inter-related areas.

First, the AKC defines quality in a dog primarily on the basis of appearance, paying scant heed to such other canine characteristics as health, temperament, and habits of work. Over the years this policy has led to destructive forms of inbreeding that have created dogs capable only of conforming to human standards of beauty. Many can no longer perform their traditional tasks—herding, tracking, hunting—while more than a few cannot live outside a human-controlled environment.

Second, because it benefits financially from the registration of dogs produced and sold commercially, the AKC has failed to take a stand against the puppy mills and pet stores that exploit purebred dogs. It will neither refuse to register those animals—although many dogs, produced and sold under inhumane conditions, are of questionable pedigree and genetic fitness—nor cooperate with authorities seeking to regulate them. The result has been a decline, which even the AKC recognizes, in the quality of the animals that nearly 500,000 Americans buy from retailers each year.

Third, the AKC and its member clubs define purity in a breed according to an outmoded notion that is destructive of the health of the dogs. Unquestioning obedience to this notion has led the AKC to make arbitrary decisions regarding which breeds to recognize (on the grounds of such physical traits as coat texture and ear shape), to take no stand relating to the rescue of rare dogs, and to ignore issues relating to the proliferation of inheritable canine diseases. The AKC has also failed to act forcefully in response to breed-specific “vicious dog” ordinances proliferating around the country, though even the Humane Society of the United States considers these ordinances ill conceived.

In aggregate these criticisms imply a fundamental re-examination of the relationship of human beings to the dog, their oldest and most faithful domestic companion. Emerging from this re-examination is an expanded defi-

nition of “purebred,” grounded in science and taking into account internal qualities and characteristics as well as appearance.

The American Kennel Club is “elitist, grossly undemocratic, and operationally secretive,” according to Herm David, the influential columnist and self-styled AKC ombudsman for *Dog World* magazine. Having expelled its last individual members in 1923 on the grounds that they were gadflies, the AKC today has a membership that consists of some 450 clubs. They send representatives to a meeting of delegates, who elect a board of directors, which in turn selects a president. The board’s deliberations, like those of the delegates, are closed to the media; its decisions appear in the official *AKC Gazette*.

The AKC and its apologists have met its critics with disdain, accusing some of wanting to abolish breeds in general and others of fear of competing in the canine big leagues. Reformers within the organization—like the current president, Kenneth Marden—often find themselves squeezed between people pressing for immediate action and powerful traditionalists who view any change as a fundamental attack on the cult of pedigree and the show dog.

The AKC relies on its certificate of pedigree, or papers, to guarantee that the bloodlines of, say, a Chesapeake Bay retriever are pure for at least three generations, and on its written standards to determine that the dog resembles others of its breed. These standards describe the overall appearance of a typical specimen and list such phenotypic characteristics as size, shape, coat, head, neck, ears, eye color, tail length, gait, and bite. The standards do not demand that a dog be able to perform its traditional function—that the Chesapeake be able to swim and fetch, for example.

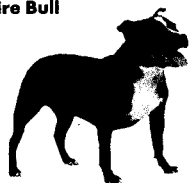
All show dogs are judged against the ideal summed up in the standards, and in recent years the AKC has moved to have its “parent” clubs—those relating to specific breeds, which make up only about a third of its members—revise their standards, ostensibly to cull out ambiguity, so that judges can better understand what they should reward. Critics among the clubs contend that this “standardization of standards” is part of a broader effort to create a circuit of international dog shows, which would require a breed (the Saint Bernard, for example) to conform to the standards of foreign organizations for that breed. The ambiguity in the old standards, some of which date to the nineteenth century, allows wider latitude in judging animals, the critics argue, than will the precise statements of the new ones, which will restrict the already limited variability of American show dogs.

Alan Stern says, “The parent clubs are responsible for writing the standards for their breeds, and we can’t make them change.” However, he adds that the board must



American Pit Bull Terrier

Staffordshire Bull Terrier



THE AKC AND ITS APOLOGISTS HAVE MET CRITICS WITH DISDAIN, ACCUSING SOME OF WANTING TO ABOLISH BREEDS IN GENERAL AND OTHERS OF FEAR OF COMPETING IN THE BIG LEAGUES.

nonetheless approve them. "But if they don't revise those standards, judges may have a difficult time interpreting the old ones, and the dogs may suffer in judging."

The standards and the stud book form what geneticists call a "breed barrier," separating a certain strain or type of domestic animal from the larger population. Breed barriers may also occur naturally, with geographic isolation, as they did for the New Guinea singing dog and the basenji, a hound found in Central Africa. The dingo of Australia, usually classified as a separate species of canid, is a dog that was carried to that isolated continent and then went wild. In fact, subspecies of wild animals—of wolves, for example—arise because of natural breed barriers.

The Problem of Defining Breed

A BREED IS A GROUP OF GENETICALLY RELATED INDIVIDUALS with a common phenotype—physical characteristics, such as ear and muzzle shapes, and behavioral tendencies, such as those of a retriever to swim or a border collie to herd—which are capable of producing offspring of the same type. Fixed through selective breeding, traits could vanish over several generations if people became careless in choosing their dogs' mates. Practically and politically, breeds are human constructs. "While the differences between breeds are genetic," says Donald Patterson, the chief of medical genetics at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, "the determination of when a breed becomes a breed is a human one."

I. Lehr Brisbin, a wildlife ecologist with the Department of Ecology at the University of Georgia, bluntly expresses the political definition employed by the AKC, for which he frequently serves as an expert witness: "The only way you can tell whether you have a purebred dog is by examining its papers." (Purebred dogs without papers represent a "type" in this view, rather than a "breed.")

AKC president Kenneth Marden presented the *reductio ad absurdum* of that perspective last May, during a hearing in a federal district court in Miami. The hearing had been ordered to determine the constitutionality of an ordinance in Dade County, Florida, regulating (and ultimately banning) by name the AKC's American Staffordshire terrier, the Staffordshire bull terrier, the United Kennel Club's American pit bull terrier, and any animal substantially conforming

to their written standards, on the grounds that these dogs are inherently dangerous to human beings. Marden testified that based on looks alone he could not identify Lassie as a collie. He would have to examine the dog's certificate of pedigree.

Marden and his counterpart at the UKC, Fred Miller, who appeared in July as part of the same case, were attempting to show how difficult it is to define—and thus outlaw—"pit bulls," both the purebred strains the clubs register and the crossbreeds with other dogs, such as mastiffs. They both testified that they could not name a dog's breed by comparing the animal with an official standard. But they could not agree on whether the American pit bull terrier, which the for-profit UKC has registered since the late nineteenth century, is identical to the American Staffordshire terrier, which the nonprofit AKC first listed in 1936, several decades after dogfighting was outlawed. Miller said they were; the UKC cross-registers the AKC breed. Following AKC policy, Marden would not acknowledge that they were the same.

The squabbling over arcana, political infighting on the AKC's board of directors, and also what critics call an aversion among its members to becoming involved with owners of mongrels have caused the AKC to respond slowly to the most ill-considered of the "vicious dog" ordinances that have proliferated in recent years. Dade County acted in April of last year. In June the New York City Health Department promulgated a ban on dogs that substantially conform to the UKC's phenotypic standards for the American pit bull terrier. At the time, New York City's chief veterinarian boasted that he would soon identify the gene that made pit bulls meaner than any other breed. Joining the fray, other municipalities have added to their "breed-specific" legislation German shepherds, Rottweilers, Doberman pinschers, akitas, and chow chows. Although the Dade County ordinance was upheld, the New York regulation was suspended by the state supreme court after being challenged by the AKC and other groups. (Subsequently city officials failed to produce the mean gene.) Ironically, nearly everyone involved with dogs recognizes these breed-specific bans as bad legislation, passed in response to hysterical media reports of fatal attacks by "pit bulls." The Humane Society's surveys show that UKC- and AKC-registered American pit bull terriers, American Staffordshire terriers, and Staffordshire bull terriers,

Chesapeake Bay
Retriever

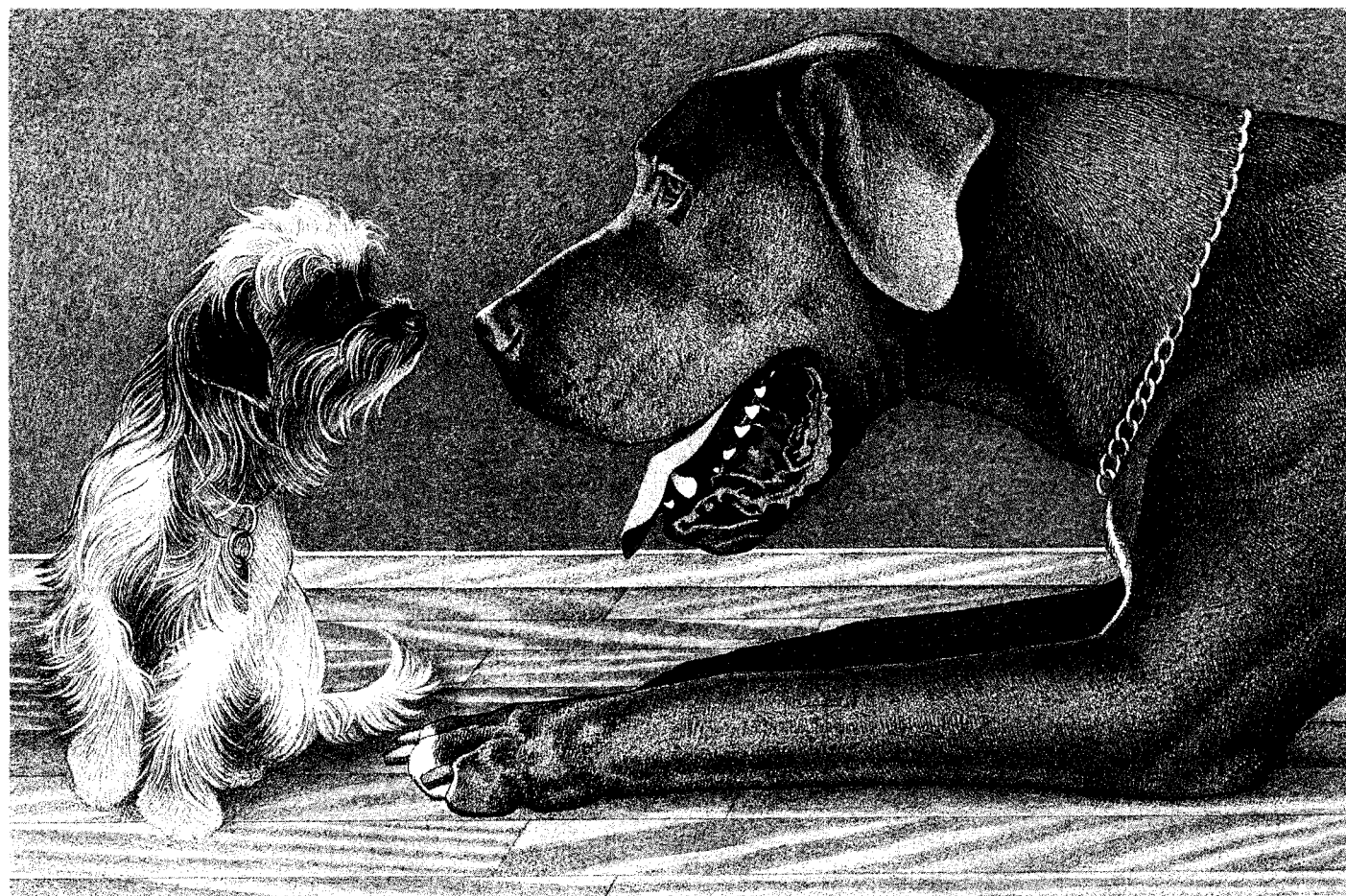


their once-belligerent temperaments gentled over the years through selective breeding, are thus far not guilty. The perpetrators are both mixed breeds and non-registered purebred animals made vicious by people. Those who illegally fight dogs today do so with animals whose bloodlines they jealously guard and maintain.

The legislation has spurred research into canine genetics, which, although not well funded, has already helped expand our limited understanding. Last October, Joe W. Templeton, a professor of veterinary pathology and genetics at Texas A&M University, hosted a workshop to examine issues relating to breed identification based on

these breeds are more heterogeneous than we thought." The dog is, in fact, the most variable species in the animal kingdom next to man, and that variability accounts for its remarkable intelligence and talents. Dogs range in size from four pounds (the Chihuahua) to 220 pounds (the Tibetan mastiff), and in temperament from the placid to the ferocious. They vary widely in shape, from the low-slung dachshund to the long-legged wolfhound. Some are capable of learning to retrieve fallen prey or to flush a fox from its den, others to rescue drowning people.

Patton believes that with more research, biologists will be able to connect specific genes to distinctive morpholo-



genetic analyses. "Right now, looking at chromosomes and genetic fingerprinting, we cannot distinguish between breeds," Templeton says. (Genetic fingerprinting does allow one to distinguish between individual dogs.) "In fact, in a comparison of two American Staffordshire terriers with a whippet, one terrier appeared more closely related to the whippet than to the other terrier. Genetic differences between breeds, and even between dogs and wolves, are apparently very subtle. Probably just a handful of genes expressed in various combinations account for the different phenotypes we see." John Patton, an evolutionary biologist at Washington University, in St. Louis, and a participant in the workshop, says, "A lot of

gies and tendencies of breeds, and to determine what combinations create a Yorkshire terrier, say, rather than a Great Dane. Already the inquiries are casting new light on the natural history of the dog.

A Short History of Dogs

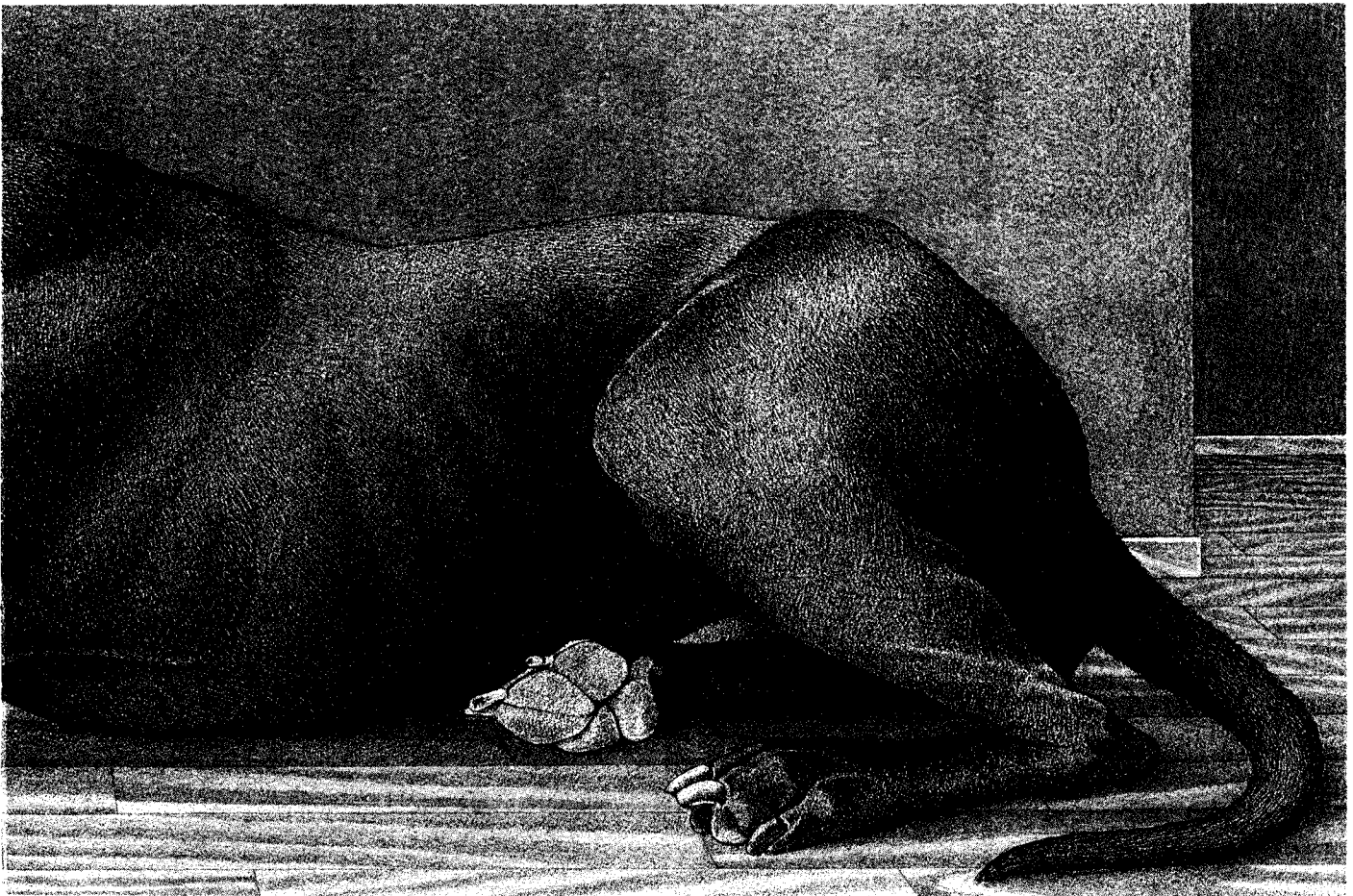
IN RECENT YEARS A CONSENSUS HAS BEGUN TO FORM around the wolf, *Canis lupus*, as the primary progenitor of the dog, contrary to arguments set forth in the past for the jackal or even a form of wild dog as the primary progenitor. Going a step further, Patton says flatly, "As far as we can tell from our genetic analyses, *Canis*

familiaris, the dog, doesn't exist. It's *Canis lupus*. They hybridize freely and their offspring are fertile. All the breeds we see, from the teacup Chihuahua to the giant mastiff, are subsets of the grey wolf. The dog is a man-made artifact." The wolf, like its domestic cousin, is variable in terms of color, size, and personality, is socialized within its packs, and is capable of a range of specialized behavior. Wolves are known to herd their prey, for example, and within a pack one or more may serve as trackers while others hunt.

Though genetically one species, the wolf and the dog are worlds apart culturally and socially. Templeton says,

proximately forty subspecies of *Canis lupus* living throughout the Northern Hemisphere, which were competing with them for food, and traveling in their shadow. (The Southern Hemisphere has its own species of wild canids, some of which may one day be reclassified as wolves.) Stanley J. Olsen, an anthropologist at the University of Arizona and the author of *Origins of the Domestic Dog*, has identified early centers of this activity as the North American Arctic, Northern Europe (from Russia to the British Isles), the Near East, and China.

These domesticated animals became differentiated from their wild progenitors in subtle ways, developing



"Wolves, and even crosses between wolves and dogs, are wild animals that you don't want as a pet. Even when hand-raised from infancy, they retain a certain wildness, a wariness and distrust of humans that make them unpredictable and untrainable except by the most skilled experts. But dogs are bred to live with people. Their behavior, as well as their physical appearance, has been altered by man."

Although some paleontologists continue to seek an evolutionary Eden and a single ancestor for the dog, the apparent truth is that toward the end of the last Ice Age and of the Pleistocene Epoch itself, small bands of hunters and gatherers began to domesticate several of the ap-

shorter jaws, weaker teeth, curved tails, and a tendency to show white spots and red coloration on their coats. Most important, they learned to accept human beings as their pack leaders. Eventually dogs matured sexually at a younger age, with bitches going into first heat at six to nine months old and then coming into season twice a year—as opposed to two years and annually for the wolf.

We surmise that the first dog was a totem animal associated with cults of the dead, a camp scavenger, an occasional hunter and tracker, a playmate (as a puppy) for children, and a food source in times of necessity and celebration. Curbing its tendency to howl, the dog made barking—a little-used wolf talent—its primary form of

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THE DOG IS, IN FACT, THE MOST VARIABLE SPECIES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM NEXT TO MAN, AND THAT VARIABILITY ACCOUNTS FOR ITS REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE AND TALENTS.

vocalization, and became in the process a valued sentinel. (For unknown reasons the basenji doesn't bark.) By the dawn of the Neolithic Age, as people in the ancient Near East learned to cultivate grain and husband sheep and cattle, the role of the dog as a companion and helper began to expand considerably. Into the present Native Americans have maintained dogs of the ancient type that could draw a travois or sled and could assist in the hunt.

Many canine historians, seeking the most ancient prototype, attempt to trace even distinctly modern breeds to the Neolithic. But these histories are mostly stories, according to Olsen: "Authors repeat the same material without documentation or proof." Faced with scant records—a few figurines and line drawings—all one can reasonably do is speculate about the order of appearance of a few types, and sometimes their wolf forebears. At an early date *Canis lupus pallipes*, the small Asian wolf, probably gave rise to animals resembling the New Guinea singing dog, the dingo, and the pariahs of the Middle East and India, as well as certain Native American dogs. *Canis lupus arabs*, the desert wolf, might have been the progenitor of the sight hounds appearing in the Middle East 7,000 to 9,000 years ago. In the Fertile Crescent herdsman raised large guardians for their flocks, animals capable of besting wolves, the bane of domestic livestock, in combat. These may have been related to the mastiff types, believed to have originated in the mountains of Tibet and northern India from *Canis lupus chanco*, the Chinese or woolly-coated wolf. *Canis lupus lupus*, the grey wolf, produced the wolfish Eskimo dogs and related animals.

Evidence indicates that for several millennia people throughout the world regularly crossed their dogs with local wild canids, and the practice continues in some areas to the present day. The ancient Greeks tied bitches in heat outside so that wolves could mate with them. Native Americans on the Great Plains apparently sought the coyote, the Trickster, as an occasional sire to instill intelligence in their dogs. And sled dogs were also bred to wolves, to produce pups with the stamina needed for survival in the Arctic. At Texas A&M, Templeton crossed a Labrador retriever with a grey wolf and came up with a "black wolf with floppy ears" that was at once wary and delicate in his approach to human beings. Dogs and wolves are

hybridized by some kennels to produce exotic guard dogs and pets.

Differentiation into breeds has occurred accidentally and on purpose for as long as dogs have been known, but most early distinctions clearly had to do with place or tribe of origin or with function. At the dawn of their empire the Romans recognized companion, hunting, war, draft, and guard dogs, and sight and scent hounds.

Monasteries served as centers for dog breeding during the Middle Ages, especially the early years, and Crusaders brought new animals from the Middle East for their hunting packs and castles. While feral dogs often terrorized the countryside, and giant hounds capable of dragging a man from his horse went to war, the companion dog symbolized the Christian virtues of fidelity and domesticity. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries European adventurers and traders served as agents for the dispersal and mixing of breeds around the world.

One of the first attempts at the classification of dogs during this period was made by the physician Johannes Caius, in his 1576 treatise *Of Englishe Dogges*. Caius grouped his dogs according to function, identifying the Terrare, or terrier, developed on the British Isles and named for its ability to pursue game under ground; the Bludhunde; the Harier; the Gasehunde; the Grehunde; the Leuimer, which is lost to history; spaniels, setters, and Fynders, or water spaniels, probably like poodles; and the Shepherd's Dogge and Mastiue, or Bandogge—mastiffs that helped butchers in their work and that were also used for the popular blood sports of bull and bear baiting. Caius also identified a "Spaniell gentle," which resembled the modern Cavalier King Charles spaniel; a "theevishe," or poaching, dog; and a "tumbler," or rabbit dog. A distinguishing characteristic of all these animals was that when properly bred, they "kept their type"; that is, they produced offspring that looked and behaved like their parents, whereas mongrels—the wappe, the turnspete, and the dauncer—did not. Even so, the purebred dogs varied more greatly from the phenotype than do today's show dogs.

The English Bandogge, which had a shortened muzzle and strong jaws, would grasp a bull by its nose so that a butcher could bleed it to death, a process believed to produce the best meat. Into the nineteenth century some owners would attempt to prove a dog's tenacity by muti-

Mastiff



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lating its feet and legs while it held the bull in its jaws. These bulldogs were larger than present-day show bulldogs, which are noteworthy for their low-slung bodies, unnaturally large heads, pushed-in faces, and undershot jaws. But the American bulldog, a non-AKC animal, which weighs 100 to 130 pounds, is believed to continue in the old style. Mixed with terriers, the bull and bear dogs became pit bulls in the nineteenth century, when dogfighting peaked in popularity in England and North America.

Through the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century people continued to mix and match dogs to their needs. European paintings and descriptions from the period portray many of the animals Caius identified, plus a few others—the rough water dogs called Newfoundlands, whippets for chasing rabbits and rats, various pointers, and retrievers. We know that people bred their dogs for the work habits and traits they desired, often carefully tracking their lineage. But all these animals, even companion dogs like the Pomeranian, were more robust than the dogs we know today.

The Modern Concept of Breeds

THROUGH THE SECOND HALF OF THE NINETEENTH century people in Britain, Europe, the United States, Canada, and Australia set out to control the dog's evolution scientifically, fixing standards and creating detailed registries. They saved from extinction a number of ancient types, such as the Scottish deerhound and the Irish wolfhound. They blended others and constructed scores of new breeds through selective crosses to emphasize working characteristics, size, color, markings, ear shape, or muzzle formation.

By some estimates as many as a thousand distinct breeds of dog have existed during the past ten thousand years, 400 to 440 of which are alive today. Warfare, trade, annihilation of indigenous peoples, and natural extinction account for the disappearance of the others. The current count is vague because the process of establishing breeds, either from old types never entered in modern registries or from new crosses, continues.

In recent years a few individuals and groups have searched for animals representing ancient types that they could consolidate into a modern

breed. The wildlife ecologist I. Lehr Brisbin is working to establish a registry for the pariah "Carolina dog"—threatened by hybridization with other feral dogs and loss of habitat—which he believes is a direct descendant of the ancient dog kept by Native American tribes of southeastern North America and, perhaps, a key to understanding canine evolution. He and John Patton are also interested in helping Native Americans preserve their distinctive tribal dogs, only a few of which are believed to remain in their pure state.

Worldwide, too, a few breeds dwell outside the fold in isolated regions, and some, like the Australian kangaroo dog and the New Guinea singing dog, may perish, victims of dwindling interest, usefulness, and habitat. No national kennel club works to save these and other breeds nearing extinction, nor do the animals appear on international lists of endangered species.

IN ESTABLISHING WHAT WE KNOW AS MODERN BREEDS, nineteenth-century sportsmen kept careful records, and began to organize competitions to display and test their dogs. The first recorded dog show took place in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1859; six years later the first field trial was held at Southill in Bedfordshire. In 1873 English dog fanciers organized The Kennel Club to impose order on their new "sport" and to maintain the stud book for their dogs. The dog competition spread rapidly through the British Empire, North America, and Western Europe. The first American dog show took place in Mineola, New York, in 1874; the first Westminster Kennel Club Show, in New York in 1877, drew 1,201 dogs, and the show has been held annually since then.

In 1884 sportsmen in the United States formed the American Kennel Club as an umbrella organization for clubs devoted to promoting specific breeds and sponsoring shows. Two years later Nicholas Rowe presented to the fledgling organization the first three volumes of his *American Kennel Stud Book*, listing 5,397 spaniels, pointers, Chesapeake dogs and retrievers, and setters, among others. That stud book now contains entries for 32 million dogs, representing 130 breeds, not including crossbred setters that Rowe recognized and the AKC stopped registering because they were not pure. Incongruously, the AKC keeps a sepa-

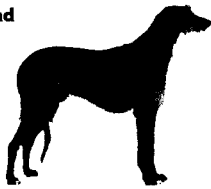
Chow Chow



rate registry for the American Coon Hunters Association, while recognizing formally one of its seven breeds, and maintains as quasi-members clubs for ten breeds in its "miscellaneous" class. In contrast, The Kennel Club of England recognizes more than 180 breeds, and the Federation Cynologique Internationale, in Belgium, recognizes 300.

Since 1955 the AKC's board of directors has followed a formal procedure that requires new breeds to have been registered by a foreign kennel club for at least thirty years or by a domestic registry for several generations and to be represented in the United States by a club with a minimum of a hundred members, who own more than a hundred dogs. The animals must be free only of the sort of genetic deformities that would keep them out of the show ring without corrective surgery (for example, eyelids that obscure vision) and must produce offspring conforming to the standard written by their sponsoring club and approved by the AKC. The club must also maintain a registry, according to AKC specifications. After a period of "development" in the miscellaneous class, which typically lasts two to five years and is designed to introduce the dog to the show world and ensure that a sufficient number of the breed exist around the country to make its registration financially feasible, it will be recognized, if the AKC and the sponsoring club agree.

Scottish
Deerhound



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Dogs in the miscellaneous class can appear at shows but cannot compete for championship points or best-of-show titles. They can also compete in AKC-sanctioned obedience trials and tracking tests but are ineligible for all other competitions—field trials, herding tests, and the like. (Although nonaffiliated animals are not allowed in AKC competitions, a growing number of local clubs are organizing "rare" breed shows or "super matches" for all purebred dogs.)

James Crowley, the AKC's director of dog events and a primary contact for supplicants, says, "There's a lot of variability in some of these dogs that must be bred out before they can be registered." Such comments confirm the worst fears of the AKC's critics—that membership means disaster, an emphasis on appearance to the exclusion of other characteristics. Clubs for the Australian kelpie, the border collie, and the Cavalier King Charles spaniel—all in the miscellaneous class for at least twenty-five years—shun full recognition for that reason.

But for members of these clubs and others seeking admission, the miscellaneous class provides access to the large number of AKC-sanctioned obedience tests, which, they believe, challenge a dog's abilities. (Most small rare-breed clubs simply cannot offer enough events around the country to satisfy those wanting to compete.) Inclusion in the AKC's miscellaneous class also provides a club

with a certain legitimacy and national visibility as the representative of its breed.

Asked how long the AKC will tolerate breed clubs that make no move toward full recognition, Crowley says he doesn't know. The AKC does not benefit materially from dogs in the category, because it doesn't register them. For popular breeds like the border collie and the Cavalier King Charles spaniel, the number of dogs is not insubstantial.

Breeding Dogs for Show

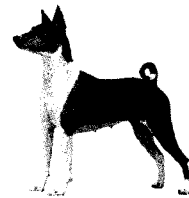
DURING THE PAST FORTY YEARS EXPLOSIVE growth has turned the once genteel sport of breeding and showing purebred dogs into an often brutal business, replete with charges of inhumane treatment, commercial exploitation, fraud, and the ruination of entire breeds.

In 1956 the AKC listed five million dogs in its stud book. Since then it has registered 27 million, roughly half of those eligible, averaging a million a year since 1977. The number of AKC-sponsored events has increased from 1,750 a year to more than 11,000, with the number of dogs participating rising fivefold, from 300,000 to 1.5 million. Shows make up 60 percent of the events and draw about 90 percent of the participants.

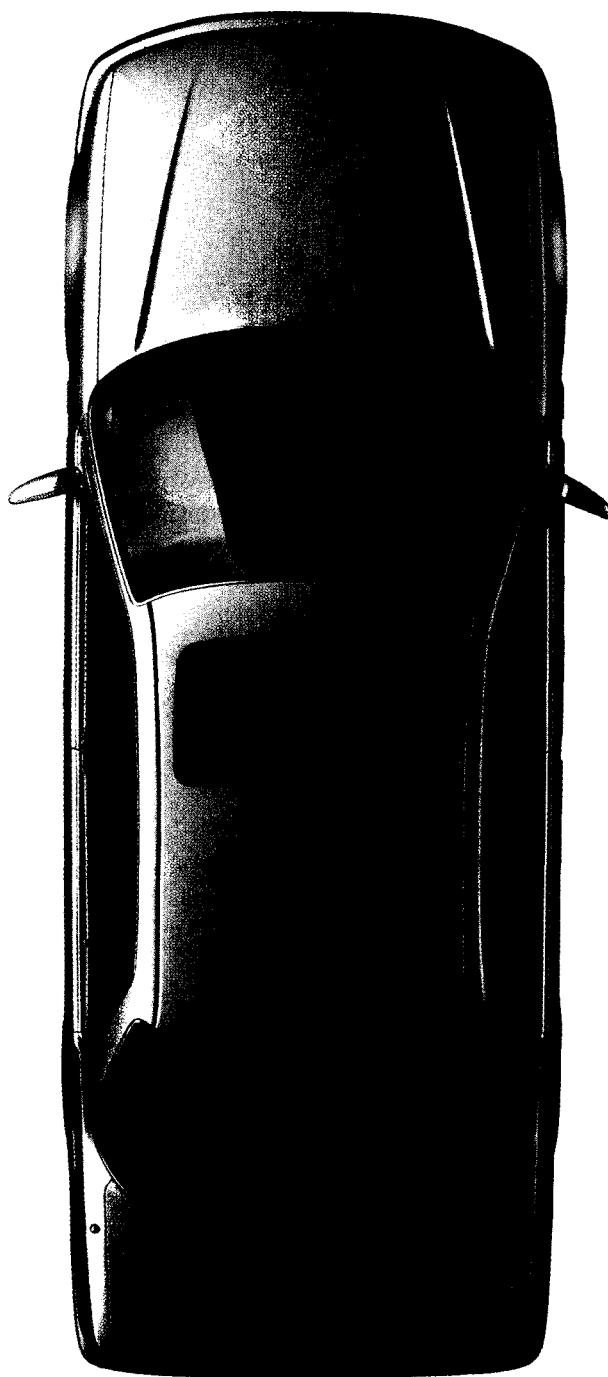
Until the 1920s dog shows were the domain of local clubs. Then, responding to demands for uniformity, the AKC began to set rules and otherwise consolidate its power. During this period the AKC, for judging purposes, divided purebred dogs into groups, based loosely on their function: sporting, including pointers, retrievers, spaniels, and hounds; working, including the herding breeds; terriers; toy breeds; and nonsporting, including dalmatians, poodles, and bulldogs, which had ceased to perform their respective tasks as hunting and then coach dogs, water dogs, and butcher's helpers. In 1937 a separate group was established for hounds, in 1983 for herding dogs.

Dogs, grouped according to sex, compete in various classes—puppy, novice, bred-by-exhibitor, American-bred, and open—and then the victors in all classes vie for the titles of Winner's Dog and Winner's Bitch. Those two then compete against dogs that are already Champions for Best of Breed. Those dogs compete against others holding that title for Best of Group, and the winners are then judged against one another to determine Best of Show. The Winner's Dog and Winner's Bitch earn points toward the title Champion, which becomes a prefix to their names and enhances the value of their offspring in the marketplace.

Through the Second World War most American dog



Basenji



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shows were two- to three-day displays of breeding stock, largely featuring wealthy collectors' animals, handled by professional kennel men. After the war, shows became ever shorter, benches were removed (except at prestigious competitions like the Westminster Kennel Club show), and judging became a race against the clock. Today at large events as many as 4,000 dogs—the vast majority with professional handlers—may be judged in one day.

By the 1950s, after a century of trying, people had learned to produce sound dogs. But now they wanted something more extreme and beautiful to attract jaded

line breeding—mating a dog back to its granddam or grandsire, for example. They may also inbreed: daughter to father, son to mother. (Geneticists consider line breeding a form of inbreeding and do not bother with such euphemistic distinctions.) “You can’t be successful raising show dogs without line breeding, because that’s the only way you can know what you’re dealing with genetically,” says Robert Hetherington, the chairman of First Jersey Savings and Loan and, with his wife, Jean, the owner and breeder of the top-winning bulldog in recent years. “But problems do arise when people aren’t careful.”



officials, so they exaggerated particular features—coats, heads, even the overall size of the dog. By the AKC’s own estimates, a majority of newcomers to the sport, obsessed with championship ribbons, stick with it an average of five years. When they give up or move on to a new hobby, they leave behind a trail of damaged bloodlines, since they breed dogs not just to conform to standards but also to match those winning in the ring.

Because the dog is genetically highly variable, consistently ideal specimens are difficult to produce, making the breeding process uncertain. That and the overall decline in quality cause veterans to guard their successful bloodlines jealously, engaging in what they like to call

Line breeding sometimes produces superstars of the ring—admirable animals in all respects. But it is dangerous, and lately the practice has been blamed for the loss of natural instincts, talents, health, and temperament in many dogs. Partisans of the border collie, considered the finest sheepherder in the world, eschew the practice in favor of mating unrelated dogs with exceptional ability, as do many other breeders of working dogs—be they herders or hunters.

Critics like Michael W. Fox, a veterinarian and animal behaviorist with the Humane Society, contend that the cult of conformation, with its reliance on inbreeding and selective breeding for extreme traits, has ruined a num-

ber of otherwise respectable breeds. Of the AKC's Irish setters Fox says, "They're so dumb they get lost on the end of their leash."

The cocker spaniel, along with the poodle, the perennial favorite of American pet buyers, has not competed in field trials since 1965, having lost its ability to hunt. Elizabeth Spalding, a leading breeder of Cavalier King Charles spaniels, says, "Most people don't know it, but up until the 1970s a sentence in the cocker-spaniel standard stated that a dog could be penalized for excessive coat. But for twenty years cockers had been bred for long coats, which brought them championships." The long-

Many of the toy breeds are so small and fragile that they cannot live outside artificial environments. The bulldog and the Boston terrier have difficulty whelping naturally, because of the breeds' exaggerated heads, and bitches are regularly subjected to cesarean sections. Hetherington says, "The bulldog is a man-made dog, and man has to be responsible for it. The dog hasn't come out perfectly, but that's reason to keep trying [to improve the breed], not to abandon it."

The problem exists throughout the world. In Australia the kelpie, which is considered a rival to the border collie in the management of sheep, became the darling of the



haired little hunter has developed a reputation as a foul-tempered, possessive, and nervous creature.

In the 1950s show people turned the German shepherd into a weak-hipped animal with a foul temper and bizarre downward-sloping hindquarters. A few breeders are trying to restore the dog to its former dignity. The Monks of New Skete, a religious order in the Orthodox Catholic Church, near Cambridge, New York, have for twenty-two years worked to produce dogs without those problems. "We stopped using American dogs and turned to German ones, because breeding there is better controlled," says Brother John, a member of the order, which has a waiting list of more than a year for its dogs.

show ring in the 1930s and within three decades had nearly lost its herding instinct. In the 1960s the Working Kelpie Council of Australia began to rescue the breed, by establishing a registry for working stock. In the United States the Australian kelpie has been in the AKC's miscellaneous class since 1941, and Susan Thorp, the secretary of Working Kelpies, the American breed club, wants to keep it there. "In the AKC," she says, "the dog becomes an object. People get dogs, don't use them, and then selectively breed them for characteristics other than work."

Peter Borchelt, an animal behaviorist in Forest Hills, New York, says that springer spaniels, mostly the males,

DURING THE PAST FORTY YEARS EXPLOSIVE GROWTH HAS TURNED THE ONCE GENTEEL SPORT OF BREEDING AND SHOWING PUREBRED DOGS INTO AN OFTEN BRUTAL BUSINESS.

born of a particular show line frequently develop dominance-related behavioral problems that lead them to become aggressive toward their owners, while those from field stock don't manifest that tendency. Among Labrador retrievers there are as many as three distinct varieties with different characteristics—show dogs, somewhat large and slow afoot; dogs adept at AKC field trials, smaller and more high-strung; and working dogs, varying in appearance but bred for their ability to swim and retrieve.

Among other AKC-recognized hunting breeds—including the German shorthaired pointer, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the pointer, the Brittany, the Gordon setter, and the English setter—are dogs that can point, retrieve, or flush birds as well as any ever have. People work hard to preserve those traits, and they don't intend to stop. (Many register their dogs not with the AKC but with American Field, an organization in Chicago devoted to field dogs.) But the trend among people who want breeds unspoiled by an overemphasis on appearance is toward animals the AKC doesn't deign to register, such as the Catahoula leopard dog, Australian and English shepherds, the beauceron, and European pointers (including the English).

The trend has not escaped the notice of the AKC. Kenneth Marden, the AKC's president, says, "We have gotten away from what dogs were originally bred for. In some cases we have paid so much attention to form that we have lost the use of the dog." Marden has supervised the establishment of herding tests, which are scheduled to begin this winter and are subject to a great deal of controversy among people with working stock dogs, who argue that AKC animals like the collie and the Old English sheep dog will prove unable to complete them. Marden has also expressed interest in terrier tests to measure the dogs' ability to flush game from underground dens, and in lure coursing for sight hounds and whippets.

He has publicly recognized the need to emphasize function as well as form, despite strong opposition from the AKC's powerful traditionalists, who argue that he is denigrating shows. They have nothing to fear. In some European countries dogs must excel both in the field and in the ring, and be judged physically sound, before they can become Champions. But an AKC dog can become a Champion in the show ring alone.

The Growth of the Puppy Mill

"I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT PART OF THE MOTIVATION for these new activities is mercenary," Marden says. "Our programs are funded by registration. By providing more ways for people to enjoy their dogs, we're giving them more reasons to register them." In 1988, for the first time in memory, according to Herm David, of *Dog World*, the AKC registered fewer than 50 percent of the dogs born in AKC-registered litters. (Much of the AKC's increase in absolute numbers over the past decade has come, he says, through the recognition of new breeds.) David believes that the slippage represents an organization in decline.

Beginning in the 1950s, breeding "AKC dogs" for sale to a seemingly insatiable public became a way for hobbyists to earn extra money, and for kennel owners to earn a living. The "doggie in the window" became a commodity, mass-produced in a puppy mill and sold to a broker and then to a pet store. (Department stores routinely carried pets through the 1960s, when animal-protection advocates brought an end to the practice; now animals are sold through pet-store chains.) The AKC earned money each step of the way—with registration of the litter by the breeder, from transfer slips filled out whenever the puppies passed through middlemen, and when the proud new owner registered his or her pup. The AKC grew as the number of dogs grew, regardless of their quality.

After extensive lobbying by the Humane Society, in 1970 puppy mills and brokers were brought under the jurisdiction of the federal Animal Welfare Act, which authorized the U.S. Department of Agriculture to license and inspect dealers, exhibitors, transporters, and researchers dealing with animals "not raised for food or fiber." But this step has brought little change.

Robert Baker, an investigator for the Humane Society, says, "For the past twenty years the USDA hasn't been enforcing its regulations, and the AKC hasn't taken any action because it profits from the sale of half a million dogs a year through pet stores. The AKC charter says it has authority to regulate breeders to preserve the health and welfare of purebred dogs, but it does nothing." In the winter of 1980–1981 Baker conducted an investigation of 294 commercial breeders in the Midwest, out of 3,886 breeders

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Myth #2 is that paper and other products commonly considered biodegradable will decompose in a landfill, so it takes longer to fill up. Fact: recent excavations of some landfills have turned up newspapers buried 40 years ago—still perfectly readable.

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and brokers licensed by the USDA, and documented unsanitary, inhumane practices by nearly all of them. Many of the breeders were elderly farmers trying to eke out their income, who regarded their dogs much as they would have chickens or any other cash-producing livestock.

Baker found that brokers, the middlemen, may deal with as many as 200 kennels, which produce anywhere from four to more than a hundred litters a year. Although the shipment of animals is regulated, brokers show little concern for what they consider a commodity.

Baker also concluded that many of these puppy-mill products were fraudulently registered with the AKC, and to prove how easy it was to cheat, he registered nonexistent Labrador retrievers. When he publicized his action, the AKC, following the venerable policy of killing the messenger, suspended him indefinitely from any of its

Newfoundland



activities, a punishment he doesn't rue. "I estimate that fifty percent of the dogs in the AKC registry have impure bloodlines," he says. Alan Stern, the AKC's vice-president for communications, dismisses the charge, saying that registration is based on honesty and trust, which Baker callously violated and for which he, like any other miscreant, was punished. No one knows the degree of impurity in the stud book's bloodlines.

Baker's report aroused public protest but not federal action. Throughout the Reagan years the USDA asked for less money than it received to run its Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service, which is charged with licensing commercial breeders and brokers. (In 1989 the number nationwide stood at 4,415.) And under the Bush Administration the service continues to have an abysmal record on regulating dog abusers.

Finding a Dog

DESPITE CLAIMS OF GENIUS FOR the border collie—a current rage—no breed of dog is perfect, free of genetic and behavioral problems, superior in every talent. Some that are robust and intelligent may not be especially social, and within every breed individual lines and dogs will vary markedly. A poorly bred border collie can be as temperamentally unsound and as dumb as a cocker spaniel. A well-bred German shepherd can be unsurpassed. And a poor environment and improper socialization can turn even the best-bred dog into a terror.

That said, a few observations and tips might help people seeking a canine companion of sound mind and body.

- Avoid extremes in size and appearance—the giant breeds are short-lived; toys tend to be fragile and sickly; short-nosed breeds have respiratory problems. No rule says that the only suitable apartment dogs are those under ten pounds (toys). Among companion dogs, the Cavalier King

Charles spaniel (thirteen to eighteen pounds) is highly prized, but difficult to breed. Some terriers and nonsporting dogs are also worth considering.

- For overall intelligence and versatility, look to the herding, hunting, and working dogs—retrievers, pointers, setters (except Irish), and some hounds; stock dogs, including the non-AKC border collies, Australian kelpies, Australian and English shepherds, Catahoula leopard dogs; a few of the terriers, like the Jack Russell, which, small and hardy, also often adapt to urban life better than larger breeds. Bred for work, these dogs require obedience training, proper socialization, and regular exercise, whether they live in an apartment or have access to a fenced yard. A poorly conditioned animal becomes bored, destructive, and sickly.

- Investigate thoroughly the characteristics of the type of dog (retriever, for example) that interests you and of the various breeds (Labrador, golden, Chesapeake Bay, flat- and curly-coated) in that type. Books are a good place to start, especially those that include discussions of potential health problems. The best sources for wisdom about dogs are breeders, trainers, and veterinarians, who can be found through area kennel clubs and animal shelters; dog owners; and participants in and judges at dog events—especially field trials and obedience tests.

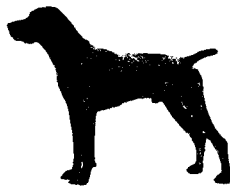
- Having settled on a likely breed or two, seek a reputable breeder in your area who is producing dogs for their ability, not for appearance alone. You may have located several kennels through the previous step; if not, you can check the extensive and well-regarded classified advertising that appears in every issue of *Dog World* magazine. The American Kennel Club (51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010) will refer people to local kennel and breed clubs. National rare-breed clubs (many of which advertise in *Dog World*) will do the same. Local classifieds are sometimes helpful as well.

- Select your dog from among those being bred for ability and temperament—whether you want the dog to perform a function or merely to serve as a pet. If you settle on an AKC-registered puppy whose parents are AKC Champions, make sure that they performed well not just in the show ring but in obedience or field trials as well.

- When you go to see a litter, always ask to see the dam, and the sire and grandparents if possible. These animals give you a hint of how the grown puppy will appear and behave. Observe the puppy that interests you for as long as possible, to see how it interacts with people and its litter mates. The puppy should be at least six and preferably seven or eight weeks old.

Frustrated by federal inaction, a state representative in Kansas, Ginger Barr, authored legislation in 1987 to regulate the puppy mills in her state through inspection and licensing. "I was raised to think of AKC papers like the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval," Barr says, "but they wouldn't help us. They're the largest registry in the world, but they won't give us the names of breeders in Kansas." Stern says that providing the list would amount to an invasion of privacy and would wrongly lump responsible kennel owners with those engaged in exploitation. He also says that although the USDA is responsible for licensing commercial breeders, it hasn't prosecuted violators. Kansas, he argues, has failed to hire enough inspectors to enforce the 1987 law properly, and should not expect the AKC to do its work. All these charges are true, but it is also the case that the AKC has not acted vigor-

German Shorthaired
Pointer



ously to regulate its breeders; in 1989 it canceled for fraud the papers of 460 litters out of a total of 550,300 and some 785 dogs out of 1.2 million.

It has a long way to go. In 1987 a reporter for *Parade*, Michael Satchell, asked William F. Stifel, then the president of the AKC, whether the AKC would register a blind, deaf, three-legged purebred pup with hip dysplasia and green fur. According to *Parade*, Stifel said, "We would register the dog. AKC unfortunately does not mean quality." Stern's post, as it happens, was created soon after.

Stern is not as blunt as Stifel, but the AKC prints similar caveats in its guides to buying a dog. One brochure states, "Many people breed their dogs with no concern for the *qualitative* demands of the standard for their breed. When this occurs repeatedly over several generations, the animals, while still purebred, can be of ex-

- For all large and medium-size breeds, make sure the parents, and preferably also the grandparents, are certified free of hip dysplasia by the Orthopedic Foundation for Animals, the only agency in the country that evaluates the hips of dogs. Even if you are interested in a small dog, such as the Cavalier King Charles spaniel, you may want to make sure its parents are OFA certified, because many of these breeds are dysplastic too. Do not take the breeder's word on the soundness of his or her dogs' hips unless you are ready to risk finding out that your two-year-old pet is partly crippled. (The OFA will not certify a dog under two years of age.) Similarly, question the breeder about other genetic abnormalities and problems with the breed and his or her line. Rigorous investigation is essential when dealing with backyard breeders.

- If the answers are not satisfactory, or the puppy seems not quite right, walk away from the deal—not an easy thing to do, but one that saves heartache later.

- Often only the most popular AKC breeds are available locally; sometimes you can find a stray litter of a rare dog, but little else. If you are fixated on a particular breed and on finding the best dog possible, you should be willing to travel, wait, and pay. Top breeders command top dollar and may have waiting lists. They also will in-

terview buyers and may refuse to sell to those they don't believe will care properly for a dog. A local kennel owner or trainer can be commissioned to assist you in finding a dog, or you can deal with a reputable kennel by phone and mail. But you may be better off changing to a different breed if you can't find any suitable specimens of your first choice locally.

- Make sure in buying a dog from any source that you are given the proper registration material if it is purebred, and a guarantee specifying that you can take the dog to a veterinarian for examination and if the dog is found defective, it will be replaced or your money refunded. In some states, such as New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, this guarantee is required by law. (These warranties can expire before a problem like hip dysplasia or even parvovirus, a killer of puppies, becomes manifest. But they are better than nothing.) Better yet, if dysplasia is the worry, accept a restricted transfer, which will protect you until the dog can be certified free of the condition at two years of age.

- Do *not* buy a puppy from a pet store. Its origins are uncertain, its health and temperament suspect.

- A sound alternative to a purebred is a mongrel. Although the practice is anathema to many people in the purebred-dog world, people around the country are crossbreeding dogs to cure

defects or simply to create a hybrid more healthy and vigorous than either pedigreed parent. Local kennel clubs and veterinarians should be able to tell you who some of these breeders are.

Besides deliberate first-generation crosses, of course, there are accidental mixes, common mutts, which can be more healthy, even-tempered, intelligent, and enjoyable than purebreds. In picking a mongrel you should exercise as much caution as with a purebred. Remember that without knowing what kinds of dogs the parents are, it is nearly impossible to guess what the mature dog will look like.

Local animal shelters often have adoption programs, but sometimes they are so restrictive in determining where they will place their dogs that it is easier to buy a purebred dog.

- People unable or unwilling to raise a puppy might consider an older dog. In addition to animal shelters, some local breed clubs sponsor rescue programs for abandoned purebred dogs, and some dog tracks help people adopt greyhounds unsuited or too old for racing which otherwise would be destroyed.

- Remember that a dog represents a large investment of time, emotion, and money, and will be a member of the household for ten years, more or less. Its selection warrants more than a passing fancy.

tremely low quality. . . .” Stern insists that competition in the marketplace will force commercial breeders to produce healthy puppies. “Whenever we do take action,” he adds, “we are accused of restraint of trade.”

Evidence from scores of breeders and from owners of store-bought pets strongly suggests that Stern is wrong about the effects of competition. Then too, more than physical well-being is at stake in this conflict. Joe Templeton, of Texas A&M, says, “Puppy-mill dogs are poorly socialized. The crucial periods for puppies to form human contact are six to twelve weeks and again from four to six months. Without that, they often have behavioral problems. Most puppies sold through stores are more than three months old and have missed the first of these periods.”

A few states, notably Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Illinois, inspect pet stores, and some, including New York and New Jersey, require limited guarantees for consumers. But, Baker says, these are weak statutes, often erratically enforced. At most stores puppies (not to mention kittens) receive no medical care and can suffer from worms, dehydration, and malnutrition, in addition to genetic defects. Animals that are sickly and remain unsold are sometimes killed and thrown away.

Baker and other critics charge that the AKC has refused to take an active stand against commercial exploitation because it derives more than 70 percent of its annual income (which was \$19.4 million in 1988) from the registration of litters and dogs. That money, they point out, supports all AKC activities, including those in behalf of dog shows and trials, which promote appearance—conformation to an idealized breed standard—as the essence of quality.

The Humane Society of the United States calculates that the roughly 500,000 dogs (representing 100,000 litters) sold each year by pet stores come almost exclusively from puppy mills. By the most conservative estimate these dogs make up 20 percent of those the AKC registered in 1988.

Border Collie



Like all responsible dog people, Marden urges potential buyers to investigate the characteristics of the breed and the health of the parents. He says flatly, “Don’t buy the dog in the pet store! See the dam, and the sire, if possible.” But, Baker says, such advice is meaningless so long as no action is taken to curb the abuses of the puppy trade. The AKC fails even to support those of its constituent clubs that prohibit members from selling through pet stores.

A recent example of greed run amok involves a breed not recognized by the AKC, the Chinese shar-pei. This fighting and guard dog neared extinction in China during the 1950s and 1960s, when Mao Zedong campaigned against the ownership of dogs, calling it bourgeois re-

cidivism. A dozen of the dogs were exported from Hong Kong to the United States in the late 1960s and became the foundation stock for all subsequent American shar-pei.

During the 1980s the demand for non-AKC—and therefore “unruined”—rare breeds, combined with a fascination with the wrinkled appearance of shar-pei, made them a yuppie fad. Some sold for as much as \$10,000, as compared with \$6,500 for a top working-stock dog, like an Australian kelpie. During the height of the craze one puppy mill produced 150 dogs a year, which sold for an average of \$1,000, and a pair appeared in the 1983 Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalogue, to the consternation of dog-lovers. From a dozen the population exploded in twenty years to 50,000.

There are shar-pei, mini-pei, and pug-pei. Sloppily bred from a limited gene pool, these dogs have developed auto-immune deficiencies leading to severe skin disorders, and faulty bites that sometimes make it impossible for them to eat. Their hips are bad; their eyelids need to be surgically cut from over the eye. Many display the foul temper of a punch-drunk fighter. They are what veterinarians call a genetic disaster.



Shar-Pei

Last summer the market collapsed on shar-pei, and the breed’s defenders hope that the protection of the AKC miscellaneous class, which the breed entered in 1988, will allow them to correct genetic flaws—a Sisyphean task. Meanwhile, many shar-pei are appearing in animal shelters, abandoned by owners no longer interested in supporting a dog that has fallen from vogue.

An ironic result of the shar-pei saga is that it seems to have encouraged some breed clubs to seek AKC recognition for their animals, in the hope that it will prevent them from becoming the next “hot” dog. They hope that as just another member of the registry, the dogs will lose the classification “rare” and avoid exploitation.

The successor to the shar-pei would appear to be the non-AKC dogue de Bordeaux, the homely French mastiff, which rode a starring role in last summer’s popular film *Turner and Hooch* into the hearts of faddists. They want “one just like Hooch.” People cashing in proclaim that the dogue is a sweetheart with children. The truth—that it is a large dog with a short temper, requiring a firm hand and sound training—would hurt sales.

Breeding as Corruption

COMMERCIAL BREEDING—including that practiced by backyard hobbyists—is the ugly underbelly of the purebred-dog world. “The unrestricted breeding of dogs has produced a situation in which four-and-a-half million unwanted animals are put to death each year,” says Guy Hodge, the di-

THE AKC NOT ONLY HAS BEEN SLOW IN INVESTIGATING GENETIC DISORDERS BUT ALSO HAS NOT TAKEN STEPS TO ENCOURAGE THEIR ELIMINATION. THIS FAILURE IS INEXPLICABLE.

rector of data and information at the Humane Society. "And many of those who survive lead lives of quiet despair in kennels, on the street, even in homes."

To dog fanciers of the old school, commercialization corrupts absolutely. "A breed can be ruined when it becomes popular and people raise dogs to make a lot of money," Robert Hetherington, the bulldog breeder, says. John Glass, the clerk and keeper of the registry for the Masters of Foxhounds Association, says that among hunt clubs, which are admittedly bastions of privilege, the trade in puppies is noncommercial and stud fees are nonexistent. But questions of quality, of producing healthy dogs free of genetic abnormalities, affect everyone in the business.

The AKC has shown little interest in addressing the severe genetic defects associated with dog breeding. Stern, for example, argues that hip dysplasia, a malformation of the ball and socket, is both a genetic problem and a consequence of the dog's nutrition and upbringing, while the Orthopedic Foundation for Animals, in Columbia, Missouri, which was established to study the problem, states unequivocally that the crippling ailment is genetic—albeit one involving a number of genes, working in combinations as yet unknown.

In some breeds (for example, the Saint Bernard) dysplasia is nearly universal, although it varies in intensity from occasionally uncomfortable to so debilitating that either total hip replacement or destruction of the animal is necessary. Greg Keller, one of the principal veterinarians at the OFA, says that in theory dogs from a litter in which even one member developed dysplasia should not be bred—but such a radical step would spell economic disaster for most kennel owners. "The best they can do," he says, "is breed the most-normal dogs they have." In Europe, and in the United States, that practice has produced improvement in some breeds.

Genetic ailments affect the eyes, bones and joints, urinary tract, skin, heart, lungs, mouth and teeth, and endocrine and metabolic systems. Some dogs, for example, have problems absorbing specific vitamins. Even the predisposition of the Doberman pinscher, the Rottweiler, and other breeds to parvovirus, a killing disease among puppies and old dogs, may be genetic. Studies have also shown that 15 to 30 percent of purebred puppies die before weaning, and that the closer the inbreeding that produced the litter,

the higher the mortality rate. This "fading puppy syndrome" obviously has a genetic component, but research has yet to find it.

Donald Patterson, at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, is establishing a data bank of genetic defects to which particular breeds are susceptible, with funding from the AKC. He says that more than 300 diseases in dogs are currently known to be hereditary, and an average of ten new ones are found each year. Many of those are associated with recessive genes, which can become expressed during inbreeding for desirable characteristics. Thus Catahoulas with double-glass, or pale blue, eyes, which are prized, often produce deaf puppies when mated with each other. Even dogs whose parents are from unrelated bloodlines can have problems. Border collies, for example, are prone to progressive retinal atrophy, a degenerative eye disease, and increasingly to hip dysplasia. Naturally, defects can be bred out of a line, providing that sound scientific principles are applied.

Dogs being a particularly apt model for research on certain human disorders, canine genetics has become better understood to date primarily as a result of research sponsored by the National Institutes of Health. Funds are scarce for programs devoted solely to dogs.

The AKC not only has been slow in investigating genetic disorders but also has not taken steps to encourage their elimination. This failure is inexplicable, given that dog shows are supposed to present breeding stock. Unlike some European kennel clubs, the AKC does not require that dogs be free of dysplasia and other cytoskeletal ailments before they can compete for championships. In fact, only surgery to correct defects brings disqualification in the show ring, notwithstanding that many alterations go undetected. Nearly all of the several score of breeders I interviewed for this article mentioned illegal cosmetic surgery as a major problem among show dogs.

(The AKC is typically ambivalent about this issue, prohibiting operations to correct eye problems while endorsing ear-cropping, a painful operation to make ears stand erect, in Doberman pinschers, boxers, Great Danes, and others. Britain abolished ear-cropping seventy years ago for humanitarian reasons; most other nations—and some states—have followed suit.)

The traditional solution of destroying genetically unsatisfactory animals is considered inhu-

Irish Wolfhound



mane by some; others feel that it is economically impractical. Glass says that most hunt clubs maintain their own kennels and breeding programs, and that the master of the hounds will destroy any puppy that appears defective. This controversial, if once commonplace, practice of culling is still practiced by other breeders of hunting and stock dogs, and sometimes of show animals, on the grounds that neither they nor anyone else should be burdened with an unsound dog.

Some animal-rights advocates argue that breeds with severe problems, like the shar-pei, breeds unable to whelp naturally, like the bulldog and the Boston terrier, and the tiny toy breeds that are unable to live normal lives should be eliminated or modified. "We must address the ethical issue of whether we can continue to create mutant animals for our own ego gratification," Michael Fox, of the Humane Society, says. Behavioral and temperament problems, he adds, are often associated with genetic defects, and so correcting one set of problems can be expected to help restore the overall health of many animals.

One way to effect reform would be to ban the registration and reproduction of dogs with problems. Recently some clubs have urged their members and those who buy dogs from members to agree to a "restricted" transfer, stipulating that the dog will be bred only after it has reached one or even two years of age, and is certified free of defect by a veterinarian. At that time, if the dog cannot be certified, the seller will replace it. The offspring of dogs with restrictions on their pedigree would not be registered. Without opposing such non-breeding contracts outright, AKC officials say that a dog with a restriction cannot be shown because it is not, technically, breeding stock. Since many AKC Champions win their title before they are a year old, the policy makes the restricted transfer anathema to people wanting to compete. (The OFA deems even a one-year-old dog too young to certify for normal hips.)

Sometimes the AKC's structure and internal politics have become impediments to reform, as breed clubs and the national leadership have vied over policy. A case in point involves the dalmation.

Nearly a decade ago Robert H. Schaible, who was then a geneticist at the Indiana University School of Medicine in Indianapolis, reported on an experiment he had conducted to free the dalmatian from a recessive genetic defect (associated with deafness, a skin problem, and urinary stones) that can result in death and excessive medical expense. He crossed a dalmatian with a closely related English pointer, which is unaffected, and then immediately bred back to dalmatians. After five genera-

tions the defect-free backcrossed dogs were indistinguishable from purebred dalmatians.

The AKC board approved registration of the backcrossed dogs in February of 1981. Then-president William Stifel wrote in the official *Gazette*, in April of 1981: "If there is a logical, scientific way to correct genetic health problems associated with certain breed traits and still preserve the integrity of the breed standard, it is incumbent upon the American Kennel Club to lead the way." The board's decision might have set the stage for other dramatic actions to improve the health and welfare of dogs. But members of the Dalmatian Club of America objected that the purity of their breed was being compromised and forced cancellation of the registration. John Patton, of Washington University, says, "The Dalmatian Club action shows the ludicrous politics of the AKC, in which dogs suffer. They'd rather have their animals die than get rid of a disease. Genetically you couldn't tell the difference between those dogs and dalmatians." AKC officials say they had no choice but to honor the wishes of the majority of the Dalmatian Club of America that they not register the crosses. But critics contend that the board simply bowed to misinformed protest and has since then declined to press the case—through education or action. The AKC is more intent on avoiding conflict with its member clubs, they say, than on working to improve the lot of purebred dogs. The truth may lie between. Marden says the board is willing to work with the clubs and cites its decision to allow the incorporation of basenjis from Africa, judged purebred on the basis of appearance and place of origin, into American bloodlines. However, the decision appears not to reflect a formal policy change, especially with regard to registering crossbred dogs.

FOR MANY SPORTSMEN AND FADDISTS, THE DOG HAS become little more than equipment for a game. They justify the game in the name of freedom, arguing that no organization or governmental body has the right even to recommend changes in their approach, despite its destructiveness, and the AKC has endorsed their ideology through word and policy. Its ability to change direction is now being put to the test.

The necessary course ahead, as many animal-rights advocates and dog-lovers see it, involves the acceptance of a more expansive and traditional definition of purebred dogs, which recognizes their essential characteristics as herders, hunters, and companions, as intelligent and uniquely talented creatures, not as objects of beauty alone. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

SUZANNE VALADON AND ERIK SATIE

ERIK SATIE WAS twenty-one and a Conservatoire dropout when he traded the bourgeois comfort of his parents' home for a ramshackle hole at the foot of Montmartre. It was late in 1887. He had just completed those hauntingly simple little "Gymnopédies," and the new, unconventional tunes that crowded his mind demanded a more free-spirited existence.

It was at the Chat Noir, the cabaret where he took a job as second pianist, that he met Suzanne Valadon. Only a year older but wise in the world's uncertainties, she had left school at nine for a clothing sweatshop, had worked as a waitress, a pushcart vendor, and a groom in a livery stable, and had joined a circus. At sixteen she became an artist's model. Beautiful, exuding a wild vitality, she was painted and loved in turn by Puvis de Chavannes and Renoir, either of whom she was wont to credit with the paternity of her son Maurice (Utrillo). When she herself began to draw, Toulouse-Lautrec hung her works on his walls, and Degas, the Master, praised them.

On the night in question Valadon was at a corner table with her current lover when Satie joined them. Within minutes he was entranced; before the hour was out he had proposed. The lover seemed no impediment, but the time—3:00 A.M.—proved a problem. "An impossible time to get to the *mairie*," Satie said later, adding regretfully, "After that it was always too late. She had too many things on her mind to get married."

The ensuing affair was like no other in Valadon's experience. They sailed toy boats in the Luxembourg. Satie brought her necklaces of sausages. All the while he was composing little atonal pieces like "Real Boneless Preludes for a Dog," which he performed in friends' studios with Valadon at his feet. She became domestic, mended his socks, cooked. Her first work in oils was a portrait of him. Then, abruptly, she left. On that day he wrote the first of many letters he would send her over thirty years, protesting a love that, unlike youth in Montmartre, was eternal. —Nancy Caldwell Sorel



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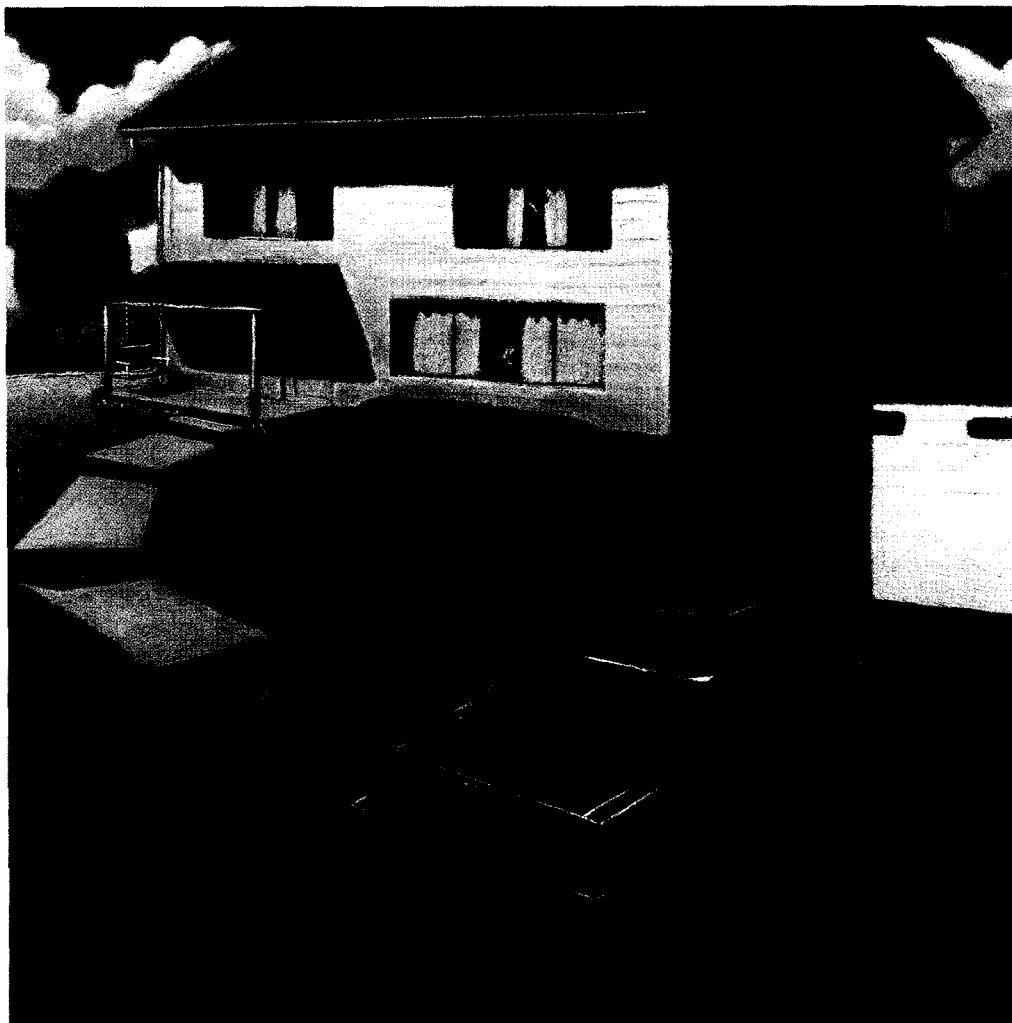
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A Short Story



Afghanistan

by Lynna Williams

WHEN HOPKINS GOT HOME FROM COVERING the Houston Astros' Saturday-afternoon home game against the Reds, he sat in his car for a minute or two, looking at the house where he lived with his wife and daughter. He had been doing this for a week now every time he came home—sitting in the heat and quiet of the car instead of getting out at once, as he had always done before.

He sat there trying not to be impatient, since he had discovered that he could not hurry this. No amount of talking to himself—saying he had

to stop it, had to get up, get out of the car, and go inside—did any good until enough time had passed and he was ready.

Now, as he waited for that moment, he thought about the Saturday before, when the routine with the car had started, born of an uneasiness that visited him without warning, just as he pulled into the drive next to Ellen's car. It was a feeling he couldn't name, but couldn't make go away.

He had driven home from the airport after an Astros away game in San Francisco and, instead of getting out

*The note said
Hopkins's wife had gone to
Afghanistan, but what
did that mean?*

of the car to go in to his family, had continued to sit where he was. Five minutes had gone by in which Hopkins did nothing but look at the house, taking in the second-story shutters that needed painting again, the ungainly sunflowers edging the front porch, the white swing that held a neighbor's sleeping tomcat flanked by two baby dolls. He knew those baby dolls; they were the only offspring of his daughter, Tess, and he had diapered them more than once on long Sunday afternoons in the past.

He had been sure with every new moment that he was about to open the car door and get out—he could see himself doing it, lifting his bag, fumbling with his keys—but still he hadn't moved, not even when Tess appeared at the front door of the house. He had seen her, a small figure in shorts and a too-big T-shirt knotted at the waist, waving to him from the doorway fifty feet away. But despite the welcoming pressure in his chest at the sight of his child, he had stayed where he was until Tess came to the car and opened the door.

"Daddy, what are you doing?" she asked. "Mommy's on the phone, but she said to tell you that people shouldn't be sportswriters if losing makes them too sad to come inside the house."

At the sound of that wifely joke in his daughter's mouth, Hopkins had pulled Tess to him, bending down until he could no longer see the house, or anything at all but the small dark head he was kissing hello.

"I'm not doing anything, baby," he said. "Let's go in and see Mom, and I'll tell you about California."

Inside the house Hopkins's sojourn in the car had begun to seem funny. The three of them had laughed about it at dinner, Tess announcing that she wanted to go sit behind the wheel to eat her ice cream.

"Ask your father," Ellen said, and when she and Tess laughed, Hopkins felt the uneasiness leave him. Everything, everyone, in this room was familiar, and loved by him. Not until later that night, in bed, when Ellen moved a hand from his chest and asked, "Billy, what were you doing out there?" did he understand that he truly did not know an answer he could give her, and he felt, in the silence, all the troubling unease return.

That had been the beginning; now Hopkins accepted that when he drove home, he would go through the ritual with the car, whatever it was, before he went in. Ellen, and Tess at her mother's urging, had stopped referring to it. When he did go into the house, their random gentleness made him aware that they had taken to watching for his car, and then waiting for his return to them.

HOPKINS GOT OUT OF THE CAR AND LET HIMSELF into the kitchen through the garage. He knew that he was alone in the house—no house where his daughter was could ever be this still—but he called out for Ellen and Tess anyway, before he went to the refrigerator for a beer. Ellen had

left a Fritz the Cat Post-it note on the door. "Read the note on the TV," it said, and he smiled, because his wife never did anything without preamble; the imparting of even basic information went through precise stages.

He reached to pull the note off, no longer smiling—Fritz the Cat communicated trouble, compared with plain yellow notes or the Snoopy ones she saved for the babysitter, and he didn't want trouble, not after a four-hour, 12–0 loss to Cincinnati, and ten minutes alone in the driveway.

He sat at the kitchen table drinking his beer until just enough time had passed to establish that he was going into the living room to watch the news, not just to see what Ellen had to say. Then he got up—a little stiffly, because he'd banged his knee on a press-box table at the Astrodome when it looked like the guys might actually score—and hit the door harder than he needed to on the way out of the room.

The TV was against the far wall, but even from the doorway he could make out the leering little Fritz face above Ellen's careful printing. He walked closer, four, five steps, and read out loud, "Have gone to Afghanistan. Tess at Scotts' overnight. Food in fridge." The Scotts were neighbors, the food was probably pasta, but Hopkins didn't know what "Afghanistan" meant in his wife's lexicon.

"Lexicon" was one of Ellen's words; she was in her final year of a master's program in linguistics, and she was hell on the patterns and usage of contemporary American speech. "Wussy!" one of Hopkins's buddies from the *Post* sports desk had screamed at an editor at a party the week before, and the other wives had tightened their mouths, and for the rest of the evening their husbands had worked overtime showing that *they* knew that sex-linked pejoratives were no different from race-linked pejoratives.

Not Hopkins, though, because Ellen was splitting a St. Pauli Girl with the screamer, interviewing him about where he had first heard the word and about its layers of meaning for him. "Scout camp in sixth grade," Hopkins heard her say. "That's fascinating. Now tell me what 'beaver' means to you."

So "Afghanistan" was one of Ellen's code words, Hopkins thought, but what was the code? He considered it, drinking the last of the beer, but nothing came to him. The living room was cool—Ellen must have turned the air-conditioning on high before she and Tess left—but Hopkins felt moisture collecting on the back of his neck. The sweat, the smallest beading above the collar of his knit shirt, seemed to have some connection to his spine, pulling it upward. Feeling it, he slouched, a deep and resolute slouch that, he was proud to see in the mirror opposite, was absolutely not the stance of a man who was worried.

He felt the return of the unease he had tried to confine to the car—it straddled his shoulders now, riding him the way Tess did in the home-team bleachers—but he told

himself that he had nothing to worry about. He knew Ellen would never leave Tess with the Scotts if something really was wrong. They were Republicans, and his wife was polite to them only out of compassion for their own seven-year-old, who was named Brandee Chantal.

"Why didn't they just name her Clerical Help?" Ellen always asked after Brandee came over to play with Tess. "With those names, that's exactly what she's going to do with her life."

Every time Ellen said that, Hopkins reflected that he didn't want Tess to grow up to contract tuberculosis and marry a wastrel, which was what her name had suggested to him when Ellen first picked it out. But he knew that the name spoke different images to his wife. That was the point: words, all words, spoke volumes to Ellen. She paid attention to their selection and meaning; Hopkins had a hundred examples of that crowding his mind; so "Afghanistan" meant—what did "Afghanistan" mean?

He reached for the phone on the sofa table and looked at the numbers on the pad next to it until he found the Scotts'. When Mrs. Scott answered—her name was Carol Ann—he asked to speak to Tess.

"Hi, baby," he said when she came on. "I just wanted to know how you were."

"I'm fine, Daddy, but we're playing My Little Ponies and I need to go."

"I just need a minute. Mom left me a note, but I'm not sure where she is. Did she tell you where she was going?"

A brief pause followed while Tess turned away from the phone; Hopkins could hear her shouting at Brandee, "I want the red nail polish for my pony; you promised!"

"Tess? Are you there, baby?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy, Brandee was hogging the red."

"Did your mother . . .," Hopkins began again, but Tess was talking.

"She said she was going to—I don't know, I can't remember."

Hopkins thought of the word games Ellen had played with Tess at bedtime for years, and feeling a little as though he were Peter Falk shaking down a seven-year-old witness to a crime, he said, "Try, Tess, please."

"Apple," she said obediently.

"Appalachia?" from Hopkins.

"Announcement?" from Tess, who went on, "Accent. Aunt." She was gathering speed, Hopkins could tell, and he knew from experience that she would go on trying out *a* words until she left for college unless he stopped her. He saw where this was leading anyway, and he brought the word out now, softly.

"Afghanistan? Tess, was it Afghanistan?"

"Da-ad." This word was two syllables, what Ellen called Tess-anese, and it meant "Why did you ask me if you already knew?" She started to say it again, but stopped, giggling.

"What's funny, baby?"

"Mommy. Brandee's mom always just says she's going to Safeway."

"Go play ponies, baby. I'll see you tomorrow."

She was gone then, and Hopkins replaced the receiver. The question he had not asked—"Did Mom say she'd

pick you up tomorrow?"—seemed to be rolling, end over end, in a path between his stomach and his throat, and feeling slightly sick, he went into the bedroom and lay down on the bed.

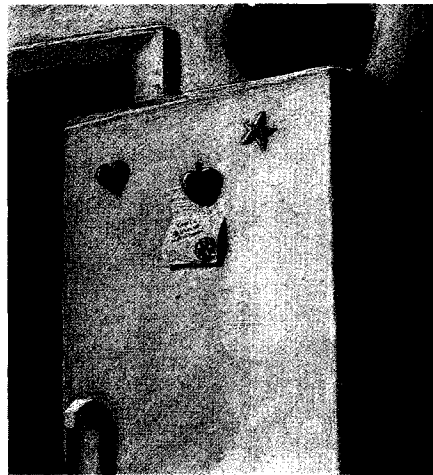
The digital clock flipped to 7:23 as he looked around the room. The closet door was open and he could see the neat arrangement of Ellen's clothes and shoes. "Looks like everything's there," he said aloud, mocking himself a little, because he was scared now. He could admit that, he thought. When he left for the ballgame, at noon, Ellen was at

home on the couch in the den, analyzing folk poetry for sound, and when he got home, at 6:30 P.M., she was gone. Chuck Bronson would be scared by now, and Phil Donahue—Phil Donahue would be in intensive care at Memorial Hospital.

Hopkins lay still, trying to coax some enjoyment out of an image of Phil Donahue tearing around Telephone Road on a Saturday night, looking in the parking lots of seedy bars for Marlo Thomas. When the picture failed to make him smile—made him, in fact, a little sad for Phil's predicament—he switched to looking hard at the bedroom door, willing Ellen to come walking through it, smiling, carrying her books or a Foleys shopping bag or two. That was no good at all, and he got up to go back into the kitchen, feeling that anyplace would be better than the bedroom, where his wife was everywhere but still not there.

In the kitchen he stooped to root in the refrigerator for the dinner that Ellen's note had said would be there, and emerged with a casserole dish of stuffed pasta shells. While his dinner was heating, he leaned against the sink, thinking about where he could go to look for her. The truth was he didn't know where to go; he knew Ellen's usual routes—back and forth between the university, the library, Safeway, Tess's school, the bank, the laundry, St. Stephen's Episcopal, the park—but he didn't think that any of those everyday places would be what she meant by "Afghanistan."

Still thinking about it, he put dinner on the table, do-



ing a little Texas two-step across the tile to the sink after he put his hand on the hot dish without stopping to get the potholder. He ate quickly, pausing to write notes to himself in the notebook he had used to cover the game. He drew a line through the top half of the page, which contained the end of an interview with the outfielder Finley ("The ball took some bad bounces") and wrote "Afghanistan" in capital letters. Then, in the way he'd seen Ellen do when she was trying to think of connections for new words she'd heard, he wrote, "Country. Mountainous. Rugged. Afghan rebels. Invasion. Russians," and, after some deliberation, "Khurds." He wasn't sure about that last, so he crossed it out and wrote, "Freedom fighters."

Then he read the list out loud. He didn't like the way "freedom" sounded in his mouth, with Ellen God knows where, so he concentrated on "mountainous," which had a nice roll to it. He turned his head at a sudden image of Ellen on the edge of a green hillside, her face alive with interest as she quizzed an Afghan rebel about the origins of the term—the image faded, because he didn't know any of the words his wife would be using in her new life in Afghanistan.

He poked hard at a pasta shell, a part of him hearing Ellen tell him he was too literal. His wife was skittish about heights and personally offended by dirt; she wasn't likely to be gracing an actual Afghan hillside unless it had an actual Sheraton Inn, and even then she'd take her own towels. But he didn't feel like laughing. Ellen's absence was not at all metaphorical; it was after 9:00 P.M. now, and wherever she was, she wasn't with him.

He pulled the phone on the kitchen counter over to the table. When the *Post* reference desk answered, he said, "Merrilee, hi, this is Hopkins. Do something for me, will you?"

The reference staff hated sports; he could hear her breathing, thinking hard, before she said, "Okay, but don't you yell at me. It's not my fault newspapers have deadlines."

"Of course it's not. Could you just pull the jacket on Afghanistan and read me whatever story's on top? Whatever's the last one we ran?"

She was gone a long time, and when she came back, she said, "It wasn't in the sports files. I had to look in news."

There was a pause—Hopkins imagining a headline, "AFGHANS PLAYING HURT, VOW COMEBACK"—before he said, "I appreciate that, Merrilee. What does the top story say?"

She began reading, in a school-recitation style that reminded Hopkins of Tess when she brought home a new

pop-up book from the library. "AFGHANI LEFT FEELS BETRAYED BY RUSSIANS," was the headline on *The Washington Post* wire story, and although Merrilee went on reading, Hopkins had stopped listening.

When Merrilee was finished, he thanked her and hung up. He had no logical reason for the certainty, but he was sure, had been since he heard the word in Merrilee's little-girl voice. He knew what "Afghanistan" meant to Ellen. It meant betrayal.

Hopkins got up from the kitchen table fast, banging his right knee all over again, and half-limped into the hall, headed for the front door. He didn't know where exactly he was going to look for Ellen, but he did know he couldn't stay in their house, inhabited as it was now not by him and Ellen but only by him and the fact of his betrayal of her.

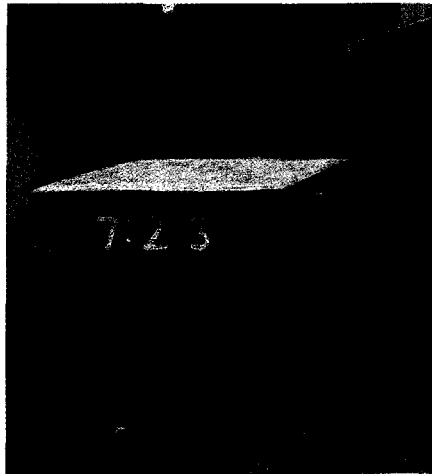
In the hall Hopkins dropped, and then kicked, his keys. When he bent to retrieve them and straightened up, he saw his face again in the living-room mirror. Staring up at himself in recognition, he realized that Ellen could have attached another meaning to the word, and the act, of betrayal. He understood then that

she might be referring not to his infidelity, which had been over and done with for weeks, but to her own, happening now.

WHEN TESS WAS LITTLE, NOT EVEN WALKING yet, Ellen's mother called from Fort Worth to say that her sister, the aunt Ellen loved best, had been diagnosed with liver cancer and wasn't expected to live through the month. Ellen didn't want to take Tess to Fort Worth, but neither did she want to let her aunt die without saying a proper goodbye. Hopkins was working all the hours God made, the *Post* sports desk at night, grad school at Rice during the day, but he told Ellen to go, that he'd take some vacation and stay with Tess while she was gone.

The first day without Ellen was fine. Tess kept looking around for her mother, as though she'd simply misplaced her somewhere and would surely come across her again, but she wasn't frantic about it, just curious. She and Hopkins spent the day together trying out things neither of them did, for whatever reason, when Ellen was home.

Hopkins read the sports page out loud to his daughter, lingering over the women's pro-golf scores. "Nancy Lopez wins another tournament, Tessie," he said in her baby ear, clapping her hands together while she stared at him. "Good girl, Nancy, good girl." Later they watched the all-sports channel on cable, Hopkins holding Tess in



Religion and the Life of the Intellect



In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article dis-

cussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

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his lap and doing his own play by play. At a replay of a French Open match, the camera panned the gallery and there, right in the front row, was Nancy Lopez. "Tess, look, there's Nancy," Hopkins said, and it seemed to him for a moment that her baby eyes, gray like her mother's, solemnly followed his finger.

Tess confined her new activities to the kitchen: she threw most of her breakfast on the floor and, finding that to her liking, also most of her lunch. At dinner that night Hopkins crouched beneath her on the flagstone tile, like a catcher with a wild southpaw on the mound. "Whoa, close one there, baby," he said, as Tess eyed him with perfect good humor and a fistful of strained peas.

When dinner was over—all over him, mostly—Hopkins left Tess bouncing up and down in her high chair, doing what he called her Pips impression ("Oo-ooh! Oo-ooh!"), and went into the bedroom to get them both a change of clothes. He was still there, his head halfway through a Rice Owls sweatshirt, when he heard a crash. For a moment he heard no sound from the baby at all, and then, as Hopkins started the run to the kitchen, he heard a cry, and then a scream.

When he got to the kitchen—he would never be able to remember how—he saw Tess amid the ruin of the high chair, which apparently had tipped to one side and fallen over. She was on her side, caught half in, half out of the chair. What he could see of her face was contorted, readying another scream.

He scooped her up—it was then he saw the blood streaking her left cheek—and, chanting her name over

and over, ran with her to the car, where he strapped her into her seat for the three-block drive to the hospital emergency room. They made it in two minutes; Tess never stopped screaming, but to Hopkins, listening, it seemed a wonderful sound, because he had some idea that if the noise stopped, Tess might fall silent forever and die.

At the ER a circle of hands took the baby from him and someone else led him to the lounge, where he was told to sit until a doctor came for him. As soon as he was still, without Tess to anchor him to what needed to be done, Hopkins began to shake. He sat in the chair, feeling tremors the length of his body. After each one came the aftershocks, the guilt that was preventing him from breathing or thinking or doing anything but holding tight to the arms of the chair, seeing the face of his daughter as she lay on the dirty kitchen tile.

He had left his child in a high chair unattended, and now she was hurt and afraid and with strangers. Hopkins could not move with the enormity of his responsibility pressing in on him; he simply sat, feeling it, until a young doctor in hospital greens came in and told him that Tess was fine. She had a cut on her forehead and was bruised and frightened but perfectly sound.

A minute later his child was in the room, brought to him by a nurse who called Tess "precious pie" and said she was cute enough to eat. Tess was silent with Hopkins, and wary—he could see that she was trembling too—but once in his arms she turned and buried her face in his chest.

Back at home Hopkins was unable to leave Tess in her crib and go to his bed to sleep. After a while he carried her to the bed and arranged every pillow in the house around her so that she simply could not fall. But that wasn't enough either, and about midnight he put a quilt on the floor and lay there with her next to him, certain at last that she was safe.

The next morning he woke to find Tess stuffing her fist in his mouth, rocking to some baby wake-up call all her own. As he pulled her onto his chest to kiss her, he felt the guilt once again.

The guilt was there when he fed Tess and changed her and bathed her, when he called Ellen to tell her what he had done, when he dropped off to sleep a second night with Tess beside him on the floor. When he picked her up the next morning to start all over again, he did it with the guilt still on him, as real a presence as Tess, who was at the moment gripping his chest with her tiny fists. He thought then that the guilt would always be with him, would always be a part of the way he was with his daughter, a part of who he was.

But then Ellen came home and Tess was fine and days, weeks, went by, until slowly the feeling went away. He remembered it, with a kind of recognition that made him reach out for something to hold, when he woke in a bed not his own, beside a woman who was not Ellen.

GARDEN

I poked my finger in the dirt and put the seed,
and Satan clapped me on one shoulderblade and said,
Most righteous! though of course no one was there.
A crow flew out of the buttock of a thunderhead.
No rain for weeks. I carried water by the doublebucket
under the dereliction of great fleets of cloud.
My shankbones swashed through species of brown grass.
Which time, the seed grew, flowered, and bore fruit,
a fact so biblical I walked between the rows of corn,
green walls to either side, strode forth like Moses
after the exit sign began to flash. And Satan came
again by twilight in the body of a coon, and said,
Ah! hissing from his throat, upreared on hind legs,
black lips curled back from the pointed teeth, and smiling
vanished into the touch-me-nots, the flowers even
while the light failed orange as minute live coals.

—Brooks Haxton

IN NINE YEARS OF MARRIAGE HOPKINS HAD BEEN UN-faithful to his wife in his heart maybe two times, in his head probably a half dozen more, and with all of himself exactly once, the month before, with a magazine reporter, in town from Dallas.

He had risen from the bed in her hotel room about 2:00 A.M., tasting panic as strong as the beer and Chinese food they'd shared, and begun gathering his things to go home, as though his speed in getting there would make things right. He said his good-byes and made his apologies; he listened as the woman he had slept with talked; he waited while both of them said everything over again. All the time he was dressing, putting on his shirt and pants, socks and shoes, until he stood in the doorway and said again that he had been terribly wrong, that he couldn't offer any excuse and he was sorry.

He drove home slowly—he was supposed to be putting the sports page to bed after an Astros night game—and let himself in the back door. Ellen was asleep when he got into bed, but she turned toward him and mumbled something he thought was his name. He lay down next to her, carefully, as though any moves not planned in advance might jar the truth out of him. He fell asleep with his fingertips touching his mouth, the same gesture Tess used to signal for absolute quiet when she was "it" in hide-and-seek.

THREE WEEKS AFTER THAT NIGHT THE ROUTINE with the car started—three weeks in which Hopkins's guilt grew, and with it his need to confess—and he understood that he would have to tell Ellen what he had done. It was clear she already knew something was wrong. He could tell by her determination to give him time to come to her; her shakes of the head at Tess when they thought he wasn't looking; the precision of the words she used when they did talk, as though any looseness of speech from her might add to his sorrow, whatever it was.

He watched her, reading to Tess when he worked at home and needed quiet, telling stories from the English department to make him laugh, serving peach ice cream on apple pie because he liked it that way, and he felt the guilt rising in him, catching, always, just below his throat.

He had chosen the night before last to tell her, a night when Tess was playing at the Scotts'. When he and Ellen were through with dinner, he had said he'd do the dishes later, and asked her to please come sit with him on the couch.

She sat down willingly, balancing a glass of wine on her knee, and said, "So, are you going to talk to me now? What is it? You've gambled our adjoining plots at Rose-land away at the dog track? You want to send Tess to military school? What? Billy, tell me."

She reached for his hand, but he pulled away from her and stood up. "Ellen, don't." He started to go on, but the rest of it—the words he had practiced over and over—were lost to him as he looked at her and realized for the first time what he was about to do. To sidestep the guilt somehow, to go into a long slide that would bring him

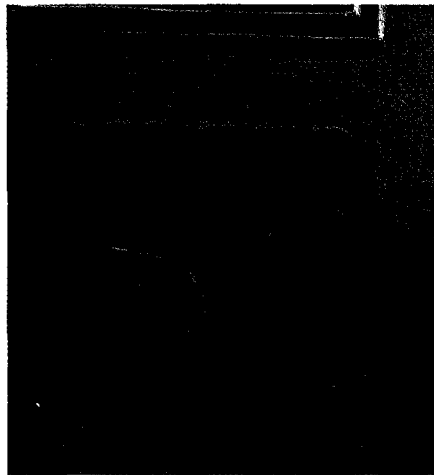
home safely, that was what he wanted, but that had to do with being able to breathe again; it had nothing to do with loving Ellen.

She was still looking at him when he took the hand she had offered him a moment before and lowered himself onto the couch next to her. "I love you, Ellen," he said, and that, at least, was true. "I never want anything to hurt you." Hearing those words, Hopkins knew he was not going to tell his wife any other truths tonight, and he closed his eyes against the feeling that, finally, he had done something right.

When he opened them, he saw that Ellen was staring at him, a steady, unwavering stare with nothing familiar about it. She did not speak but got up and walked toward the bedroom. Hopkins followed her, praying that he was wrong but knowing he was not. He had not needed to say out loud what he had done, he thought. Ellen had heard him anyway.

IN THE CAR HOPKINS SAT FOR A MINUTE, LEANING forward so that his forehead was touching the steering wheel, before he backed out of the driveway. He automatically headed the car in the direction of the newspaper, but before he had gone five blocks, he pulled over. He had to decide where he was going, but the temptation just to sit there—to give in to the feeling that the solution to all this was nowhere he could drive to in a Honda—was growing stronger. To combat it, he turned off the air-conditioning and rolled the window down.

It was so hot the air seemed solid, as though it had welcomed his car into the darkness and then closed in around it. The night seemed to have absorbed both light and sound. Just one porch light was burning along the length of the street, and the only sounds he could hear came from that same house, where a woman's voice was calling her child to come in now. The words were ordinary; he had used them many times to bring Tess in from outdoors. But something about the woman's voice sound-



ed wrong to him—too high, too plaintive—and he quickly rolled the window up.

He had to look for Ellen. He knew he wasn't going to find her. He knew, too, that the real business between them would be conducted tomorrow or later tonight, whenever she came home. But he kept driving. He needed to do something. The alternative was to go back to the house and wait for whatever was going to happen, and that was no alternative at all. In the house Ellen's absence was palpable; it followed him from room to room. In the car, at least, the question of her whereabouts seemed not smaller, exactly, but more closely contained.

At the stoplight at Brazewood he turned toward Telephone Road, a strip of bars and restaurants south of downtown. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been down here, but he knew it would have been with a group from the paper, not with Ellen. She wasn't interested in drunks or noise or fried food, which were three of Telephone Road's attractions. Of the other cornerstone of this part of town's reputation—that men and women came here to be unfaithful, in whatever ways they could—Hopkins tried not to think at all. He could not look at any of these places and imagine his wife inside, but part of him thought this might be as close to Afghanistan—heat, dust, and betrayal—as Houston had to offer.

He drove down the strip once, slowly, and then turned around and went back the other way. He peered into every parking lot, exactly as he had earlier imagined Phil Donahue doing, but even if Ellen's car was here somewhere, it was too dark to see.

On his second run out of town he stopped at Blackie's, the city's biggest bar and dance hall, and stood for a minute in the night air. He watched as four couples came out the front door together and then separated to look for their car, until one of the women called out, "It's over here, Danny! I see it!" The whole crowd converged on the car she was pointing to and, when it proved not to be the right one, laughed and fanned out again.

"Sweet Jesus, Leitha, that's a Volvo!" one of the men called back over his shoulder, and they all laughed again. "How're you tonight, buddy?" the same man said to Hopkins when he passed, and Hopkins nodded his head. He thought suddenly that he might just turn and ask to go with them—they seemed so happy, so sure that what they were looking for was out here somewhere—but he went on walking toward the bar entrance.

INSIDE BLACKIE'S HE STOOD AT THE FRONT UNTIL HE could see in the darkness. The dance floor, empty now, was to his left, and the bar itself was straight ahead, chairs arranged in a wide circle around it and more tables on both sides. Hopkins sat down at the bar and asked for a beer; he drank it slowly, all of it, before he looked around the room.

Ellen wasn't here; he needed only a minute to scan the room and make sure. He had known she wouldn't be, but he wasn't sure if it was disappointment or relief that made him turn quickly back to the bar. As he did, a woman sat down in the seat next to his and said hello.

She was probably twenty-five, six or seven years younger than Ellen, Hopkins thought, pretty in a way that suggested determination more than anything else. She wore no wedding band, just a high school ring with a red stone, but as she waited for her drink, Hopkins saw her rub her finger where a gold band would have been.

He turned away, as though he had seen too much, and was getting up to go when he noticed how many other women there were sitting by themselves in the bar. When he had looked around before, he had seen only that none of them was Ellen, but now he counted four women alone before he stopped, not wanting to go any higher. He did not know if these women were married or single, happy or sad, missing or accounted for, but they seemed to fill up the room—to be, all at once, everywhere that he looked and all that he could see.

"Are you all right?" he heard the woman next to him say, and he made himself focus on her.

"I'm okay, thank you," he said, but the concern on her face didn't lessen, and he wasn't sure for a moment if he had said the words out loud. He thanked her again and got up to leave.

For the first time since he had seen himself in the mirror at home, the knowledge that Ellen might be sitting somewhere like this, across town, across Texas, across an ocean, for all he knew, seemed real to him. He wanted her; he wanted her with him in some safe and familiar place; he pushed open the bar door and went out into the darkness, heading home.

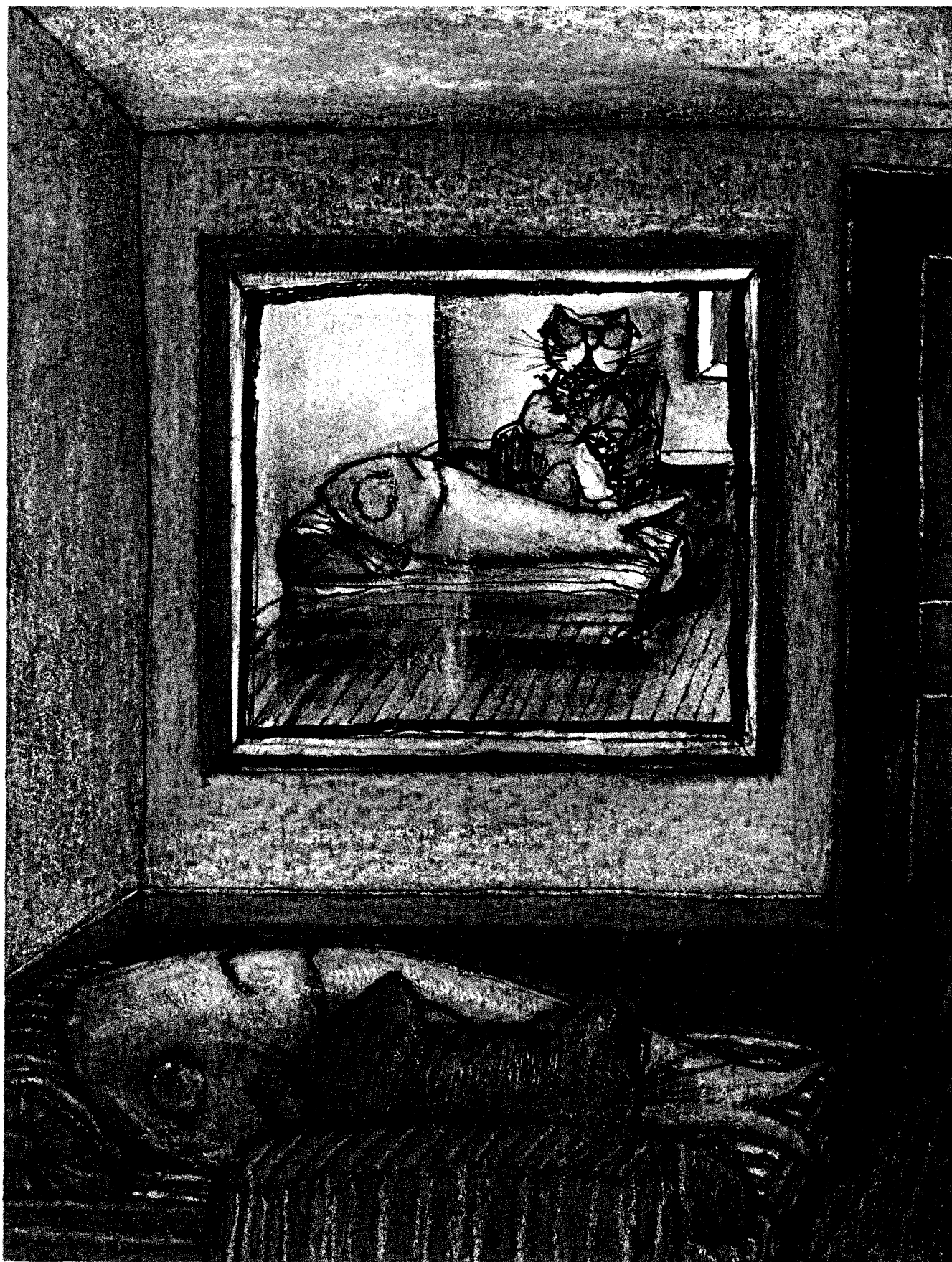
AT THE HOUSE HOPKINS OPENED THE GARAGE door, half hoping that Ellen's car would be inside. It wasn't, and he drove in and then let himself into the house through the kitchen door. He didn't linger in the car; the man who had been doing that all week had no idea how to save his marriage from himself, and Hopkins did know.

He went through the house, turning on every light for company, and then went back into the living room to wait for Ellen. He sat on the couch and ran over what he would say when his wife came home.

He imagined the scene, seeing himself first, sitting on this same blue paisley couch that he and Ellen had picked out the March that Tess had chicken pox. In his vision he was leaning forward just as he was now, earnestly talking to an Ellen whose face was half turned toward the door. She was rising to go, reaching for a suitcase by her chair, but in his imagination Hopkins did not falter. He went on talking, quietly, confidently, about the exact meaning of the word "love." □

A PROBLEM OF ANGST

BY ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS



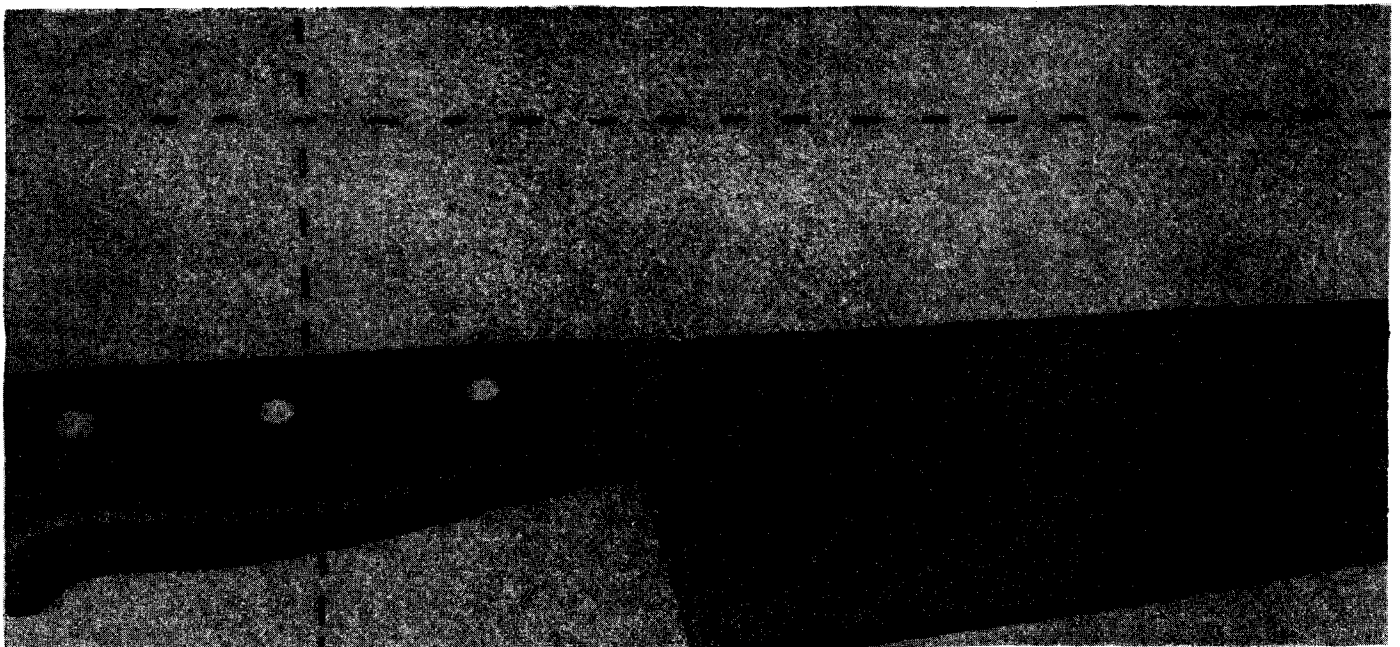
SAFE

K.M.S. 1948–1986

The tendons sewn together and the small bones
healed, that your hand
might close on a pencil again
or hold a cup. The delicate muscles made
whole again,
to lift your eyelid and govern your smile,
and the nerves new-laid in their tracks.
The broken
point of the kitchen knife—and here
let the surgeon be gentle—removed and the skull
knit closed
and the blood lifted out of the carpet and washed
from the stairs. And the nineteen-year-old burglar returned
to the cradle or
his mother's arms—he must have been harmless
once, even he, who is not sorry, had
nothing
to lose, and will never be harmless again.

. . .

Emma is learning to wield her own spoon—
silver for abundance,
though it seldom finds her mouth as yet.
She hates to be fed, would rather starve,
but loves
to steer the precarious course herself.
Silver for pride, then, or luck of the sort
some children
are born with, omitting
the manifold slippage
that separates
privilege and weal. Luck in this popular figure
is three parts silver anyway,
that the child
not succumb to crack in the schoolyard,
rats in the hall, the clever fence with a
shopping list,
bad plumbing, bad food, and hatred-on-a-staircase



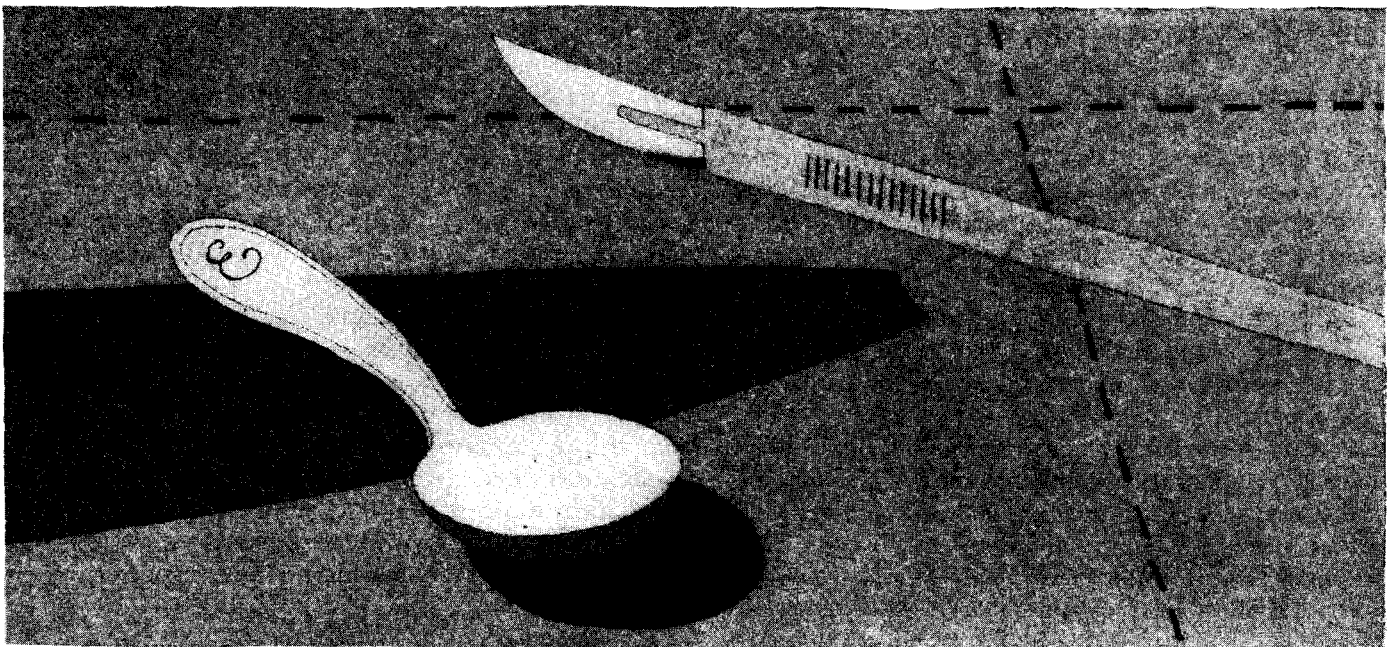
with a knife in hand and dim designs
on jewelry
or a VCR. The spoon was superfluity—
the best part of your paycheck for a child
you haven't lived
to see. Friend, her cheek is fresh as hope
of paradise. And every passing minute in the hours
of light
and the hours of darkness, in the fever
of pneumonia or the ignorant sweet wash
of health,
the miraculous breath
moves into her lungs and, stitch
by mortal
stitch, moves out.

. . .

When the paramedics came at last, my friend
apologized:
she must have hit her head, she thought,
she'd just take a minute to mop up the mess
by the phone.
Her broken hands, for which
the flaw in memory had provided no such
alibi,
her broken hands had kept him two or

three times from her face.
And later
when the anesthesiologist had
launched her on his good green gas
and launched her,
as they do sometimes, a shade too fast,
she slipped the bonds of recall altogether.
Safe
as houses. You know what a house is for the likes
of us: down payment on the nursing home,
our four-square
pledge to be debtors of conscience, if debtors
in conscience may not look too closely
where credit's
refused. Our piece of the here for here-
after, which shows us diminished regard
and just
such a face as fear has made:
one night a woman came home to her house
and locked its useless
locks, and buttoned her nightdress and read
for a while, and slept till she was wakened.

—Linda Gregerson



Analogies between the United States and post-imperial Britain are inaccurate and mischievous. "Americans can afford both social and international security," the author argues

THE MISLEADING METAPHOR OF DECLINE

BY JOSEPH S. NYE, JR.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES EMERGED from the Second World War with its armies victorious and its dollar impregnable, Arnold Toynbee argued that it had to succeed Britain as the leader of the world. Comparisons to Britain are still being made, but now they emphasize the negative rather than the positive. According to one recent poll, nearly half the American public believes that the United States, like post-imperial Britain, is in "decline."

Some scholars have suggested that America's decline follows a pattern that has recurred throughout history. A growing nation builds its military power to protect its expanding economic interests, but eventually the cost of sustaining such power saps its strength and another rising economic power takes its place. The sociologist Immanuel Wallerstein sees such imperial overstretch as a regular happening, with Venice starting to decline around 1500, Holland around 1660, Britain around 1873, and America around 1967. Paul Kennedy, in the best-selling book *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* (which was previewed in the August, 1987, *Atlantic*), writes that "the difficulties experienced by contemporary societies which are militarily top-heavy merely repeat those which, in their time, affected Philip II's Spain, Nicholas II's Russia, and Hitler's Germany."

Such historical analogies suggest that major foreign-policy changes are in order, but if the analogies are misleading, the diagnosis may be wrong. Retrenchment could produce the very weakening of American power which it is supposed to avert. Withdrawal from international commitments might reduce American influence overseas without strengthening the domestic economy. In fact, the nations of the world have become so inextricably intertwined that efforts to draw back would surely be frustrated.

Concern about decline would be good for the United States if it cut through complacency and prodded Americans to deal with serious domestic issues like savings and education. But polls suggest that excessive anxiety about decline is turning American opinion toward nationalistic and protectionist policies that would constrain our ability to cope with the realities of growing international inter-

dependence. Thus there is no virtue in either overstating or understating American strength. The former leads to a failure to adapt; the latter could lead to cures that do more harm than the disease.

The Vicissitudes of Decline

THE IDEA OF DECLINE HAS HAUNTED THE WESTERN imagination since the fall of Rome, and a long history exists of premature and misleading predictions of decline. Many eighteenth-century British statesmen, for example, lamented Britain's decline as a result of losing the American colonies. Horace Walpole foresaw Britain's reduction "from a mighty empire . . . [to] as insignificant a country as Denmark or Sardinia!" Colored as they were by the eighteenth-century view of colonial commerce, such prophecies could not foresee the new industrial base of power in the Victorian period which would give Britain a second century at the top. Yet even then, at the height of Britain's ascendancy, Matthew Arnold worried of "an imminent danger of England losing immeasurably in all ways, declining into a sort of greater Holland."

Decline bundles together two quite different concepts: a decrease in external power, and internal deterioration or decay. A country, though, may experience decline in one sense but not in the other. For example, the Netherlands flourished internally in the seventeenth century but declined in power *relatively*, because other nations became stronger. Spain, in contrast, lost external power in part because it suffered an absolute economic decline from the 1620s to the 1680s.

Obviously, internal deterioration can contribute to a loss of external power. Even so, it is often difficult to identify which internal changes accounted for the loss of power and when they occurred. Scholars have advanced more than two hundred causes for the decline of Rome and still disagree on dates. The Romans themselves often saw their world in despairing terms; in fact, prophecies of decline were heard as early as 154 B.C., six centuries before the conventional date for the fall of Rome. In the prime years of decline—A.D. 300 to 450—the Roman economy remained healthy.

As one historian concludes, "The 'Rome' that 'declines' is thus not one single thing but many things and the search for any one cause across the board is futile. So, too, is the search for any one period in which all aspects of Roman civilization were much changed." The eastern half of the Roman Empire survived, under increasingly precarious conditions, for nearly a thousand years after Roman armies could no longer protect the western provinces. The Western Empire was not the victim of a rising challenger state. It succumbed to the long-term pressure of invading migratory tribes. "In any straight fight they could, and they usually did, defeat superior numbers of Germans," one historian writes. "What they could not do was cope indefinitely with this kind of enemy."

Power is a relational concept. It depends partly on what is happening at home, but even more on what is happening outside. An empire may last for a long time after aspects of its civilization begin to decay at home, as long as outside challengers are weak. Although civic corruption and a loss of administrative and military efficiency may have allowed nomadic tribes to sack Rome, Rome's external challengers were weak. The "fall" in 476 came some two centuries after the onset of major corruption in the government and deterioration in the military.

A nation may also decline relative to others because it chooses not to use the resources of power at its disposal. For example, France in the early eighteenth century allowed its naval and fiscal resources to stagnate relative to Britain's; but, unlike Spain's decline in the previous century, the French one was not permanent. The stagnation in French war potential did not represent an absolute decline, as the subsequent military exuberance under Napoleon proved. Yet in terms of basic resources, the political scientist Charles Doran writes, "France's ability to expand militarily was greater in 1750 than it would be in 1805." To take a more modern example, the United States emerged from the First World War a potentially dominant

global power. But it chose a policy of isolationism that made it a secondary player in world political events. American influence was less in 1928 than in 1918, but not because America had lost power.

What the Numbers Say

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT THE UNITED States is less powerful at the end than it was in the middle of the twentieth century. Even by conservative estimates, the U.S. share of global production has declined from more than a third of the total after the Second World War to a little more than a fifth in the 1980s. The United States was strengthened by the war; the other great powers were devastated. In that sense American economic preponderance in the 1950s was anomalous, like being the boy on the block who dominates while others have the flu. American preponderance was bound to erode as other nations regained their economic health.

Paul Kennedy argues that the U.S. decline has been continuous: "The U.S. share of world GNP, which declined naturally since 1945, has declined much more quickly than it should have over the last few years." The political scientist David Calleo is even more alarmist: "Thanks to economic strain and mismanagement, relative decline has begun to turn absolute."

But the figures do not support the case for a continuous decline in America's share of world product. Charles Wolf, of the Rand Corporation, points out that "if a more appropriate and representative base year is used—say, the mid-1960s (or even a pre-World War II year such as 1938)—the remarkable fact is that the U.S. economy's share of the global product was about the same 'then' as it is 'now': about 22% to 24%."

Some estimates of the U.S. share of world product date the fading of what we might call the Second World War effect somewhat later than Wolf does, but the result is the same. For example, the economist Herbert Block es-



THE AMERICAN SITUATION IS DIFFERENT FROM THE MOST FREQUENTLY CITED CASE, THAT OF BRITAIN. EXPLAINING BRITAIN'S DECLINE HAS BECOME ALMOST AN INDUSTRY IN ITSELF.

timates that the United States accounted for about a quarter of world product at the beginning of the twentieth century, and about a third in 1950. The postwar U.S. share declined until 1974 and then stabilized. The American Council on Competitiveness similarly finds that the U.S. share of world product has held constant at 23 percent since the mid-1970s. The U.S. share of the product of the major industrial democracies actually increased slightly in the 1980s. The Central Intelligence Agency, using numbers that reflect the purchasing power of different currencies, shows the American share of world product increasing, from 25 percent in 1975 to 26 percent in 1988.

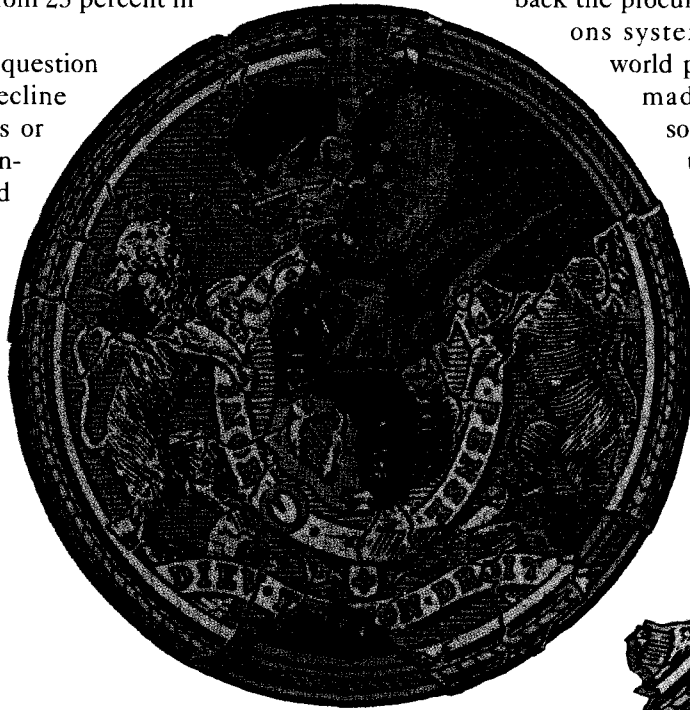
Such numbers call into question the view that American decline has been either precipitous or continuous. They suggest instead that the Second World War effect lasted about a quarter century or so and that the American position thereafter stabilized. Most of the decline had worked its way through the system by the mid-1970s.

According to the overstretch theory, a great power is likely to find that it is spending much more on defense than it did two generations earlier, yet its world is less secure. But American numbers do not fit the theory. Even after the Reagan Administration buildup, the current U.S. defense outlay is about six percent of GNP; in the late 1950s it was about 10 percent.

Furthermore, the United States defense burden is not at all like those of Spain and France in their last days of grandeur. Philip II's Spain devoted three fourths of all government expenditure to war and war debt. The France of Louis XIV and the Russia of Peter the Great appear to have devoted 75 and 85 percent respectively of their revenues to war and the military establishment. In the United States today about 27 percent of the federal budget is spent on defense (including veterans' benefits). And unlike the historical examples, America's overseas commitments do not involve the permanent occupation and control of conquered territories.

The ratio of America's defense burden to its share of world product was actually lower in the 1980s than in the 1950s. Indeed, contrary to the theory of imperial overstretch, the U.S. defense burden today is lighter than it was in the 1950s, and the political burdens of U.S. commitment are lighter today than they were in the 1960s, during the Vietnam War.

This does not mean that the current defense budget is wisely constructed. On the contrary, the buildup of the 1980s was hasty and enormously wasteful, and the government has not made enough hard choices in cutting back the procurement of unnecessary weapons systems. Given the changes in world politics, a strong case can be made for allocating more resources to international institutions, communications, and assistance to critical countries. If such expenditures are necessary, the country can afford them. Unlike the historical examples—or the Soviet Union today, where defense expenditures constitute some 17 percent of GNP—the United States does not fit the theory of imperial overstretch.



**THE POPULAR BELIEF THAT
BRITAIN WAS SUFFERING FROM IMPERIAL
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FROM INVESTING AS WELL AS IT MIGHT
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The Decline of British Power

SOME CRITICS ARE skeptical of such aggregate measures and prefer historical analogy. The American situation, however, is different from the most frequently cited case, that of Britain. Explaining Britain's decline has become almost an industry in itself. A long list

of domestic causes has been adduced, and has been in the making for a long time. As early as 1898 Henry Adams believed that "British industry is quite ruined." But he also believed that "Germany has become a mere province of Russia." In 1900 his brother Brooks Adams wrote that since 1890 "an impression has gained ground that England is relatively losing vitality, that the focus of energy and wealth is shifting, and that, therefore, a period of instability is pending." He blamed British lethargy and high living, in part, and pointed to the Boer War as an indication that Britain was no longer willing to accept casu-

alties in war. Of course, that notion was soon disproved by the enormous British losses in the First World War.

In fact, the First World War showed Britain to be an impressive power. It had not only manpower but also industry capable of being mobilized for war, overseas investments that could finance the purchase of U.S. technology and war supplies, and a navy large enough to ensure control of the Atlantic. Britain could also call upon the resources of its empire. Of the 8.6 million members of the British forces in the First World War, nearly a third came from overseas (though four fifths of the expenditure was British). By 1918 Britain had the world's largest air force and navy, and the empire had reached its maximum size. In 1921 both popular and informed opinion in Britain agreed with General Jan Smuts, of South Africa, that the British empire had "emerged from the War quite the greatest power in the world."

Yet the war—or, more precisely, the thirty-year struggle with Germany—did more to hasten British decline than any other factor. Competing with Germany, rather than possessing an empire, is what drove up defense spending. It is perhaps too simple to say, along with Woody Allen in *Zelig*, that "Britain owned the world and Germany wanted it." But if Bismarck and his successors had not unified the German states into a single Continental force after 1870 (with a population larger than Britain's), the British era might have lasted longer. It was Germany, not the pre-1914 empire, that overstretched Britain.

OF COURSE, THE BRITISH ERA WOULD NOT HAVE lasted forever. Nothing does. Early in the nineteenth century Alexis de Tocqueville pointed out the enormous potential of the United States and Russia. In 1835 the English statesman Richard Cobden declared that "our only chance of national prosperity lies in the timely remodeling of our system, so as to put it as nearly as possible upon an equality with the improved management of the Americans." In 1883 the Cambridge historian Sir John Seeley argued that federation of the empire was the only way that Britain would be able to compete with Russia and the United States, which were "on an altogether different scale of magnitude." In 1878 the former (and future) Prime Minister William Gladstone worried that America "can, and probably will, wrest from us [our] commercial superiority."

In short, Britain's relative power was bound to decline, because of a number of external factors. The spread of industrialization raised new economic and military competitors. The growing strength of Germany meant that Britain would no longer have a free ride on the Continental balance of power. The spread of railways meant that Britain would no longer have as much time to raise intercontinental forces and transport them to the Continent.

The distribution of power in the regional balances of

the Atlantic and the Pacific was also shifting, because of the growing strength of both the United States and Japan. By the turn of the century British planners felt they could no longer afford a navy that dominated the Pacific and the Western Hemisphere as well as home waters. Thus Britain signed an alliance with Japan and appeased the United States with a number of conciliatory measures, including accession to the Panama Canal, which further enhanced American naval strength by allowing the United States to shift its fleet quickly between two oceans. Henceforth, as Aaron Friedberg, a political scientist at Princeton, has shown, Britain applied its traditional two-power naval standard—having a navy equal to those of the next two contenders—only to home waters.

A final external cause of the decline of British power was the rise of nationalism, which helped to transform the empire from an asset into a liability. In 1914 London declared war on Germany on behalf of the entire empire. But long before post-Second World War anti-colonial nationalism stripped away Britain's Asian and African colonies, the "white" dominions of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand were resisting rule from London. By the time of the Chanak crisis with Turkey, in 1922, London had discovered that it could not count on automatic support from the empire. After 1926 British military planners no longer considered the British Commonwealth to be a reliable basis for military plans. Commonwealth forces were at best a possible bonus. Yet, as the British historian Corelli Barnett points out, in wartime the continued existence of the empire "would pump away from England the military resources she needed for her own war in Europe." American Lend-Lease in 1941 provided those resources, but by 1945 "British power had quietly vanished amidst the stupendous events of the Second World War."

THERE WERE ALSO IMPORTANT INTERNAL CAUSES of the decline of British power. Among the most important were the failure to maintain the productivity of British industry, particularly in new sectors, and to improve the nature and level of education. The two factors were related. British governing-class education was really appropriate to a moment in history that had already vanished, according to the economist Andrew Tylecote. Britons hardly thought at all of British power in terms of industrial competitiveness, science, technology, or strategy. The nation found the imperial alternative "more attractive than the 'industrial' one, because its upper class was dominated by a landowning aristocracy which set the tone for the rest."

While Britain continued to produce entrepreneurs who responded to market incentives, they focused on the staples of textiles, shipbuilding, and light industry rather than the new science-based industries. Britain failed to

invest in the latest technology in such critical new industries as chemicals, electricity, and precision engineering. As the British writer David Marquand has argued, "The most sophisticated sectors of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries depended far more on applied science. . . . It was in exports from these that Britain was most conspicuously outclassed." In 1913 Britain controlled two thirds of world exports of manufactures in declining sectors (like textiles), but only one fifth of world exports in expanding sectors (like chemicals). Until 1902 Britain had no public secondary-school system, despite public awareness of German educational superiority. Britain had seven universities, to compare with twenty-two in Germany and nearly 700 colleges and technical schools in the United States.

The increasing economic importance of overseas investment was transforming Britain into a rentier society, in which financial interests maintained an overvalued currency detrimental to British industry. Overseas investment rose from 0.2 percent to 5.2 percent of GNP from 1870 to 1913. By 1900 eighty percent of the capital issues on the London market were for overseas investment. By 1914 Britain owned 43 percent of the world stock of investment overseas. As the Nobel laureate Sir W. Arthur Lewis put it, "She could not pioneer in developing new

commodities because this now required a scientific base which did not accord with her humanistic snobbery. So instead she invested her savings abroad; the economy decelerated, the average level of unemployment increased, and her young people emigrated."

Finally, Britain's domestic political process did not allow the full transformation of Britain's potential resources of power into effective influence. Aaron Friedberg convincingly shows that the problem was not complacency; concern about decline was widespread. At the turn of the century the press expressed concern that England lagged in scientific organization, applied technology, and worker training. But the debate was confused, with little agreement about what measures would be useful or what responses appropriate. While a return to primacy was impossible after 1900, and Britain did seek out new allies after the Boer War, the British elites could have done more to preserve Britain's position and to prepare for coming challenges.

British Conservatives, however, believed that Britain was financially stretched to its limit, and feared the economic effects of raising income taxes. They failed to invest in the forces needed to maintain global naval supremacy, and disguised that fact from the public by keeping the old slogans. Thus the empire became de-

THE TONE

It wasn't a bell, it was a steady tone.
We folded our papers and closed our books.
Raised the wood lids of our metal desks.
Books placed inside, pens lined neatly in the tray.
Lunches taken out, necks of the brown bags
rolled and sweaty in our fists. Mrs. Flint
blowing the whistle that hung always around her neck.
Lining, in alphabetical order according to surname,
first name in the case of there being two Smiths,
along the east wall, away from the windows.
Us reciting our names, her checking the roster.
Her opening the classroom door and us waiting
for her to step to head the line. Shuffling forward
like a many-legged worm. Peter Zeigler delegated
to close the door and shut the lights. Merging
behind homerooms 212 and 214, single file against
both sides of the hallway, using banisters
as we carefully descended the stairs. One flight
then the next, turning into a basement corridor
and a room without window or light. Each class

instructed to sit Indian-style on the floor.
To press our faces into our open, knitted hands.
To keep eyes closed. To wait.
And the mindless way we executed our submission—
not running as we fled down corridors
for our lives, not wriggling, not poking
each other, not spitting or talking or committing
small crimes of recess mayhem, not rehearsing our
willful farts, not wadding our sandwiches into balls
and winging them against the cinderblock, not
asking to be let upstairs to pee or what to do
when the flash came that would reveal to us
the bones in our hands through our downed eyelids
not asking what comes later not asking anything
of proof or purpose beyond the insistent tone.

—Lucia Perillo

pendent on the good will of the new regional powers, the United States and Japan. Henceforth Britain had to avoid embroilment with more than one first-class power in more than one region of the world at a time. Furthermore, Britain did not implement conscription (as the other major European powers had done by 1872) or pay for an adequate army to help maintain the balance on the Continent in the new age of rail mobilization. The 1906 plan for 120,000 men to assist France proved woefully inadequate in 1914.

The British debate over trade was phrased in terms of the polar extremes of protectionism and free trade. Little attention was given to temporarily protecting critical sectors or forcing reciprocity on foreign markets. Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain tried to rouse his Conservative colleagues to a more coherent response, but his protectionist scheme would have made things worse. Not surprisingly, it attracted the support of the least competitive elements of British industry. In any event, he wound up splitting his party. Prime Minister Arthur Balfour's moderate suggestion of selective retaliatory tariffs to force foreign markets open was lost in the ideological crossfire over free trade, and little attention was paid to the security implications of the British lag in the most modern sectors of industry.

Joseph Chamberlain was no more successful elsewhere in the security area. At a 1902 colonial conference he failed to persuade the colonies to share the burden of naval costs. His plaint that "the Weary Titan staggers under the too vast orb of its fate" did not pry forth new resources. Nor could he convince his colleagues that Britain's burdens were relatively light. In fact, the entire government budget was only 15 percent of GNP (in modern Britain it is nearly 45 percent). And although the Boer War created a deficit from 1899 to 1903, the budget was in surplus thereafter; the national debt in 1907 was not much higher than it had been in the 1880s. The historian A.J.P. Taylor estimates that Britain spent 3.4 percent of its national in-

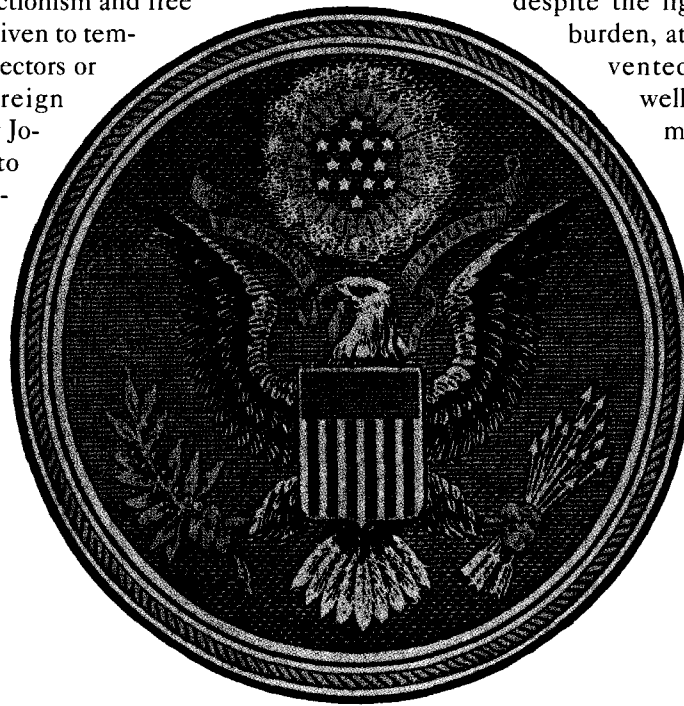
come on armaments in 1914, while Germany spent 4.6 percent, France 4.8 percent, and Russia 6.3 percent. Other estimates place Britain ahead of Germany but behind France in its military burden.

So why did Britain decide that it could not afford to maintain naval supremacy or an adequate Continental expeditionary force? In large part because the adherents of the prevailing economic orthodoxy believed in the negative effects of government spending, and they particularly opposed raising income taxes. The popular belief that Britain was suffering from imperial overstretch—

despite the lightness of Britain's defense burden, at three percent of GNP—prevented Britain from investing as well as it might have in the domestic and external resources of power which could have slowed decline.

Even if its leaders had played their domestic cards perfectly, however, Britain would have seen a significant decline in its power in the twentieth century. A.J.P. Taylor speculates that the impressive growth of German industry would have brought Germany to the mastery of Europe if it had not been for the First World War. The industrialization of America, Russia, and Japan was bound to shrink Britain's influence. Moreover, nationalism was soon to erode the empire. In a sense, Britain rose to its leading position because it was on the first wave of the Industrial Revolution in a pre-nationalist era. But it has always been remarkable that such a small

country in Europe could control a quarter of the world's people in the largest Western empire since Roman times.



NOT ONLY IS THE UNITED STATES MORE POWERFUL IN MORE WAYS THAN BRITAIN WAS BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCES OF SCALE THAT SUGGEST THAT ITS POWER MAY PERSIST LONGER.

How the United States Is Different

THERE ARE AT LEAST FOUR MAJOR DIFFERENCES in the positions of power held by Victorian Britain and modern America. The first is the degree of predominance. Britain's resources of power in the mid-nineteenth century were most impressive in naval force and manufacturing production. As the

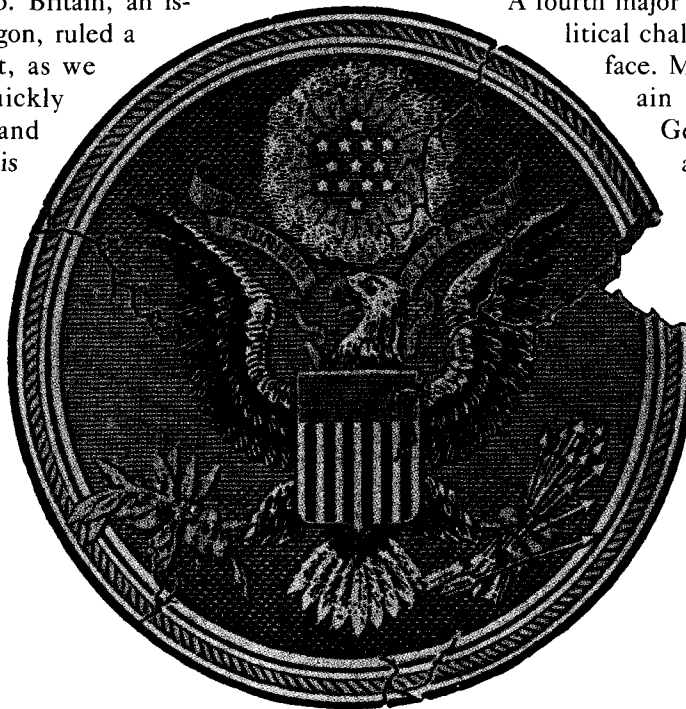
Harvard political scientist Robert Keohane has written, "Britain had never been as superior in productivity to the rest of the world as the United States was after 1945." Nor is the twentieth-century United States as dependent on foreign trade and investment as nineteenth-century Britain was. Even during its heyday, around 1875, Britain ranked third in military expenditure. Not only is the United States more powerful in more ways than Britain was but there are differences of scale that suggest that its power may persist longer. Today it requires a united Europe, not just a united Germany, to challenge the United States for global leadership. Britain, an island about the size of Oregon, ruled a quarter of the world. But, as we have seen, the empire quickly fell victim to nationalism and ceased to be a reliable basis for British military plans.

Second, at least since 1865 the United States has been a single, continental-scale economy immune to nationalist disintegration. Today American imports account for only 12 percent of GNP, in contrast to the British figure of 25 percent in 1914. At the peak of its power, in the 1870s, Britain's economy was only the third largest in the world, and it fell to fourth place in 1914. However, the American GNP today is much larger than those of the nearest competitor states. One should keep such differences of scale in mind when considering theories of overstretch.

Third, for all the loose talk (and looser definitions) of an American empire, there are important differences between Britain's territorial empire and America's areas of influence. Americans have more choice about types and levels of defense commitments than Britons had. There are more degrees of freedom for all parties. American trade is not drawn in the same degree to unsophisticated markets. By 1913 two thirds of British exports were going to semi-industrial and nonindustrial countries. Some modern historians argue that the territorial empire became a net drain on Britain. Whether one looks at NATO as a forward defense of American borders, in which Europeans provide

most of the manpower, or as an act of American generosity, it is hard to see our alliances constituting a similar drain, particularly since the withdrawal of American troops to home bases would save money only if the units were also disbanded. Unlike Edwardian Britain, which had to leave its isolation and cast about for allies at the beginning of the century, the United States at the end of the century must transform and update the successful alliances with the great industrial democracies which have been critical to the global balance of power for the past forty years.

A fourth major difference lies in the geopolitical challenges that the two nations face. Most important, in 1900 Britain faced rising contenders in Germany, the United States, and Russia. The nearest of those contenders, Germany, had not only surpassed Britain in economic strength but also was becoming militarily dominant and a threat to Britain's supremacy on the Continent. America's external situation today is different. Its principal military adversary, the Soviet Union, is the power with a bad case of overstretch. Not only is the USSR confronted with an unstable Eastern European empire, but the Soviet economy has suffered a serious deceleration of the growth that previously allowed expansion. In addition, Soviet defense is often estimated to cost 15 percent of GNP, and some estimates place the costs of defense and empire at more than 20 percent of GNP—about three times



WILL THE UNITED STATES
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as high as the relative burden on the U.S. economy. The British analogy would be apt if Kaiser Wilhelm II's Germany, rather than passing Britain in economic and military strength, had been declining and looking for the chance to take a breathing spell from its military buildup.

None of the other major world powers is now overtaking the United States in both military and economic strength. Although Western Europe has a skilled population, a robust GNP, and the improved Common Market coming in 1992, few observers think that European integration will progress soon to a single government or a sin-

gle security policy. Similarly, China might be a potential rival of the United States' over a much longer term, but China's human and technological infrastructure is much less developed than that of the United States or even the Soviet Union. And while many Americans believe that Japanese economic strength is a greater challenge than Soviet military power, economic competition is not a zero-sum game, where one country's gain is its competitor's loss. Thus far Japan has chosen the strategy of a trading state rather than of a military power. There is no current analogue to the Kaiser's Germany. Even a reunited Germany would possess an economy only one-fifth the size of that of the United States.

THE MORE INTERESTING COMPARISONS BETWEEN Britain and America lie in the domestic realm. Here there are legitimate causes for concern. Productivity growth in the American economy has fallen to an annual rate of 1.4 percent from an average annual rate of 2.7 percent in the first two postwar decades. In the 1980s net national savings fell to an all-time low of 2.0 percent, and gross investment, at 17 percent of GNP, was at only about half the Japanese level of 30 percent. Civilian research and development accounted for 1.8 percent of GNP, while in Germany and Japan it accounted for 2.6 and 2.8 percent. Foreign inventors received almost half the U.S. patents granted in 1987, as compared with a third a decade earlier.

Even here one should be wary of too simple comparisons to Britain. Whereas Britain fell behind in the leading sectors of chemicals and electricity at the turn of the century, the United States remains one of the leaders in such critical new sectors as information processing and biotechnology. The United States attracts capital from the rest of the world; Britain exported it. Further, whereas emigration drained talented Britons from their homeland, immigration continually infuses the United States with new labor and energy.

Perhaps the most interesting domestic comparison, however, is political. Will the United States cope both with its international commitments as the nation that other nations look to for leadership and with its need for domestic reforms? The British experience suggests caution. The political processes of Victorian democracy tended to fragment the national debate. Conservative politicians failed to invest adequately in the future. There was a widespread reluctance to raise the level of taxation, which was low. Here the analogy with modern America becomes more apt: the United States is the world's richest country, but it acts poor. Although America is one of the most lightly taxed of the industrial countries, the American public seems unwilling to invest adequately in the future, and political leaders have done little to stem the flow of resources from investment to consumption in the 1980s.

Leadership

EVEN A STRONG ECONOMY WILL NOT PREVENT the United States from following foolish policies. Political leadership is necessary to explain why certain policies—whether these are budget deficits, protectionist measures, or the curtailment of foreign aid—can lead to self-inflicted wounds. Effective influence requires a willingness to spend on foreign affairs. Despite a doubling of the national economy from 1960 to 1980, by the latter year the United States was spending less in real terms on elements of the budget directly concerned with foreign affairs: defense, foreign aid, information, and representation. Defense expenditures increased in the 1980s, but American outlays for other aspects of international affairs declined from \$12.7 billion in 1981 to \$10.5 billion in 1988. This reduction flies in the face of the growing importance of economic, information, and institutional resources in maintaining or creating national power. Some might ask why we should invest in power. Why not simply consume happily, like the Swiss or the Swedes? The answer, of course, is that the United States is too large to take a free ride in the international system. It is in this country's interest to exercise an influence in the world commensurate with its size and its stake in the spread of open societies—which is to say, those that respect human rights—and open economies. It is important to emphasize that such leadership is a function primarily of size, not of America's hegemonic mission to lead the world. Leadership is not hegemony. It means taking responsibility for one's long-term political and economic interests.

"We can't afford it" is the typical argument in a time of budget deficits, whether it is aid to Poland, investment in education, or fighting drugs. But if the United States were to follow policies that cut domestic consumption by the two percent of GNP by which it rose in the past decade, the richest country in the world could afford both better education at home and the international influence that comes from an effective aid and information program abroad. What is needed is increased investment in "soft power," the complex machinery of interdependence, rather than in "hard power"—that is, expensive new weapons systems. As the Republican economist Herbert Stein remarks, "It is time to ask the 86 percent of the American people who are not poor to give up some small part of the increase in their consumption in order to fortify the national security, to provide more adequately for the future growth of the national income, to improve the lot of the poor among us."

At home, leadership means pointing out that the American economy can easily afford to invest in international affairs—by paying our dues to international institutions, by providing aid to critical countries like Poland, and by maintaining open international markets—if Americans have the political will to do it. Without such

leadership the American ability to convert potential power into actual influence is correspondingly diminished. A leader who wishes to maintain American power at the turn of the century must follow a strategy that rebuilds the domestic bases of American strength while also investing resources to maintain international influence. Both elements are necessary.

Although the United States faces major social, economic, and political problems, it has faced equal or larger problems in the past. One key to coping successfully with these problems is to remain open to the outside world and adaptable to change. Social flexibility, class fluidity, and economic openness are advantages that America has over Europe and Japan. It would be ironic if fears of decline led to policies of protectionism, resistance to foreign investment, and curtailment of immigration. Though there are few signs of long-term economic sclerosis so far, such policies could help to bring it on. Then again, if the anxiety over competitiveness leads to new policies on saving, research and development, and education which are addressed to the higher standards required by an information-based economy, America's capacity to reinvent itself may again prove a hidden strength.

Americans are right to be concerned about the changing role of the United States in the world. However, seeing the problem as American decline and drawing analogies to Britain is misleading, for this directs attention away from the real problems arising out of long-term changes in world politics and suggests remedies that would weaken rather than strengthen America's standing. Withdrawal from international commitments would reduce U.S. influence without necessarily strengthening the domestic economy. Indeed, recent experience suggests that what the United States thereby saved in international expen-

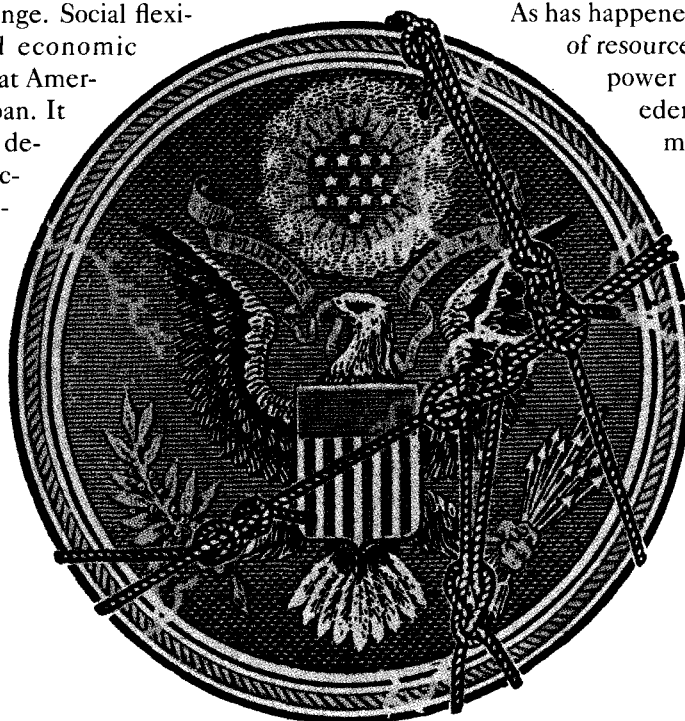
diture might merely increase domestic consumption rather than investment.

Although the next decade will require Americans to cope with the debts of the 1980s, there is no reason why the world's wealthiest country cannot pay for its international commitments *and* its domestic investments. Americans can afford both social security and international security. The ultimate irony would be for Americans to perceive their country's short-term problems as indicators of long-term decline and respond in a way that cut them off from the sources of their international influence.

As has happened many times before, the mix of resources that produces international power is changing. What is unprecedented is that the cycle of hegemonic conflict, with its attendant world wars, may not repeat itself. The United States at the end of the century retains more traditional resources of power than any other country has. It also has the ideological and institutional resources to retain its leadership in the new domains of transnational interdependence. In that sense the U.S. situation at the end of the twentieth century is totally different from that of Britain at the century's beginning. The problem for American power today is not new challengers for hegemony; it is the new challenge of transnational interdependence.

A post-Cold War strategy for managing the transition to complex interdependence over the next decades will require that the United States

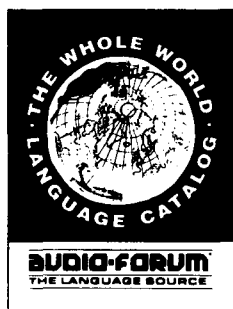
commit sufficient resources to sustain the geopolitical balance, maintain an open attitude toward the rest of the world, develop new international institutions, and restore the domestic sources of American strength through major reforms and large-scale investments. The twin dangers Americans face are complacency about the domestic agenda and an unwillingness to pay whatever is necessary to maintain their capacity for international leadership. Neither attitude is warranted. □



IF THE ANXIETY OVER COMPETITIVENESS LEADS TO NEW POLICIES ON SAVING, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT, AND EDUCATION, AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO REINVENT ITSELF MAY AGAIN PROVE A HIDDEN STRENGTH.

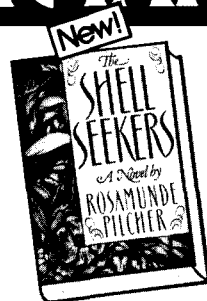
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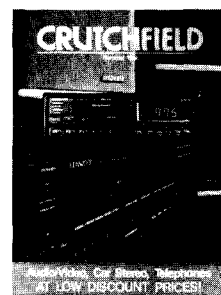


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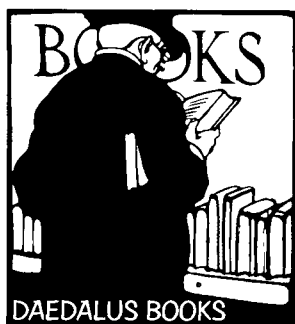


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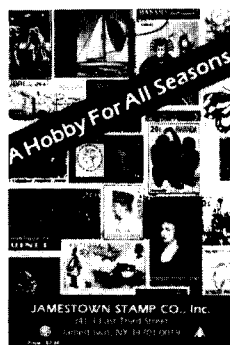
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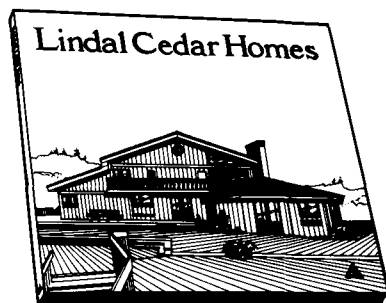


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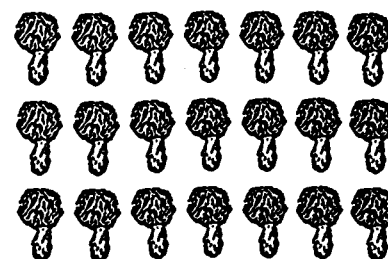
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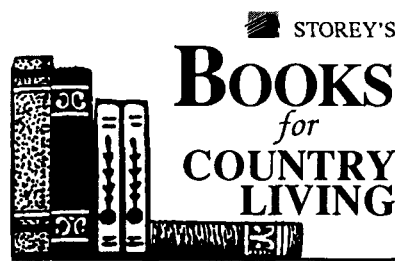
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The Yvonne Lifshutz house in Alamo Heights, outside San Antonio: "an impression of being soothingly thick and durable"

At Home in the Texas Sun

Regional architects use stone and other native materials to make houses comfortable

by Philip Langdon

SCATTERED ACROSS the center of Texas, from south of San Antonio to Austin and northward, are a few dozen architects known as regionalists. Early in their development many of them drew inspiration from O'Neil Ford, an exuberant, cigar-smoking architect who traveled the state in the 1920s to look at old Texas buildings and then devoted a long career to preaching the regionalist gospel. By the time of his death, in 1982, Ford had become virtually the patron saint of Texas regionalists; he is still revered for his passionate conviction that a building must respond to the conditions of its locale.

In most of Texas the harshest condition a building endures is the fiercely hot climate. Ford designed houses

with deep overhangs, extensive cross-ventilation, galleries, arcades, and other means of combating the intense summer sun. He molded his houses to a hospitable way of life. Texas was, and is, a highly sociable state, and many of his houses feature courtyards, screened porches, and other places where people entertain with a minimum of pretension.

In other parts of the country, too, regionalism was on the rise in the period between the First and Second World Wars. Climate, architectural traditions, and indigenous materials heavily influenced architecture in New Mexico, southern California, the San Francisco Bay area, and elsewhere.

Ford capitalized on limestone from the Hill Country, west of Austin; terra-

cotta-colored tile from the town of D'Hanis, west of San Antonio; dense block flooring of mesquite from south and west Texas; and tawny soft-fired brick from Mexico. He brought in Mexican masons, known as *bovederos*, to make remarkable brick-vaulted domed ceilings. Some of Ford's work, especially office buildings, turned out to be architecturally unimpressive, but his houses have been exceptionally livable, exhibiting a high level of craftsmanship.

Over the years regionalism's influence has waxed and waned. Now it is waxing in many parts of the country, in affinity with today's widespread quest for what is called a sense of place. "You look at a regionalist building," says Chris Carson, a partner in Ford's old

San Antonio firm of Ford, Powell & Carson, "and you say it fits where it is and it doesn't look like it would be comfortable somewhere else."

Some architects now in their thirties or forties, like the ex-Ford employee David Lake, turned to regionalism during the 1970s because they wanted to design buildings that would cope with the climate, mainly in natural, energy-conserving ways, and that would incorporate hand-crafted materials conveying emotional warmth. In recent years disenchantment with the failings of modernism and postmodernism has also helped prod architects toward regionalism. "We're searching for a dignified way of getting to something better," says Hal Box, the dean of the University of Texas School of Architecture, in Texas regionalism's academic heartland, Austin.

CURRENTLY TEXAS regionalism is led by a diverse group of practitioners, including Frank Welch, in Dallas; Lawrence Speck, in Austin; and a number of architects in San Antonio—among them David Lake, his partner Ted Flato, Andrew Perez III, and the firm of Ford, Powell & Carson. All of them draw some of their ideas from old Texas buildings, but what they produce is quite varied.

Welch, who left Ford in 1959 to start his own firm, is known for a clean-lined regionalism, with a crisp detailing that unquestionably marks his houses as products of the twentieth century. The home of Cliff and Judy Morton, on a hilltop northeast of San Antonio, is a good example of his techniques. On the Mortons' property Welch and the landscape architect H. Dan Heyn kept all the trees—an evergreen species called live oak—and laid out an entry walk of Mexican stone so that it meanders in the shade past pools of water and low limestone walls before it reaches a front door that is mostly glass. "A door you can see through," Welch says, "is more welcoming than one of solid wood."

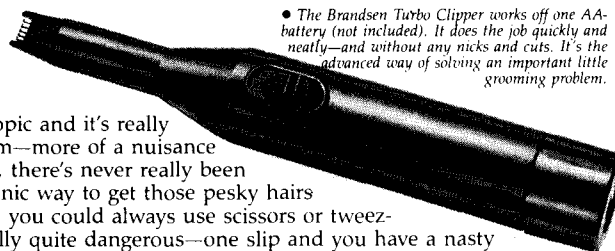
The Morton house is divided into three segments—a bedroom wing, a central library and living room, and a wing containing the kitchen, the dining room, and a carport—each of the three under its own gable roof of weathered bronze-colored copper. Metal roofs have long been a trademark of Texas regionalists. They carry

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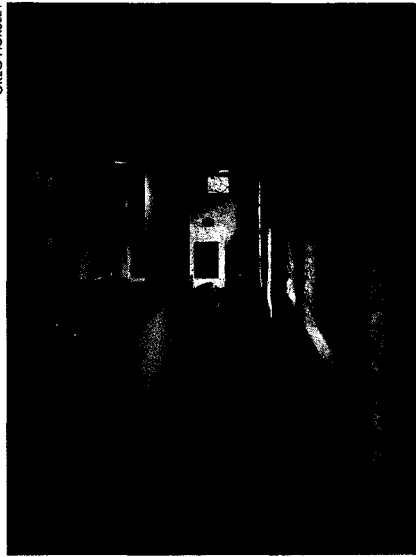
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on a tradition that began with the tin roofs that settlers built over spartan houses in the nineteenth century. Metal roofs, when they're insulated underneath, are ideal for a sun-baked climate; being thin, they don't store a lot of unwanted heat, as tile, slate, and asphalt-shingled roofs do. However, Welch says of his choice, "I just like the way they look. I don't like the way wood shingles curl or the way thick wood shakes make the building look like it needs a haircut."

Inside the house simple exposed wooden trusses support pitched ceilings eighteen feet high in the library and living room. Glass in the peaks of the ceilings ensures that both rooms enjoy a pleasing, well-distributed light, while a series of flat-roofed porches prevents the interior from getting too much direct sun.

How things come together is a major concern for Welch, who practices a sort of minimalist craftsmanship. In the library the walls, which are of resawn cedar, have, instead of a base molding, just a quarter-inch horizontal groove cut into the wood half a foot above the floor. Where a wall comes to a door-frame there is a quarter-inch-wide recess—this, as well, making a precise

GREG HURLEY



shadowline that contributes subtly to the house's elegance. Welch has a delicate touch unusual for someone working in brick and stone.

Lawrence Speck, a University of Texas professor who runs an architectural practice in Austin, takes pains, too, to fit houses carefully into landscapes, but he's more inclined to give the houses a feeling of weight. Near the Hill Country town of Burnet, Speck designed a house on a goat

ranch for a local dentist, Mike Matthews, his wife, Happy, and their two girls. I had seen a bird's-eye perspective some time ago and had half expected to dislike the Matthews house, because it comes from the train-wreck school of architecture, in which segments of the house join at odd angles like boxcars after a derailment. But in visiting the house it became evident that the irregular layout, though still a little erratic for my tastes, arose in response to what are for regionalists fundamental concerns: climate, terrain, views, and people's relationship to the outdoors.

The stretching of the house into thin, irregular segments, each about one room deep, maximizes cross-ventilation and allows for a variety of sheltered outdoor areas. On the north side, accessible through sets of glass double doors in the living room, is a porch that sits in the shade all summer long and offers a tree-framed view toward the road. On the opposite side, buffered against wind from the north, east, or west, is a porch that becomes a sunny, protected place to bask during the winter. On the front, facing the entrance drive and catching the summer south-east winds, is a two-story veranda.

PHILIP LANGDON



A kitchen opens onto the stone-walled living room of Lawrence Speck's house in Austin (top); above, the view from outside

THE MATTHEWS house exterior is covered partly in stone and partly in cedar clapboards that have been bleached (an O'Neil Ford technique) to kill mildew, which would eventually turn the wood black. The most notable feature of the interior is the double-height living room, with walls of cream-colored limestone so soft that if you rub the stone it comes off on your hands, like chalk. When sunlight hits the stone, the room practically glows. The most striking attribute of the Hill Country, aside from its rolling topography (or "topo," as architects and engineers call it), is the abundance of limestone just beneath the surface of the earth.

Although limestone is becoming too expensive to be common in new low-to medium-priced houses, it remains an affordable material for custom houses in central Texas and a bargain compared with stone in most parts of the United States. The quality of stonework has improved in the past several years, as architects have learned more about it. "You can get exquisite stone-carving," Speck says. "The craftsmen are great. They're not what you'd think—old men doing things in age-old ways. They're equally likely to be twenty-one-year-old women with diamond-tipped drills."

A house that Speck built for himself last spring, in an established neighborhood in Austin, exemplifies up-to-date stone installation. First a two-by-six stud frame was raised and packed with insulation. Then a stone wall seven inches thick was built on its exterior side, and an equally thick stone wall was built on the interior. The sun can warm the exterior stone, but the layer of insulation prevents most of the heat from penetrating the house's interior. Once the stone on the interior has been cooled by air-conditioning, it stays cool, helping to keep electric bills down. Michael Garrison, a specialist in climatology and architecture at the University of Texas, says that because cool masonry draws radiant heat from people's bodies, people can be as comfortable in a stone-walled room with an air temperature of 82° to 84° as they would be in a conventionally built room with an air temperature of 70°.

But of course neither Speck nor anyone else uses stone solely because it cuts utility bills. The aesthetic and psychological impact of the masonry

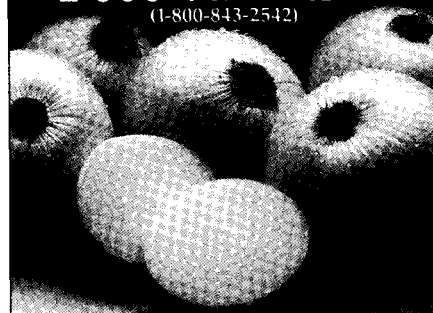
walls is at least equally important. In the Matthews house the stone was laid with deeply raked (recessed) mortar joints, which have the effect of emphasizing the separate blocks. In Speck's own house the mortar was made flush with the surface of the stone and then the walls were rubbed with gunny-sacks, spreading the mortar beyond the joints. The result is that in the two-story living room, the walls, which are twenty inches thick and sixteen feet high, seem magnificently monolithic, exuding strength and security. "You see the craggy edges of individual pieces," Speck says, "but you also see the whole mass, solid, like it is in the earth." This is stonemasonry of great emotional power, which is at its most dramatic when sunlight late on a winter afternoon reveals its texture and illuminates its whiteness.

The feeling of being protected by a sturdy and thick-walled home is common to a great deal of Texas regionalist architecture, even when stone isn't the predominant material. A property in Austin on which David Lake designed a house for his mother has a nine-foot-high stone wall separating the front yard from the street. When visitors open a pair of old Mexican doors in the wall, they enter a secluded front courtyard. The house itself is made of stucco applied over conventional stud walls, but the studs are extra-thick—six inches in most areas and eight inches on the living-room wall. The thickness allowed Lake to recess windows two inches or so into the wall openings and to recess the main doors by about five inches, making the walls appear massive and uncommonly protective. Lake/Flato Architects instructs plasterers to apply stucco with rounded edges at corners and around windows and doors. The curves make the walls less cardboard-like, more solid looking, yet also softer feeling.

By the time I finished looking at these houses, it had become evident to me that the main current in Texas regionalism is toward houses that give an impression of being soothingly thick and durable and that are highly sensitive to the outdoors. One of the last houses I visited was the Lifshutz home, in the San Antonio suburb of Alamo Heights. Chris Carson and Carolyn S. Peterson, of Ford, Powell & Carson, designed it as a kind of stucco fortress for Yvonne Lifshutz, who wanted,

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Antique doors give access to a courtyard in this Austin house by David Lake (above); bottom, the courtyard from inside

she says, "a feeling of refuge from the absolutely violent heat we have."

Ms. Lifshutz requested "dead-end rooms." With no cross-traffic, the rooms seem still and cozy; they magnify the sense of refuge. The house's simple exterior styling draws from the Spanish-territorial period in Texas. On the interior are hand-hewn whitewashed timbers (reminiscent of Texas German settlers' houses from the 1850s), plaster, and barrel-vaulted ceilings. Heavy floor-to-ceiling wooden shutters allow windows and doors to be closed off from the hot breath of the outside world.

The Lifshutz house stands—oddly, for either an expensive custom house or a regionalist house—next to suburban-roadside commercial development with lots of cars coming and going. Consequently, instead of looking outward the house focuses inward on a central courtyard, where people can sit in the sun. When the weather is hot, they can stretch out long sections of cloth to make a fabric roof over the courtyard, filtering the sun's rays. The Texas regionalist ideal is to have a good central air-conditioning system for use several months of the year, but to enjoy a non-air-conditioned existence when the weather turns milder.

REGIONALISM TOOK encouragement from the 1987 publication of *For an Architecture of Reality*, by Michael Benedikt, an architecture professor at the University of Texas. Benedikt's is a tiny but illuminating book that tells, among other things, how postmodernism went wrong. Postmodern buildings, Benedikt says, too often demanded to be "read," as if architecture were simply a language and the public could grasp a building's

message by looking at symbolic shapes (such as Ionic columns made of flat painted plywood) that the architect had deployed almost in billboard fashion. Not only have the shapes and symbols of postmodern buildings generally been difficult to interpret and take pleasure from; they have seemed arbitrary and out of touch with real concerns. Arbitrariness has been the curse of much recent architecture.

Regionalism in most instances has the great virtue of avoiding such arbitrariness. It ties new buildings to the climate, culture, crafts, indigenous materials, and, more often than not, architectural heritage of a place—helping new architecture to seem at home. Some regionalist buildings indulge in nostalgia. Usually they are quite livable, but they're not the best that regionalism can achieve. The most outstanding regionalist houses, like Speck's house for himself and Welch's Morton house, draw from past architecture but go beyond it, to achieve vigor and freshness. Whether the designs being created in central Texas will have a lasting impact is hard to say. But whatever the long-term effect may be, Texas these days is getting some very fine houses. □

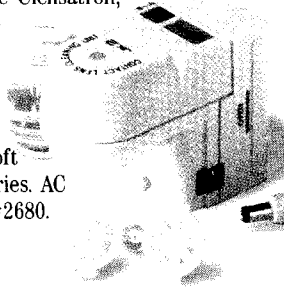


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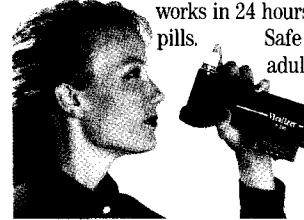
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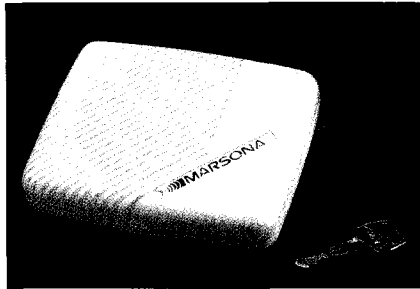


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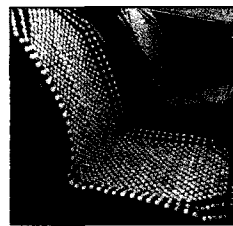


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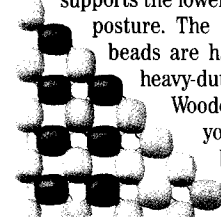


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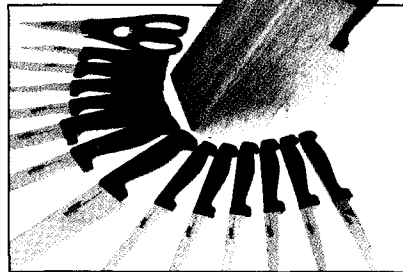
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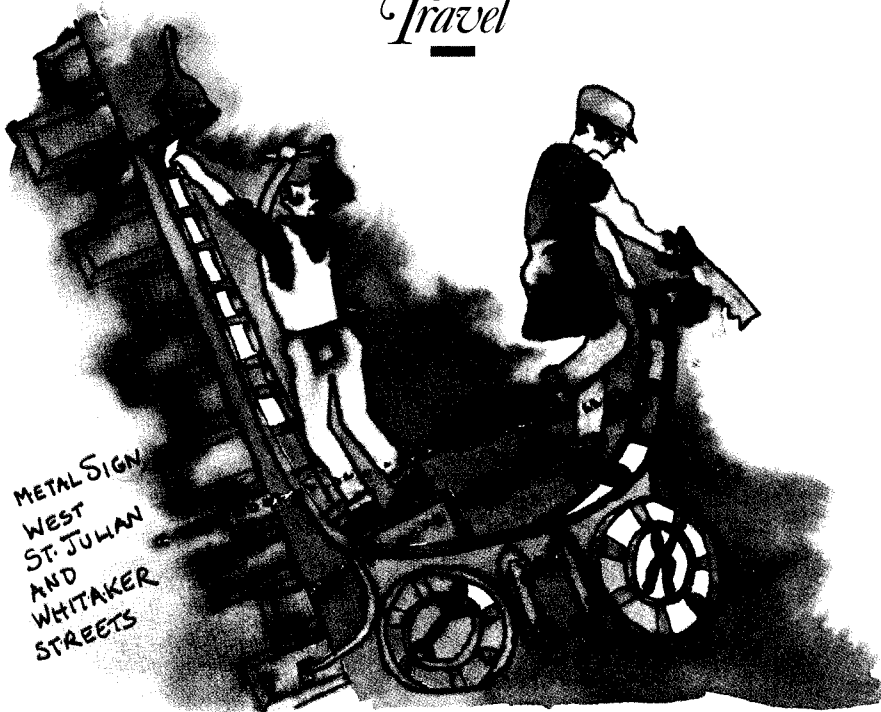
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Claiming Savannah

Anyone can feel proprietary about one of America's handsomest towns

by Corby Kummer

SAVANNAH DOESN'T KNOW how good it is, which is why it's so wonderful to visit. Sometimes, it is true, the city is a magnet for tourists: this month hundreds of thousands of people will converge for a famous Saint Patrick's Day parade, and thousands more will come for special garden tours to see the azaleas that festoon the city. But otherwise the city is sleepy, keeping the pace of 1950s America. Savannah is not part of the New South. "Hell," one businessman who grew up there told me, "we're not even on the weather map anymore."

That leaves a visitor free to discover for himself the city's immense architectural riches, its lushly decorated and personalized inns, and its good food—a privilege long denied visitors to Charleston, a hundred miles to the north, which long ago discovered itself. Savannah is well worth traveling to on its own, despite its frequent pairing in travelers' itineraries with Charleston, and certainly vacationers

on Hilton Head Island, which is just forty-five minutes away by car, should take a few days off from the beaches and golf courses to see Savannah. The architecture of Charleston, pretty as it is, is dominated by eighteenth-century styles (most of it withstood Hurricane Hugo), while Savannah's is a textbook of styles from more than two hundred years. I feel as happy walking its streets as I do in small cities in Italy, where I tell myself that I am the first to appreciate the diversity and quality of the buildings around me. I'm wrong in every case, of course. But anyone can still feel proprietary about Savannah.

All the architecture in Savannah starts with the city plan, which the English General James Oglethorpe designed in 1733. The plan laid out four squares in the manner of some squares in London and also of Roman and other fortified cities. The plan turned out to be brilliant, allowing public and private buildings to be interspersed rather than concentrating them in separate

areas. Savannah survived several disastrous fires, and twenty more squares were eventually added. Today a stroller in the 2.2-square-mile downtown historic district is never far from greenery, and never far from anything else in the city either.

The best place to be introduced to Savannah is the Massie Heritage Interpretation Center, in a former public school built in 1856–1886. The Massie gives a concise, thoughtful history of the styles of architecture in the city, and shows how the city changed; one room is devoted to the city plan, with a seven-by-nine-foot model of the District, as the downtown is called. An hour at the Massie is delightful, and perfectly orients the visitor, but the center, inconveniently, keeps school hours and is closed on weekends. Most first-time visitors find themselves at the Savannah Visitors Center, which, with its sketchy exhibitions and a hokey twenty-minute historical film accompanied by automated figures lurching up and down, is a distant second best.

Savannah first became rich from trade in cotton, especially after the invention of the cotton gin, in 1793 at a nearby plantation, and the arrival of the railroad, in the 1830s. The riverfront became a cotton exchange, and the handsome warehouses and counting rooms along River Street, which is a full story below street level (it is connected to the city by a series of ingeniously designed staircases and ramps), still survive, some now occupied by quaint souvenir shops. The city was untouched in the Civil War. After 1920 the economy declined, with the result that aside from misguided destruction in the 1950s and 1960s—for highways, parking garages, a civic center, and chain hotels—the city today looks much as it did in the twenties, when almost everything dated from the nineteenth century. In the sixties a preservation group led by a local businessman named Lee Adler saved thousands of buildings by selling them to people who promised to restore them. Adler, who went on to win grants to restore houses for low-income tenants, last November received a Medal of the Arts from the President for his efforts. Now the District is largely occupied by upper-class whites, but not by the kind of rich retirees who move to Charleston. Savannah still owns itself.

THERE ARE SEVEN house museums in Savannah. All are worthwhile, but the one I keep going back to is unlike any house I know of in America, perhaps because it was designed in England, and in a style that never took hold here. William Jay was an architect trained during the regency of George IV, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and he designed for a relative what is now called the Owens-Thomas House. Jay was allowed to try out seemingly all his ideas, many of which were taken from the English architect Sir John Soane. The house is showily clever, full of plays on shallow ovals and unexpected windows in unexpected shapes ("ox eyes," greek keys) and colors (rosin yellow, deep blue). A bridge at the top of the mahogany double staircase, which is edged with undulating incised brass, links two parts of the second floor which otherwise look like unconnected islands. The furniture, in many nineteenth-century styles, is superb. The spaces in the house refuse to lay themselves out plainly, and starting at the sinuous portico, with its long columns and tiny Ionic capitals before a wide, shallow niche for the front door, the whole house seems dreamlike. The peeling, mottled stucco exterior, in shades of apricot streaked from age with lime green and black, also refuses to identify itself as one color. None of the surviving buildings that Jay designed after he moved to Savannah has the tranquil mystery of the Owens-Thomas House.

The Davenport House, a block away, is a good example of the Federal style, with well-made furniture. But it is the continuum of the nineteenth century that makes Savannah different from many cities, and so the other house museum of exceptional stylistic interest is the Gothic Revival Green-Meldrim. (Another Gothic Revival building, on the next square, is Temple Mickve Israel, the third oldest Jewish congregation in the country, which has its own small museum.) The Juliette Gordon Low Birthplace, furnished in the Victorian style of the 1880s, has a more casual, familial air—as it should, considering the number of current and former Girl Scouts who go through it: Low founded the Girl Scouts, in 1912. Visitors leave through a gift shop, which, disappointingly, sells no Girl Scout cookies.

SEVERAL OF THESE houses are on Bull Street, the spine of Savannah, which from the first was the place for builders and their clients to show off. My favorite building is on Wright Square: the little-celebrated U.S. Post Office, an enormous Beaux Arts Renaissance palace, built in 1895 and added to, in the same style, in 1931. It has a high, ornate, arched tower that is a wedding-cake version of a Venetian bell tower. The polished granite sparkles, and the grandiose is happily undercut by the silly.

Across Wright Square is another remarkable building, the yellow brick Chatham County Courthouse, by William G. Preston, who brought to town the Romanesque Revival of the nineteenth-century architect H. H. Richardson, with its stones in contrasting colors, wide arches, ornamental brickwork, and massive turrets.

Preston's best work, the 1893 Savannah Volunteer Guards Armory Building, is two squares down Bull Street. Upended iron cannons flank the entryway. No guardsmen pass between them: the armory is now a classroom building for the Savannah College of Art and Design, a young institution that gives B.F.A.s, M.F.A.s, and B.Arch.s, and the traffic is artily dressed students carrying portfolio cases. Under its aggressive president, Richard Rowan, the school has bought two dozen historic buildings and is busily renovating them. Old Savannah is leery of Rowan, a northerner, and the changes he has wrought. The SCAD student body has grown from seventy-one in 1979, the first year of classes, to 1,800. Parking has become a problem. Last December the city council considered (and tabled) an ordinance to prohibit skateboarding. Students leave unsightly deck chairs and towels on wrought-iron balconies. When a woman I met complained of this, someone suggested that she, too, had in the past hung towels on her balcony. "Towels?" she replied indignantly. "Never. Oriental rugs, maybe."

But SCAD has revived the District, and even grumblers admit that the students on the streets make them feel more comfortable walking at night. One way to see the town is to board one of SCAD's English double-decker shuttle buses, which will take you to, among other places, a Moorish county jail converted to a video studio, and



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the wonderful Richardsonian and neo-classical Henry Street School, with terra-cotta floral swags, where instead of desks there are now looms for textile classes. Your companions will most likely have bleached hair and a few earrings in one ear—not the sort you find next to you on a tour in a horse-drawn carriage.

AS BEFITS a house-proud city, Savannah has exceptionally handsome inns. A number have been made from houses in the District, and of these, three stand out for the attention their owners have given the rooms and give the guests: the Gastonian, the Magnolia Place Inn, and the Ballastone Inn. The rooms in all of them are individually decorated, with new beds and color televisions (the Ballastone and the Magnolia feature VCRs in each room, and maintain videocassette libraries with excellent selections) and frequently with working fireplaces and whirlpool baths. All serve breakfast on trays or in prettily decorated dining rooms; they also serve in courtyards in warm weather. All offer tea and sherry or wine in the afternoons, and the Ballastone has a full bar. Instead of chocolates on the pillow, there are often pralines made with Georgia pecans, which I find much more tempting. I stayed at the Gastonian, and enjoyed the warm welcome of the proprietors, Hugh and Roberta Lineberger. The bathrooms are very large, and one is overwhelming—a whole parlor with a vast whirlpool bath in the middle, covered with a baldachin. It is part of the Caracalla Suite (the other rooms are named for famous Savannahians), and suggests that the Gastonian might do well for a second honeymoon.

The Magnolia is in a late-nineteenth-century Victorian mansion on Forsyth Park, just across the border that divides the Historic District from the Victorian District, which is also rich in architectural curiosities. I found the rooms, with their interesting moldings and pretty Portuguese-tiled fireplaces, most to my taste, especially a gentian-blue room, 301. Because the front rooms, two sharing a veranda, have such a good view of the azalea-covered park, they are booked fast for late March and much of April, the height of the season (the Savannah Tour of Homes and Gardens, at 912-234-8054, runs tours from March 24 to 28; the Garden Club of Savannah, at 912-238-0248, runs tours on April 20 and 21). The Ballastone, next to the Low house on Bull Street, is in a more central yet quieter location. I would be delighted to stay in one of its very attractive rooms. Prices range from \$85 to \$225 a night, with the Magnolia charging slightly less than the Ballastone.

stone and the Gastonian. (The telephone number of the Gastonian is 912-232-2869, the Magnolia 912-236-7674, and the Ballastone 912-236-1484.)

SAVANNAH IS NOT the place, unfortunately, to explore low-country cooking, as the dishes from the region along the Georgia and South Carolina coasts are called. Low-country cooking, which blends English, Caribbean, and French influences with great delicacy, is found almost exclusively in private houses (the Charleston culinary historian and bookseller John Martin Taylor, of Hoppin' John's, is now writing what promises to be the definitive work on it). But for generic southern food there is the redoubtable Mrs. Wilkes Boarding House, where at lunchtime Monday to Friday each table is a groaning board covered with fried chicken, red rice, hot biscuits straight from the oven (I can vouch for this, having once asked for biscuit lessons; instead, I was put to work for

two hours forming biscuits and setting them on big baking sheets), collard greens, candied yams, okra with tomatoes, succotash, rutabaga, pickled beets, snap beans, and various other vegetables and stews. Tables are for at least eight, and you'll quickly make friends with the other people at your table; you can practice a boarding-house reach to get some of everything. This excess costs just \$6.50. Breakfast costs \$3.75, and has the same biscuits plus eggs, ham, sausages, and delicious grits. Mrs. Wilkes (pronounced "Miz Wilkes"; she is still alive but her family helps run the restaurant and inn today) and her restaurant are the closest most people will come to real southern food in Savannah. Plenty of na-



Owens-Thomas House
1819

tives eat there, knowing to arrive at 2:30, a half hour before closing, when they are likely not to have to wait long. Certainly no one should miss the fried chicken, whether or not he would consider eating it back home. Breakfast is served from 8:00 to 9:00, lunch from 11:30 to 3:00; the address is 107 West Jones Street; and if you don't want to wait, you can get fried chicken and other fare to take away.

The dress-up restaurant in town is Elizabeth on 37th, in an early-twentieth-century mansion near the Victorian District. The restaurant has probably received more publicity than any other in the South in the past ten years. It's not a southern restaurant, even if many of the ingredients are associated with the region. Its owner, Elizabeth Terry, is a self-taught cook from the Midwest with high professionalism and a fine sense for good food. At worst, dinner seems like what you might receive at a dinner party given by an able and enthusiastic cook. At best, as in wild mushrooms on flaky pastry bases; or squares of fried grits crisp outside and custardy inside; or grilled fillets of a local game fish; or silk pie, with a meringue crust and a light chocolate-mousse filling, the food can be as good as at any restaurant in America, and it is reasonably priced—dinner costs \$40 to \$60 a person. The restaurant serves only dinner; the telephone number is 912-236-5547. Another dressy restaurant said to be very good, with an interesting menu that has Northern Italian touches, is 45 South (912-233-1881), near the river. Locals go to eat plain fresh boiled or steamed seafood, served on newspa-

pers, at Desposito's (912-897-9963), in the nearby town of Thunderbolt, where the police insignia has a big bolt of lightning running through it.

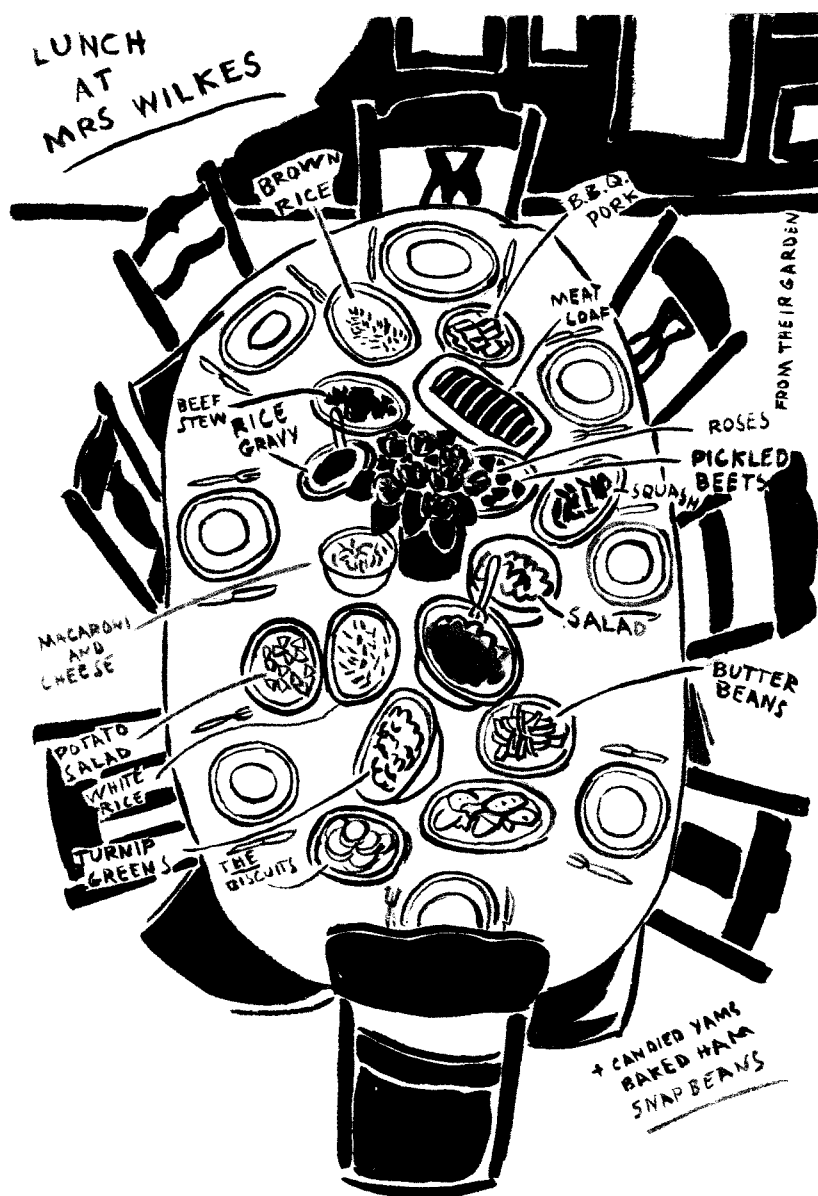
For a quick lunch while sightseeing there is the central Express Cafe, at 39 Barnard Street, with good soups and sandwiches, and for a snack there is Comer's Cookies, a small independent bakery that makes deliciously crisp cookies (and nothing else), in the middle of the District, at 313 Barnard Street. And although I can't recommend the food, I like to stop in at McCrory's, an old-fashioned five-and-ten on Broughton Street, which was once the main shopping street and is now the locus of efforts to revive downtown retail. McCrory's, like Kresge's, down the street, still has a lunch counter. Ordering coffee or a soda

there feels like checking in to an older urban America.

MANY COMPANIES offer guided tours. It is probably best to try the Historic Savannah Foundation first, at its headquarters at 41 West Broad Street. Two guides, Elizabeth Richardson and Ethelyn Stults, come especially recommended, and the foundation also rents recorded walking tours. Another recommended guide is Deborah Helmken, of Gray Line Tours. The finest guide of all is said to be W. W. Law, who leads visitors on the Negro Heritage Trail by request and only on Saturdays, since he still works as a postman. (Other guides will take groups on the trail on weekdays, given a day's notice.) Law helped found the King-Tisdell Cottage, a small gingerbread cottage that documents the

life of blacks in and around Savannah and on the sea islands off the Georgia coast, where some African culture has survived. The black middle class was always strong in Savannah, and its institutions and churches continue in force today; if it has become less strong, so has the white middle class—Savannah is today largely a blue-collar and upper-class city.

Surely a tour by any well-informed guide helps place a visitor. Ask, for instance, to see the simple house where Flannery O'Connor lived, which a local group is trying to make into a museum, or the grand house where the songwriter Johnny Mercer's grandparents lived. But any tour will leave you with the same resolve you'll have after studying the city plan at the Massie—to walk every square in Savannah. □



Books

The Making of L.A.

by James Fallows

MATERIAL DREAMS: Southern California Through the 1920s
by Kevin Starr.
Oxford University Press, \$24.95.

KEVIN STARR'S California Dream series, which started with one thick volume published seventeen years ago, has evolved into something much richer and more significant than Starr could reasonably have expected when he began. The first book, *Americans and the California Dream: 1850-1915*, was a seemingly self-contained study of how the idea of a rich, Edenic California affected the popular imagination in the rest of America, much as the idea of a virgin North American continent had earlier affected Europe. This new book is the third in the series (*Inventing the Dream: California Through the Progressive Era* was published in 1985), and Starr announces in the preface that a fourth, about California during the Great Depression, is in store.

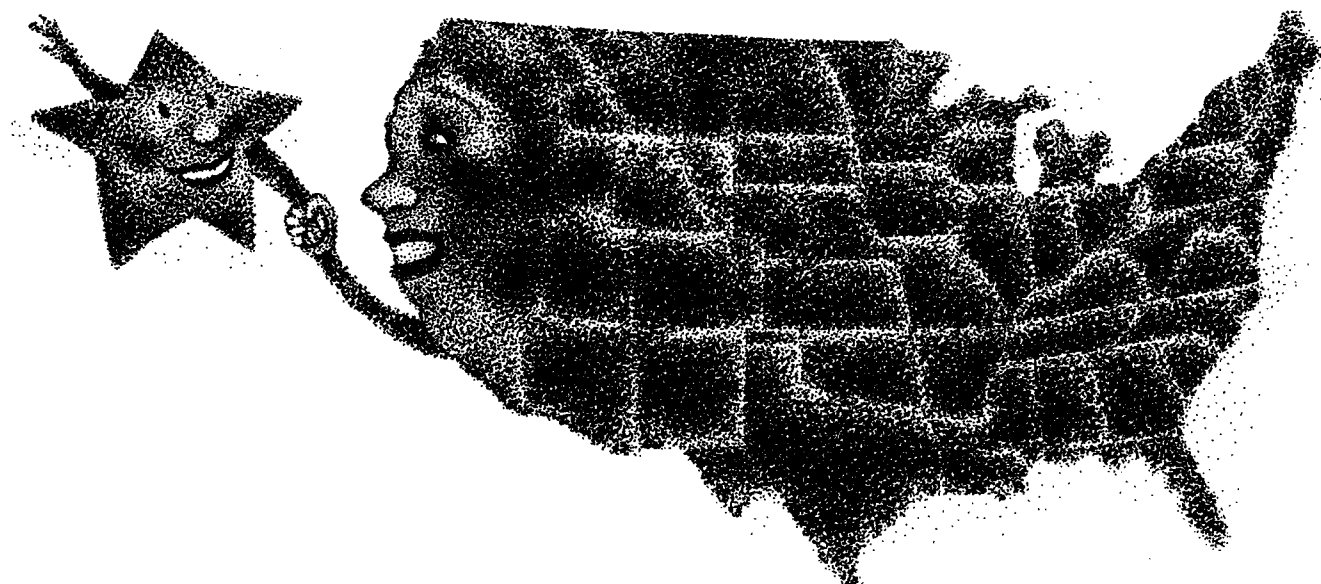
Starr's purpose is obviously not mere

boosterism. He is an honest scholar and a skillful storyteller, and many of his stories are necessarily about scoundrels or buffoons (for instance, the public-relations man who in the 1920s came up with the slogan "If Jesus Christ were on earth today, he'd be a Shriner!"). But his books may fulfill the healthy function of persuading people to take California more seriously.

This very concept may sound strange. California is the most populous state, with more political, economic, and technological power than any other. How could anyone not take it seriously? But California is still condescended to by the eastern edge of the country, in much the way that America as a whole has been by Europeans. The condescension concerns not the importance of California (or America), which is conceded, but rather its sophistication as a culture. The standard European complaint about America, expressed with more confidence in the nineteenth century than in the twentieth but hardly unvoiced today, is that despite its influence it lacks the tradition, taste, and *gravitas* that entitle a civilization to be taken seriously. Honestly, now—if you're not from California, don't you feel the same way about it, especially the southern half of the state? When I went east from California to college

and first ran into people who had grown up in old Salem or in the Virginia tide-water country or, God help us, in London or Rome, I kept hearing about the long, dense histories of those places, as if whatever Cotton Mather or Thomas Jefferson or Julius Caesar had done in the past automatically made my fellow eighteen-year-olds more refined than me. What appeal to tradition was I supposed to offer in my defense? That I used to have lunch at the original McDonald's restaurant, in San Bernardino, before its name was sold to Ray Kroc?

The very trait the traditionalists have been sneering at, of course, is the one that has made California (and America) most distinctive. It is the idea that anything is possible, and that people can invent new roles and lives for themselves if they don't like the ones they have. Sometimes the belief in wide-open possibility sets Californians up for disappointment—Nathaniel West's original title for *The Day of the Locust* was *The Cheated*. Sometimes the results are ludicrous. When people rebel against tradition, they usually forget about moderation and good taste at the same time. This book contains a deft set piece about Edgar Rice Burroughs, who wrote the first Tarzan novels while living in the suburbs of Chicago but then (anticipating the later migration of Hugh Hefner)



set out for Los Angeles to create a life-style befitting the world he had invented in print. Burroughs bought 550 acres in the San Fernando Valley and created a kind of jungle preserve, which he called the Tarzana Ranch. The expenses of maintaining the ranch used up Burroughs's book and movie royalties, and he had to carve his land into small housing lots, now the suburb of Tarzana. "Banished from the canyons and rolling hills of Tarzana, the Ape Man re-emerged as an intense local Southern Californian cult," Starr says. "Numerous foods and products bore the Tarzan logo. A chain of stations sold Tarzan gasoline."

But besides illustrating the comedy and pathos of this nontraditional culture, Starr's three books demonstrate that it *is* a culture, as dense and fascinating in its way as a traditional mannered society might be, and that its success is based on the same rejection of limits that can make it seem ridiculous.

Starr's focus in this book is on the practical and logistical side of southern California's growth. In particular, he asks why the nation's second-largest city should have emerged on a parched inland basin that does not naturally invite human settlement—and that lagged well behind the San Francisco Bay area in development through the end of the nineteenth century. "Los Angeles did not just happen or arise out of existing circumstances, a harbor, a river, a railroad terminus," Starr says. "Los Angeles envisioned itself, then materialized that vision through sheer force of will." The same is often said of Dallas and Atlanta, but Los Angeles has ended up with more economic and cultural breadth than any other American city except New York. Starr argues that there was a close connection between the city's ability to invent itself and the anything-is-possible dream that still draws migrants there.

BEFORE STEPS COULD be taken toward southern California's development, water had to be brought in from somewhere else, since there is almost none naturally on hand. The Los Angeles "River" is a kind of joke that trickles down a concrete ditch among the freeways. Even now land that is not irrigated supports nothing except thorns and brush. The struggle for water rights is the primal drama of the region, like the war between

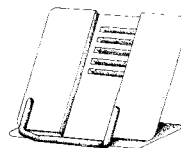
sheepherders and cattlemen in the Great Plains states, and it has been the theme of a number of books and of Roman Polanski's film *Chinatown*.

Starr retells the water saga in a gripping, vivid way, clearly showing the different moral visions that lay behind different irrigation schemes. In the early, innocent days a number of idealists (including a party of Mormons sent over the mountains from Salt Lake City) thought that the need for irrigation would make California a wonderfully cooperative, harmonious place. The rice-growing cultures of East Asia often claim that the need to manage water collectively has been the basis of their social order. (If one farmer neglects his dikes, the water pours out and ruins everyone else's paddies.) The idealists thought that something similar might happen in California.

They were wrong. Their plans were bulldozed under by a more typically American approach. Speculators brought in water, or pressured the government to bring it in, which then became the basis of great private wealth.

The first heroic-scale water project, undertaken at about the time the Panama Canal was built and with the same bravado, involved diverting the mighty Colorado River so that it would flow into a canal, rather than wasting itself in the Gulf of California. Most of the water could then be used to irrigate a blasted desert area known as the Salton Sink. "It is my earnest desire to worship at our own altar and to receive the blessing from the shrine of our own government," said Anthony Heber, the leader of a canal-development consortium, when asking for a government ruling that would permit him to continue diverting Colorado River water into a canal his company had built. (Heber was speaking, Starr tells us in the book's best phrase, with "weaseline fury.") "But if such permission is not given, of necessity I will be compelled to worship elsewhere." "Elsewhere" meant Mexico, where Heber was indeed compelled to go for water. Along the southern side of the border he built a new canal, which turned into an engineering disaster. The Colorado was supposed to follow its prescribed course toward the fields, but at flood stage it surged through the diversion cut and for the next two years dumped its entire contents into the Salton Sink, creating the vast body of water now

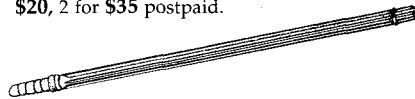
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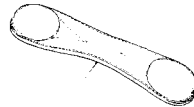
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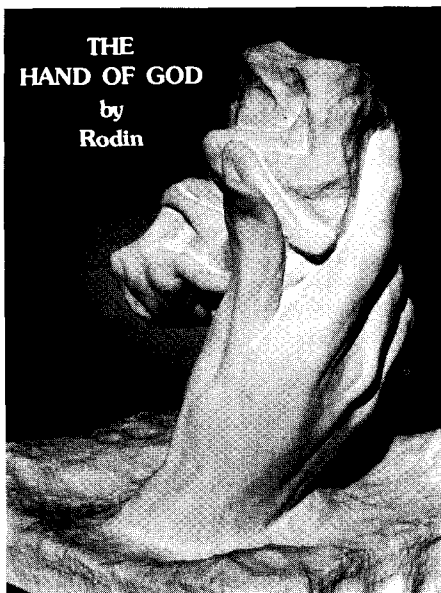
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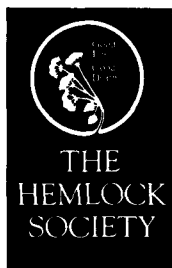


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known as the Salton Sea. But the canal-builders' work meant that irrigation water had come to inland California, and the parts of the Salton Sink not submerged would

be called the Imperial Valley: imperial as in empire . . . not a kingdom inherited, but an empire seized from inhospitable nature through engineering and water.

The other aqua-Promethean drama, closer to the contours of *Chinatown*, concerned the bringing of water to the thirsty people of Los Angeles. The nearest available supply was the Owens River, which began in a glacier and flowed along the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, hundreds of miles from the city. Here entered southern California's counterpart to New York's Robert Moses: William Mulholland, the chief engineer of the municipal water company. Starr says that Mulholland moved beyond engineering details to a vision of what Owens River water might mean to all of southern California. He devoted himself to the legal, technical, political, and financial efforts required to bring the water down from the mountains and across the Mojave Desert. "The success of the aqueduct," Starr says, "would transform Mulholland, an obscure self-taught Irish immigrant, into the one universally acknowledged Founder of Los Angeles." Starr concludes the Owens Valley story with a marvelous scene set in November of 1913. Nearly a decade of nonstop negotiation, lobbying, electioneering, and construction has come to an end. Mulholland's aqueduct stretches 235 miles from the snowy Sierras to the great city. A crowd of more than 30,000 has gathered to witness the momentous event of the water's arrival and to drink from the newly opened spillway. Mulholland, his wife lying gravely ill in the hospital, points to the gushing flow and says simply: "There it is. Take it."

STARR GOES ON to describe the many other kinds of development that became possible once the water was flowing. Southern California soon established an industrial base that was surprisingly diversified and robust, considering the area's reputation as entertainment-land. Show business was big business, but so were other, more practical enterprises: oil wells and re-

fineries, tire factories, the nation's greatest concentration of aircraft companies. Local banks financed most of the expansion. Growth itself became a huge industry, and construction and land development established many local fortunes.

The communities that grew up on the newly irrigated plain looked strange to most outsiders, before the rest of America came to resemble California. Starr offers long, detailed explanations for why southern California looks the way it does. The first suburban sprawl grew around an electric-rail network that brought commuters into downtown Los Angeles.

Like the roads leading to Rome, the entire system converged in a nine-story central downtown terminal . . . , the Charing Cross of Los Angeles, where the ambience of departing and arriving streetcars, newsstands, coffee shops, and rushing passengers gave Los Angeles the feel of big cities such as London, New York, and Chicago.

Starr argues that the rail system succumbed to cars and freeways not because of a plot by the oil and auto industries, as southern California folklore holds, but because of a crucial political decision not to modernize the rail system in the 1920s, when it needed to be moved onto elevated platforms if the trolleys were not to be strangled in surface-level traffic. (One reason the bond vote failed, Starr says, is that elevated trains reminded too many voters of the cities they had left behind.) The distinctive appearance of suburban southern California also reflects the impulse to invent a new way of life. The "typical" California trees were brought in from other parts of the world—eucalyptus from Australia, palm from Central America and other points in the tropics, even the orange from Spain—and the architecture emerged not simply from building-by-building decisions but from vigorous debates about how the region as a whole should look. The three major contending schools affect southern California's appearance even now: "Spanish Revival," which gave us Santa Barbara and thousands of houses with red-tile roofs; "Mediterranean-Beaux Arts," epitomized by the Stanford campus in northern California and those of Pomona, Occidental, and Cal Tech in the south; and "Craftsman

Bungalow," an elegant style of wooden house-building that combined Asian and classic European influences. Some of the most celebrated Craftsman homes, by the architects Bernard Maybeck and the Greene brothers, are found in Berkeley in northern California and Pasadena in the south.

Starr populates the physical landscape he has sketched, describing the motives that drew migrants to Los Angeles and the ways they changed after they arrived. He concentrates on a group he calls "The Folks"—the middle-class-and-below ordinary people, typically from the Midwest, who thought they could get a new start in the sunshine. Most writers either sentimentalize this group, as John Steinbeck did, or ridicule it, as Joan Didion has often done. Starr avoids doing either and argues instead that the traits that make The Folks seem embarrassing and vulgar—for example, their enthusiasm for the evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson when she dressed in a USC football uniform and urged them to "carry the ball for Christ"—were connected to their liberating belief that they had escaped the confines of tradition and class by moving west.

THERE IS MUCH more in this book than I can indicate here, nearly all of it absorbing. The book's only noticeable defect is that Starr, who was a junior professor at Harvard when he began the series, lapses occasionally into lit-crit jargon when summing up his points. He seems to have forgotten that outside the English department, people don't "decode" building styles or political speeches; they merely analyze or interpret them. Most of the time, however, Starr tells his story in strong, clear prose.

In all three of his books Starr suggests that California has been a mirror. People look at it and see not the state itself but a reflection of their pre-existing beliefs and concerns. In that spirit, let me offer a California-based conclusion about how America should deal with its economic problems, including its competition with Japan.

Despite its obvious problems, southern California has been a case study in effective economic development. Indeed, its pollution, overpopulation, and ugly overbuilding mainly reflect its success in expanding its economic base. Southern California also

interacts with East Asian economies more successfully than most other parts of America do—it buys a tremendous amount from Asia, but also sells. It is in that sense a model for America, and Starr's analysis suggests that southern California is strong because it mixes what we would now call American-style and Japanese-style techniques.

In the internal texture of its society southern California has been individualistic, untraditional, fluid, ethnically and socially open—that is, completely un-Japanese. But the framework that surrounds this culture, the vat containing the fermenting brew, if you will, was built by people with a Japanese-like belief in deliberate industrial development. Mulholland and the other civic fathers did not wait around for the invisible hand to bring in water, lay out a transportation system, and expand the docks. They intervened deliberately, to create an environment in which an unplanned, freewheeling economy could grow. There is an accomplishment to reflect on, while waiting for Starr's next book. □

Do Good Fences Make Good Neighbors?

by John Lewis Gaddis

WARPATHS: The Politics
of Partition
by Robert Schaeffer.
Hill and Wang, \$22.95.

MOST OF US THOUGHT that the Cold War would end sooner or later, but I don't know of anyone who expected that it would do so on a precise date, thereby affording future generations an occasion for anniversary celebrations. And yet November 9, 1989, is likely to be so remembered, for it was on that day that we turned on the evening news to marvel at the sight of ecstatic Germans dancing atop the Berlin Wall, chipping away at it with hammers and chisels, and greeting each other joyfully

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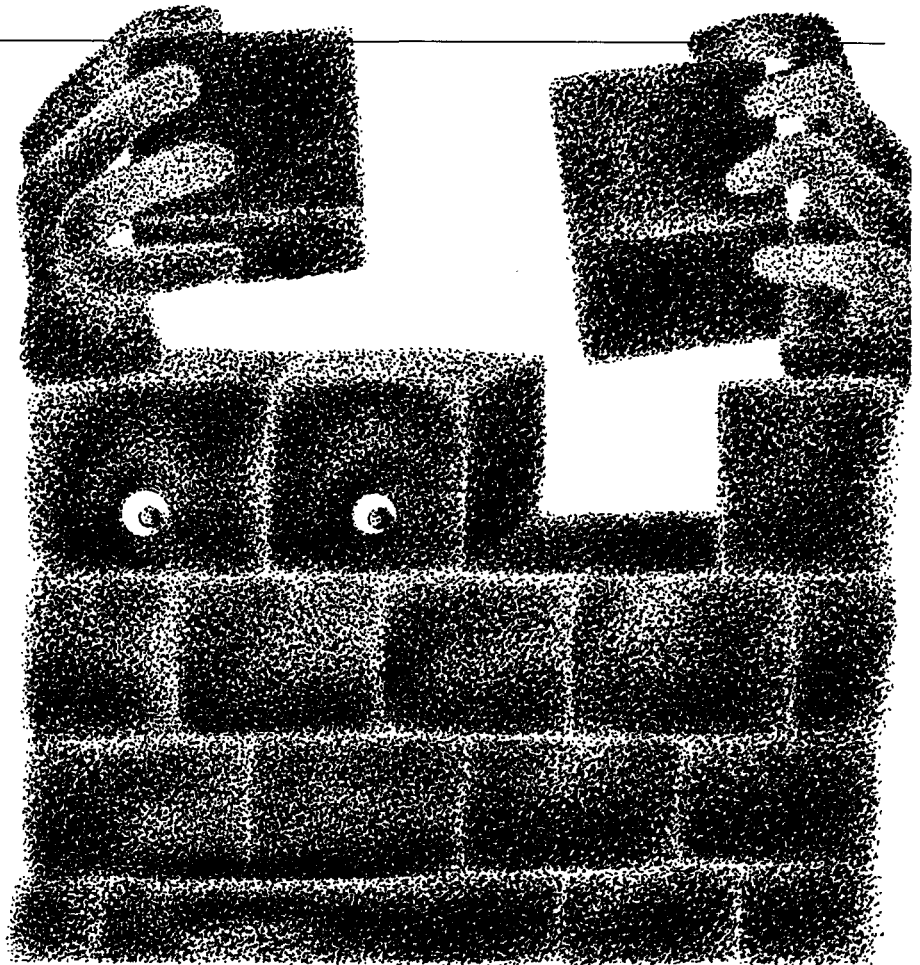


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through the ragged holes and cracks they had opened up. The most visible symbol of the Cold War had suddenly become a relic: an atrocity had been transformed into an artifact overnight. In an oddly appropriate reflection of this "victory" of capitalism over communism, entrepreneurs took only a few days to begin hawking chunks of the wall—by now an artifact in a commercial as well as a political sense—on the streets of New York.

Appearing at a moment when partitions are crumbling both literally and figuratively, Robert Schaeffer's *Warpaths: The Politics of Partition* could hardly be more timely. A Washington-based journalist now working for Greenpeace, Schaeffer wrote this book to document his conviction that partitions like the Berlin Wall are a major cause of war—and of crises that might lead to war—in the world today. But Schaeffer undercuts his own argument by acknowledging that the Russians and the Americans did well to divide Germany and Korea after the Second World War: that kind of partition provided a way for the superpowers "to contain their disagreements and avoid a third world war." Nor is he clear on the relationship between partition and self-determination: he criticizes partition because it violates that principle, but he also thinks self-determination is dangerous because it leads to the proliferation of quarreling microstates. As a consequence, his book is something of a muddle, and hence a less than satisfactory guide to the history that has so abruptly transformed at least some long-standing partitions (there is a lively trade as well these days in Hungarian barbed wire) into coffee-table conversation pieces.

We welcomed the collapse of the Berlin Wall because, as Americans, we are supposed to support self-determination. But Schaeffer's account of how that commitment came about bogs down in a tortured effort to give both Woodrow Wilson and Vladimir Ilich Lenin credit for it: the idea originated, he tells us, in their common antipathy for European colonialism. That interpretation leaves out a lot, including the First World War. One would hardly realize from Schaeffer's book that Wilson endorsed self-determination in his January, 1918, Fourteen Points speech largely to counter—not reinforce—the effects of the Bolshevik Revolution.



Nor does Schaeffer make it clear that Wilson applied that idea most vigorously not against colonialism (Britain and France were, after all, on our side in that war) but against Imperial Germany's principal ally, the tottering, polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire, which simply came apart as each of its subject nationalities found in the President's rhetoric justification for secession and subsequent independence.

Schaeffer is no more convincing when he tells us solemnly, a few pages later, that the United Nations Charter "represents the full expression of Wilson and Lenin's call for common security, creation of independent nation-states, break-up of colonial empires, and secession based on self-determination." This overlooks the inconvenient fact that Lenin created the Soviet Union, itself a polyglot empire (and now a tottering one as well) that has not in the past responded charitably to secessionist movements seeking national independence.

Schaeffer's real interest, it turns out, is the British Empire, and how successive British governments went about disengaging from it. Here his history is less shaky and his insights are more perceptive. The British style of im-

perial devolution, he argues, was one of cut and run: confronted with the complexities of transferring power in places like Ireland, India, and Palestine (which Britain held as a League of Nations mandate), the British simply announced their intention to withdraw, dividing up their colonial possessions among the ethnic, religious, and national groups that inhabited them. The results, Schaeffer asserts, have produced some of the most intractable conflicts of our time: chronic Catholic-Protestant rivalries in Northern Ireland, the long-standing antagonism between predominantly Hindu India and predominantly Muslim Pakistan, and the equally persistent hostility between Israelis and Arabs where Palestine used to be.

But one wonders what the alternatives were, and how we can know that they would have been any less oppressive or dangerous than the measures actually taken. Diplomacy had already been tried in each of these situations and had failed. Coercion could have forced quarreling groups to accommodate each other, but it would have required a continuing British intervention on a tremendous scale, with minimal prospects of success. Anarchy

was always a way out, but one that provided little assurance of either order or justice. Schaeffer is surely right when he quotes Conor Cruise O'Brien's aphorism "Partition is the expedient of tired statesmen." All these were exhausting conflicts, and the temptation to split the difference—to follow King Solomon's example—must have been overwhelming. But the conflicts were there before Solomonic solutions were attempted; indeed, that is why they were thought necessary in the first place.

MEANWHILE, AS Schaeffer points out, the Cold War itself was producing other partitions. Unable to agree on what form postwar Germany was to take, the victors simply divided that state, and its national capital as well. Korea, for similar reasons, was also divided, as was Vietnam after the French defeat at Dienbienphu in 1954; these partitions paved the way for two bloody and protracted "limited" wars. Nor were they the only Cold War partitions: Austria, too, was divided for the first ten years of the postwar era; and even today two Chinese regimes compete for legitimacy, however asymmetrically, from their respective positions on either side of the Taiwan Strait.

But Schaeffer is strangely ambivalent about these partitions. He concedes that explicit political divisions—even if artificial—have been useful in demarcating superpower spheres of influence. With Germany divided, Europe has enjoyed its longest period of political stability and economic prosperity in modern history. The very nervousness that talk of reunification is now setting off, even among some Germans, suggests that geopolitical stability and national unity—for that nation at least—may not be the same thing. And although Cold War partitions in Korea and Vietnam did lead to "limited" wars, Schaeffer acknowledges that the post-1945 great powers, for whatever reason, have had a much better record of not going to war against one another than had their counterparts of the pre-1939 and pre-1914 eras.

Schaeffer worries, however, that although this system may have kept the peace so far, it is an exceedingly dangerous way of going about that task, given the existence of nuclear weapons. The United States in particular,

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■ Israel is still paying for all the wars forced upon it since its birth. Out of an annual budget of about \$20 billion, more than one-third, about \$7 billion, is for repaying and servicing of that debt and \$5 billion goes for defense. That leaves just \$8 billion to run all other services of the country. In making peace with Egypt and returning the Sinai, Israel gave up the oil fields it had developed, which yielded an annual income of over \$2 billion and which made Israel independent of oil imports. Israel also gave up the enormous investment in some of the world's most advanced and sophisticated military bases, and the cities of Yamit and Ofira.

■ All of these sacrifices did indeed create a major economic crisis, which resulted in inflation, unemployment and stagnation. But for the last three years, Israel has put into effect wide-ranging recovery plans, leading to economic stability and renewed growth. The results of these plans have exceeded even most optimistic expectations: Inflation was beaten without causing recession, unemployment declined, the budget deficit was reduced to 4% of GNP, and the Bank of Israel's foreign reserves almost doubled.

■ The energy and resourcefulness that has enabled Israel to absorb over 2 million immigrants and to convert a desolate land into one of green fields and modern cities are also reflected in Israel's economic development. Israel is a modern industrial state, whose output encompasses some of the most advanced technology and sophisticated production in the world. Industry is concentrated in high-technology and high-added-value products. It is based primarily on domestic scientific and technological creativity and innovation.

■ Israel is a leader in the fields of medical electronics, military electronics, civilian and military aviation, agri-technology, telecom-

munications, computerized graphics, fine chemicals, solar energy, water desalinization, and computer hardware and software. Traditional industries include food processing, textiles and fabrics, furniture, fertilizers, rubber, plastic, and metal products. The highest growth rates are in those branches that require heavy R&D investment, advanced engineering and sophisticated production techniques.

■ Israel is the acknowledged world leader in the diamond industry. It produces over 80% of the world's output of small polished stones. Israel is also the developer and the world leader in the drip irrigation technology of agriculture. Israeli equipment and this technology are now being used with great success in the arid regions of the United States and in many developing so-called "third world" countries (some of which don't acknowledge the "existence" of Israel).

■ Domestic tranquility, a western legal system, the superb university network (centered on Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the Technion in Haifa), the full infrastructure in transport, communications, and utilities, but primarily its educated and motivated population make Israel attractive to foreign industry. They are also aware that the highest level of R&D work is performed in Israel and that it costs around 40% less than in the U.S. Such companies as IBM, Digital Equipment, Intel, National Semiconductor, Motorola and many others have established plants and design and engineering centers in the new industrial parks mushrooming around the country's academic institutions. Israel has a Free Trade Area agreement with both the E.E.C. and with the United States, the only country in the world whose goods have preferential tariff reductions and duty-free access to the two most important markets in the world.

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he insists, has had a record of brandishing nuclear weapons in connection with conflicts over divided states. Here Schaeffer's failure to do careful research leads him seriously astray. Relying on an inadequately documented Brookings Institution study dating from 1981, he tells us that the United States has threatened the use of nuclear weapons on some twenty occasions since Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But the Brookings study confuses goodwill visits by nuclear-capable bombers and naval vessels with the issuing of nuclear threats: as a result Schaeffer has the United States threatening Uruguay (sic!) with atomic annihilation in 1947, among other horrors. Surely a matter as important as this requires a more sophisticated method of historical analysis.

And Schaeffer fails to note that during the late 1950s and early 1960s Nikita Khrushchev rattled nuclear sabers far more frequently and more colorfully than the Americans ever did: it was the Soviet leader, after all, who chose the occasion of an address before the United Nations General Assembly to claim that his country was turning out ICBMs "like sausages." Schaeffer's account entirely misses the fact, also, that nuclear threats on both sides have become increasingly rare since the Cuban missile crisis, and that, as McGeorge Bundy has pointed out in his masterly history of the nuclear age, *Danger and Survival*, the great powers have never come close to actually using a nuclear weapon in anger at any point since 1945. The argument that great-power partitions necessarily increase the danger of nuclear war must be regarded, then, as "not proven." And there is one striking case in which the erection of a highly conspicuous Cold War partition—the Berlin Wall in 1961—defused what many experts now regard as having been the most dangerous crisis of the nuclear age.

More-recent partitions have arisen, Schaeffer notes, from civil wars with which neither colonial powers nor Cold War superpowers have had much to do. Pakistan, a product of India's partition in 1947, was itself partitioned in 1971 with the secession of Bangladesh. Cyprus became a divided state after the Turks invaded to protect the Turkish minority there in 1974. Sri Lanka, Ethiopia, Lebanon, and even Israel within its post-1967 boundaries are all

states in which violent civil strife could cause partitioning in the future. The potential exists as well—although the prospects for success are more remote—for secessionist movements in Morocco, Spain, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Indonesia, and even Canada (remember Quebec). And Schaeffer could have pointed out—although, curiously, he pays little attention to this—that the Soviet Union itself is likely to have to accept partition in some form if the national rivalries that decades of authoritarian rule have only imperfectly suppressed are not now to become unmanageable. The Soviets even have minorities within minorities, such as the unhappy Abkhazians and South Ossetians, who are already demanding their right to separate from an equally discontented and secession-minded Soviet Georgia.

IT IS HERE, IF anywhere, that the real danger of partition today appears to lie. "If a minority . . . will secede rather than acquiesce," Schaeffer quotes Abraham Lincoln as warning in 1861, "they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority." One doesn't have to look far into the future to see where this could lead: we could have states the size of shopping malls, and a United Nations with as many members as Democratic National Conventions have delegates.

And if nuclear technology—or even sophisticated conventional-weapons technology—should continue to spread to smaller and smaller states, and to smaller and smaller factions within states, then many of the dangers that Schaeffer sees in other forms of partition could very well come to pass.

Schaeffer's solution, though, is less than satisfying. The trend toward partition could be reversed, he claims, if someone (it is not clear who) could provide (it is not clear how) the kind of constitutional guarantees for minorities promised at the end of the American Civil War and secured a century later during the civil-rights revolution. But it took the presumably enlightened Americans one of the bloodiest civil wars of all time and a subsequent century of aborted reform efforts to achieve even minimal minority safeguards; the process is by no means

complete even today. It may sound good for Schaeffer to recommend that the Druze militia, the Tamil Tigers, and the Polisario guerrillas all take up the study of Abraham Lincoln and of Martin Luther King, Jr., but recipients of this advice might be pardoned for pointing out that however worthy of emulation those two historical figures may be, a long and painful history—one definitely not worthy of emulation—lay between them.

Schaeffer does have a point, though, when he suggests that we should take a good tough look at our own rhetorical commitment to self-determination. For it is clear that this principle literally applied would mean an intensification of nationalism in an age in which transnational phenomena are supposed to be making the nation-state obsolete. Surely a system that has political trends running in opposite directions from their economic and cultural counterparts cannot be a healthy one. It is also the case that empires, despite their violations of self-determination, have at times "managed" political stability more efficiently than their individual successor states have been able to do. It could even be argued that joint Soviet-American "management" is what has kept the Cold War from growing hot for almost half a century.

Certainly we should be asking to what extent our support for self-determination should cause us to want to see the Soviet Union break up like the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and what assurance we might have that whatever replaced it would serve our interests any better. It should not escape our attention, in this connection, that many Hungarians have seen fit to celebrate their newly won post-Cold War liberties by boosting the political prospects of none other than Otto von Hapsburg.

No one would claim that the partitions Schaeffer criticizes can last forever: few things in politics do. But the fact that they have not so far led to great-power war, and the fact that some of them—like the Berlin Wall—have provided a way of managing great-power peace, should warn us against oversimplifications like Schaeffer's title, which appears to condemn all partitions under all circumstances as paths to war. We should, at a minimum, consider what the future alternatives to this last resort of exhausted statesmanship might be. □

Brief Reviews



A TENURED PROFESSOR by John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95.

When a well-known economist turns to fiction, it is naturally to be expected that his novel will involve economics. Professor Galbraith's novel concerns both financial maneuvers and Harvard University, where his protagonist achieves tenure by belaboring and elaborating the subject of "Mathematical Paradigms in an Approach to Refrigerator Pricing" (which nobody understands although all pretend to), while quietly making a large fortune through a system for measuring unwarranted euphoria among investors. Things go well until the Feds take notice. Professor Galbraith juggles four victims in this irreverently satirical tale: Harvard, which is always a fine target for the deflationary knife jab; the mass hysteria that causes investors to assume that up is the only direction; official prattle about the American way; and the eccentricities of his own arcane profession. He is, in short, playing fairly as well as funnily.

DOING JUSTICE by Judge Robert Satter. Simon & Schuster, \$19.95.

The author, who has sat upon various Connecticut benches for the past fifteen years, describes what a judge actually does besides banging a gavel and suppressing obstreperous attorneys. It seems that a truly conscientious judge does hours of legal research, presents an appearance of impartial attention, tries to maintain an atmosphere of civility and reason in the courtroom, and all too often must rely on hunch in imposing sentence. He then waits for the Superior Court to find him in error. Judge Satter's discussion of the possibilities for error and of the delicate problem of deciding what constitutes justice in a particular case (he offers a number of examples) explains much of "the law's delay." His style is modest to the point of diffi-

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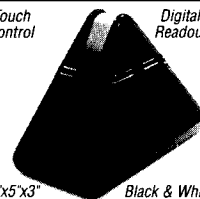


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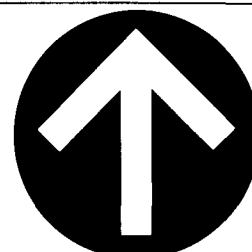
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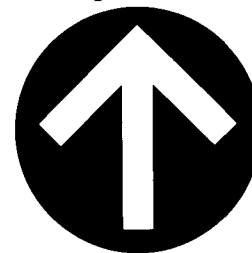
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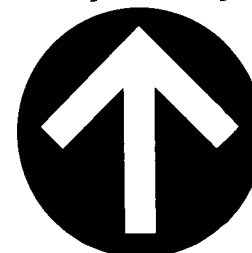
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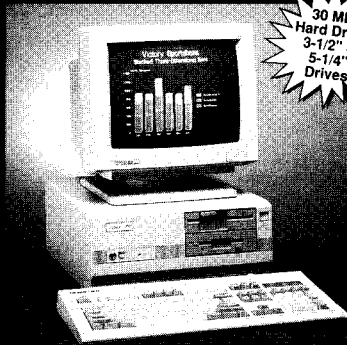
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dence, for he considers pomposity a chronic hazard of the judiciary, but it serves the purpose of lucid instruction well. This book is of interest whether or not the reader plans to sue somebody.

THE GREAT DISMAL by Bland Simpson. University of North Carolina Press, \$16.95. Mr. Simpson grew up on the edges of the Great Dismal Swamp, which straddles the Virginia-North Carolina border between what were once Jamestown and Roanoke Island. As an adult, he continues to love that wilderness and its people, unlike the first Europeans to encounter the place. They were as one in terming it a desert. In 1728 a group of "boundary commissioners" set out to survey the line between Virginia and Carolina, and their miseries were flippantly chronicled by a member who called himself Steddy, while naming his colleagues the likes of Firebrand, Meanwell, Judge Jumble, and Chaplain Humdrum. Subsequent surveys have found that they did a sound job. Indians, lumbermen, hermits, fugitive slaves, swamp rats, canal builders, and bird watchers have all enjoyed the slightly sinister beauty of the Great Dismal. Mr. Simpson's book, part history and part travelogue, entices the reader to join them.

PARADISE by Elena Castedo. Grove Weidenfeld, \$19.95. The narrator of Ms. Castedo's ingenious social satire is a girl old enough to observe adult doings and young enough to be regularly bewildered by them. Solita is the daughter of Spanish Republicans who have fled Franco's rule and taken poverty-stricken refuge in a nameless South American country. Solita's mother, invited with her daughter and small son for a long visit at a luxurious country estate, assures the children that it will be paradise. Solita thoroughly detests the place. Ms. Castedo has brought off, with acid wit, the far from easy task of revealing arrogance, folly, injustice, and debauchery through the eyes of an observer who does not know what those qualities are, although she does know a dirty old man when she sees one.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF THE INSANE by John M. MacGregor. Princeton, \$49.50. When William Hogarth drew the Bedlam scene for his *Rake's Prog-*

ress, he included graffiti on an asylum wall. Mr. MacGregor believes that Hogarth, and a few of his contemporaries, were the first people to pay attention, if only for their own purposes, to what were then considered the random doodles of the demented. By the early twentieth century there were collections and exhibitions of work by the mentally ill, and Surrealist painters were seeking to emulate the spontaneity and imaginative freedom that they perceived in the art of lunatics. How this change came about is the subject of Mr. MacGregor's scholarly and well-illustrated study. He describes the progress of the nineteenth-century medical thinking that ultimately led to the realization that the images created by a mad artist can be used to understand, and sometimes to ameliorate, his condition. He devotes considerable space to the people whose studies led to the new attitude and also to their more interesting patients, such as the Martin family, which would be worth a book all to itself if enough records survived to provide one. The author is well trained in both psychiatry and art history and combines the two fields effectively, although he never quite explains why a man who knows he is Napoleon should have more freedom of imaginative pictorial expression than a man who knows that he is not.

EVERY GOOD-BYE AIN'T GONE by Itabari Njeri. Times, \$17.95. Ms. Njeri is a journalist with the *Los Angeles Times*, but she grew up in New York, and her "Family Portraits and Personal Escapes" largely derive from the East Coast and the problems besetting members of a family with an international and multiracial background. Her style is pleasantly conversational but in fact carefully controlled. Justified rage against racial harassment frequently seethes under the surface of her reports of insult and frustration, and that is where Ms. Njeri keeps it, relying on cool fact to drive her points home. These lively essays are not altogether grim, nor exclusively confined to black experience. Arrogant hairdressers and ramshackle lovers are general nuisances.

THE MESSAGE TO THE PLANET by Iris Murdoch. Viking, \$22.95. The characters in Ms. Murdoch's latest novel include a historian with doubts about his profession, an artist determined to

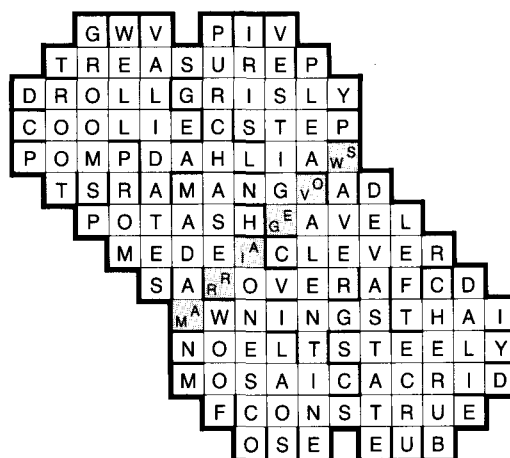
maintain an Edenic ménage à trois, a poet allegedly descended from seals on the west coast of Ireland, three discontented women, a suave Armenian psychiatrist, some young people who worship rocks, a self-defrocked clergyman, a couple of Catholic priests, and a rabbi. There are also a number of minor characters. All these people circle around a Faustian figure named Marcus Vallar, former mathematical genius, former successful painter, currently a recluse purportedly devising a new way of thinking that is designed to produce a panacea for the ills of the world. As this overambitious enterprise is plainly doomed to failure, the interest of the narrative depends on events along the way rather than on arrival at journey's end. Episodes of action are interspersed with long conversations and equally long physical descriptions, none of which give the characters blood or bone. They remain abstract examples of illusion or delusion or dedication or obsession, although the invasion of the rock-worshippers is a satisfactorily solid brouhaha. Possibly the basic point of the novel is provided by the psychiatrist, who observes that "though it is our duty to seek for knowledge, it is also incumbent on us to realize when it is denied us, and not to prefer a fake solution to no solution at all."

LAST PLACES by Lawrence Millman. Houghton Mifflin, \$18.95. Even for a habitual traveler to remote areas, Mr. Millman's project was ambitious. He proposed to follow, by foot or boat, the Viking route from the Shetlands to the Faeroes to Iceland to Greenland to Newfoundland. This scheme proved impractical at times, there being no boat available, but when it worked, it provided Mr. Millman with impressive scenery, startling food, stimulating discomfort, and the conversation of local residents. Mr. Millman was most fortunate in his local residents, who happen to be as fine a collection of garrulous idiosyncracics as an armchair traveler could ask for.

SOLDIERS OF GOD: With the Mujahidin in Afghanistan by Robert D. Kaplan. Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95. A portion of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the February Puzzler



"HEART-TO-HEART"

Across. 7. T(R)EA-SURE; CON'S-TRUE 9. A-C-(b)RID(e); D(R)OLL 11. M(O)SAIC (anag. + o); GRISL-Y (anag. + y) 12. COO-LIE; S(TEE)LY 13. STEP (rev.); NO(V)EL 14. THAI (homoph.); PO(M)P 16. AWNING(S) (anag. + g); DAH-LIAS (rev.) 17. MAN-GO; R-OVER 18. C-LEVER; POTAS-H (anag. + h) 19. GAVE-L; MEDEA (hidden) **Down.** 1. C(HER)UB; GROOMS (double def.) 2. WELL (double def.); ECRU (hidden) 3. DE-VA-STATE (*Ed* rev.); VALI(DATE)S(e) 4. PUR(CHASE)R; V(A-LENT)INE 5. IR-TS; LAOS (anag.) 6. I-ONES-CO; VESTIGE (hidden) 8. WOO-F; PLEA (hidden) 10. ROOT (double def.); DAL-I (rev.) 15. LEFT (anag.); PRO-M 17. MAD(A)-M; W-AVER

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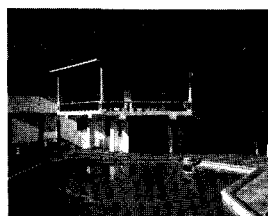
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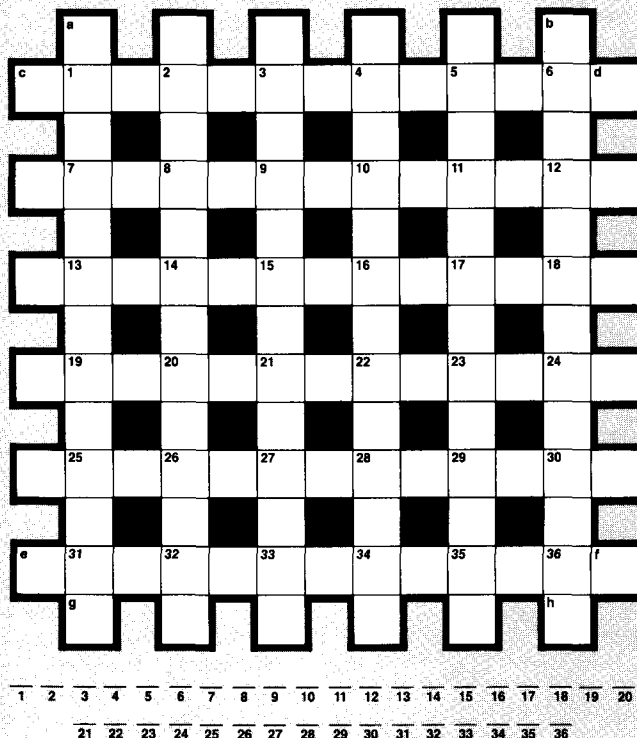
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

HIDDEN FACES

(Acknowledgments to Ad of
The Listener)

The diagram shows cubes in rows of six, their top faces numbered 1–36, their four side faces unfolded to view, and their bottom faces unseen. Each cube has one letter on each face; these six letters can be arranged to form a word (Cube Word). Overlapping side faces share a letter. Clues are also given for four 6-letter Edge Words (a–b, c–e, etc.) and six 6-letter Top Face Words (1–6, 7–12, etc.). Letters on the 36 unseen bottom faces, taken in order, spell out a quote from Ben Jonson. Answers include five proper nouns and an uncommon word at 17.



*The solution to last month's Puzzler
appears on page 117.*

CUBE WORDS

1. Neglect to make crossed letter
2. A nouveau riche comic-strip character
3. Riches left in blanket
4. In space, reused desert plant
5. Small enough specimen
6. National Leaguer caught in street with nymphomaniac
7. In ways, love is a poignant feeling
8. Unglamorous cook hugs ref
9. Groups of stars party by gym
10. Last word about copper's keenness
11. Myth of the foot?
12. Green money captivates a lummo
13. Astute little mammal died
14. Toupee with a medium conical construction
15. A tiger savagely spat
16. Marketers pursuing first of macadamia nuts

17. Clever "L.A. Alive" no more returns
18. State question in a note
19. "Big Red" plays cards
20. Charts sentence in German high school
21. Games shortstop has left
22. Odd article swallowed by one of five babies
23. Edited mutual punctuation
24. Serving of food possessing a taste
25. Blockage of record before musical get-together
26. Clumsy operator with a probe
27. *Hair*, after 100 times
28. Mineral zone with carbon-filled metal
29. Detective embraced by trollop—it's a sticky situation
30. Annual rye lay out
31. Scamp is in for a scalping
32. Argue about 50 stairs
33. Sort out Kansas birds

34. King Arthur's first animal collections: they buzz
35. Declares fault's outside of ocean
36. Presented issue about river valley's origin

EDGE WORDS

- a–b. Plays with words centrally located in cubes' sides
c–e. Stacks of papers read aloud in French city
d–f. Likes *Altered States*
g–h. Gambled, and is \$1,000 in red

TOP FACE WORDS

- 1–6. Upper body dance in the Lone Star State
7–12. Garb rudely X-ed out
13–18. Red Stick—chief of Arapaho nation
19–24. Resident of the Pyrenees said to lie in the sun
25–30. Bird eats prune and old lemon?
31–36. Audibly gnaws pick

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD HISTORIES

Etymologies derived from the files of the Dictionary of American Regional English

BY CRAIG M. CARVER



grapevine

In an interview in *USA Today* last fall Karen Mayo-Chandler, a former girlfriend of the actor Jack Nicholson's, discussed various aspects of his personal life: "One thing [Jack] did tell me—he's not opposed to marriage. I heard on the *grapevine* he had asked Anjelica [Huston] to marry him. . . . She seems like a very nice lady. . . .

but I was led to believe their relationship was very much a friendship thing by the time I was seeing him." The telegraph line constructed in 1859 between Placerville, California, and Virginia City, Nevada, was supposedly called the *grapevine telegraph*, possibly owing to the similarity between its strung wires and the continuous, circuitous vines that connect bunches of grapes. A metaphorical sense of *grapevine telegraph* (an informal network for conveying information or rumor) arose very quickly and was widely used during the Civil War. Before the 1860s were out, the phrase had been abbreviated to *grapevine*, though the original *grapevine telegraph* also survived ("Dispatches report that the '*grapevine telegraph*' told every American soldier the news within twenty-four hours"—*The Christian Century*, 1943). In Australia *grapevine telegraph* finds an analogue in *bush telegraph* ("Soldiers have a *bush telegraph* system of their own. The wildest furphies [rumors] travel over it, but sometimes it carries the truth"—*The Australian Soldier*, John A. Hetherington, 1944).

buddy

In her announcement last October that she would soon be leaving NBC's *Today* show, Jane Pauley tried to lay to rest rumors that her co-host, Bryant Gumbel, had been involved in backstage maneuvering to force her out. "He's not a heartless wretch," Pauley said in an emotional statement. "He called me 'my *buddy*,' and we are *buddies*." *Buddy* (partner, fellow) is a mid-nineteenth-century Americanism whose roots lie in the English dialect word *butty* (fellow workman, companion, friend, "mate"). The evolution of *butty* into *buddy* was probably hastened by the existence of the baby-talk word *buddy*, meaning "brother" ("Look, sister, see; the sky's got the measles!" "No, *buddy*," said she, correcting him, "it's only freckled"—*Harper's Magazine*, 1858). *Butty* is derived from *booty*, meaning "plunder" or "loot," which in turn made possible the expression *booty fellow*, referring to a confederate in swindling ("One man lost an hundred pound land at shooting, [because] some that shot with him on his side were *booty fellows* against him"—A

Manifest Detection of the Most Vyle and Detestable Use of Dice-Play, Gilbert Walker, 1532). *Booty* ("Fortune . . . drops *Booties* in my mouth"—*A Winter's Tale*, William Shakespeare, 1611) is a borrowing through French of the Middle High German *bute* or *buite* (exchange, barter). A related term, *boot* (advantage, profit), survives today only in the phrase *to boot* (to the good, in addition).



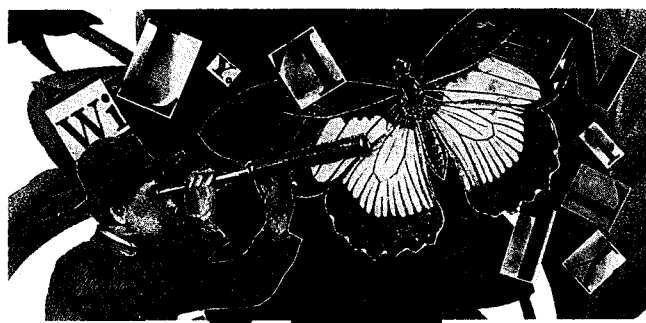
willy-nilly

After the assassination of a presidential candidate and a senior police official in Bogotá, Colombia, last August, Attorney General Richard Thornburgh raised the possibility that American troops would be sent to Latin America. He warned, however, that he did not favor a "*willy-nilly* U.S. military commitment"—that is, a commitment that was unplanned, ad hoc, or somehow driven by events beyond our control. The term *willy-nilly* comes from the contraction of "will I, nill I" or "will he [she, you], nill he [she, you]," and originally meant with or with-

out the will of the person concerned ("He was sure, *willy-nilly*, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions"—*Salmagundi*, Washington Irving, 1824). *Willy-nilly* in this sense has an almost direct correlative in the Latin term *volens volens*.

Over time *willy-nilly*, perhaps influenced by *shilly-shally* (shall I, shall I), acquired the meaning "vacillating" ("The *willy-nilly* disposition of the female in matters of love is as apparent in the butterfly as in the man"—*Inquiries Into Human*

Faculty and Its Development, Francis Galton, 1883). Attorney General Thornburgh's usage reflects *willy-nilly*'s willy-nilly journey away from vacillation and somewhat back toward the original "helplessly, inevitably" and "whether desired or not." Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney used the word in the same sense last December when he decried what he characterized as "*willy-nilly*" cuts in defense spending proposed by some lawmakers. He also labeled "hogwash"—the term refers to the swill given to swine—the charge that his own proposed cuts were not based on any clear military strategy.



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